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T H E  
L I F E  
O F  
BARON TRENCK.

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V O L. II.

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MY last undertaking had employed me more than twelve months, and so weakened me that I appeared little better than a skeleton. Notwithstanding the greatness of my spirit, I should have sunk into despondency, at seeing an end, like this, to all my labours, had I not still cherished a secret hope of escaping, founded on the friends I had gained among the officers.

I soon felt the effects of the loss of my bed, and was a second time attacked by a violent fever, which would this time, certainly, have consumed me, had

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not the officers, unknown to the governor, treated me with all possible compassion. Bruckhausen, alone, continued my enemy, and the slave of his orders : on his day of examination, rules and commands in all their rigour, were observed, nor durst I free myself from my irons, till I had for some weeks remarked those parts on which he invariably fixed his attention. I then cut through the link, and closed up the vacancy with bread. My hands I could always draw out, especially after illness had consumed the flesh off my bones. Half a year had elapsed, before I had recovered sufficient strength to undertake, anew, labours like the past.

Necessity, at length, taught me the means of driving Bruckhausen from my dungeon, and of inducing him to commit his office to another. I learnt his olfactory nerves were somewhat delicate, and, whenever I heard the doors unbar, I took care to make a stir in my night-table. This made him give back, and at length he would come no farther than the door. Such are the hard expedients of a poor, unhappy prisoner !

One day he came, bloated with pride, just after a courier had brought the news of a victory, and spoke of the Austrians, and the august person of the Empress-Queen, with so much virulence that, at last, enraged almost to madness, I snatched the sword of an officer from its sheath, and should certainly have ended him, had he not made a hasty retreat. From that day forward he durst no more come without guards to examine the dungeon. Two men always preceded him, with their bayonets fixed, and their pieces presented, behind whom he stood at the door. This was another fortunate incident, as I dreaded only his examination.

The following anecdote will afford a specimen of this man's understanding. While digging in the earth I found a cannon ball, and laid it in the middle



middle of my prison. When he came to examine —“ What, in the name of God, is that?” said he. “ It is a part of the ammunition,” answered I, “ that my Familiar brings me. The cannon will “ be here anon, and you will then see fine sport !” He was astonished, told this to others, nor could conceive such a ball might by any natural means enter my prison.

I wrote a satire on him, when the late Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel was governor of Magdeburg, and I had permission to write, as will hereafter appear : the Landgrave gave it to him, to read himself ; and, so gross was his conception, that, though his own phraseology was introduced, part of his history, and his character painted, yet did he not perceive the jest, but laughed heartily with the hearers. The Landgrave was highly diverted, and, after I obtained my freedom, restored me the manuscript, written in my own blood.

About the time that my last attempt at escaping failed, General Krusemarck came to my prison, whom I had formerly lived with in habits of intimacy, when cornet of the body-guard. Without testifying friendship, esteem or compassion, he asked, among other things, in an authoritative tone, how I could employ my time to prevent tediousness. I answered in as haughty a mood as he interrogated ; for never could misfortune bend my mind. I told him, “ I always could find sources “ of entertainment in my own thoughts, and that, “ as for my dreams, I imagined they would, at “ least, be as peaceful and pleasant as those of my “ oppressors,” —“ Had you in time,” replied he, “ curbed this fervor of yours, had you asked pardon of the King, perhaps you would have been “ in very different circumstances ; but he who has “ committed an offence in which he obstinately “ persists, endeavouring only to obtain freedom by

“ seducing men from their duty, deserves no better fate.”

Justly was my anger roused !—“ Sir,” answered I, “ you are a general of the King of Prussia, I am an Austrian captain.—My royal mistress will protect, perhaps deliver me, or at least revenge my death. I have a conscience void of reproach. You, yourself, well know I have not deserved these chains. I place my hope in time, and the justness of my cause, calumniated and condemned, as I have been, without legal sentence or hearing. In such a situation the philosopher will always be able to brave and despise the tyrant.” He departed with threats, and his last words were—“ The bird shall soon be taught to sing another tune.”—The effects of this courteous visit were soon felt. An order came that I should be prevented sleeping, and that the centinels should call, and wake me, every quarter of an hour, which dreadful order was immediately executed

This was, indeed, a punishment intolerable to nature ! Yet did custom, at length, teach me to answer in my sleep. Four years did this unheard-of cruelty continue ! The noble Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, at length, put an end to it a year before I was released from my dungeon, and once again, in mercy, suffered me to sleep in peace.

Under this new affliction I wrote an Elegy, which may be found in the second volume of my works, a few lines of which I shall cite.

Wake me, ye guards, for hark, the quarter strikes !  
Sport with my woes, laugh loud at my miseries !  
Hearken if you hear my chains clank ! Knock ! Beat !  
Of an inexorable Tyrant be ye  
Th’ inexorable instruments ! Wake me, ye slaves !  
Ye do but as you’re bade. Soon shall he lie  
Sleepless, or, dreaming, the spectres of conscience  
Behold and shriek, who me deprives of rest.

Wake



Wake me ! Again the quarter strikes ! Call loud !  
 Rip up all my bleeding wounds, and shrink not !  
 Yet, think, 'tis I that answer, God that hears !  
 To every wretch in chains sleep is permitted :  
 I, I, alone, am robb'd of this last refuge  
 Of sinking nature ! Hark ! Again they thunder !  
 Again they iterate yells of Trenck and death !

Peace to thy anger, peace thou suffering heart,  
 Nor indignant beat, adding tenfold pangs to pain.

Ye burthened limbs arise from momentary  
 Slumbers ! Shake your chains ! Murmur not, but rise !  
 And ye ! Watch-dogs of power ! let loose your rage :  
 Fear not, for I am helpless, unprotected,  
 And yet, not so—The noble mind, within  
 Itself, resources finds innumerable.  
 Thou, Oh God, thought'st good me t' imprison thus ;  
 Thou, Oh God, in thy good time, wilt me deliver.

Wake me then, nor fear ! My soul slumbers not.  
 And who can say but those that fetter me  
 May ere to-morrow, groan themselves in fetters ?  
 Wake me ! For lo ! their sleep's less sweet than mine.  
 Call ! Call ! From night to morn, from twilight to dawn  
 Incessant ! Yea, in God's name, Call ! Call ! Call !  
 Amen ! Amen ! Thy will, Oh God, be done !  
 Yet surely thou at length shalt hear my sighs !  
 Shalt burst my prison doors ! Shalt shew me fair  
 Creation ! Yes the very heav'n of heav'ns.

With whom these orders originated, unexampled  
 in the history even of tyranny, I shall not venture  
 to say. The major, who was my friend, advised  
 me to persist in not answering. I followed his advice,  
 and it produced this good effect, that we mutually  
 forced each other to a capitulation : they restored me  
 my bed, and I was obliged to reply.

Immediately after this regulation, the sub-governor,  
 General Borck, my bitter enemy, became insane,  
 was dispossessed of his post, and Lieutenant-colonel  
 Reichmann, the benevolent friend of humanity,  
 was made sub governor.

About the same time the court fled from Berlin,  
 and

and the Queen, the Prince of Prussia, the Princess Amelia, and the Margrave Henry, chose Magdeburg for their residence. Bruckhausen grew more polite, probably, perceiving I was not wholly deserted, and that it was yet possible I might obtain my freedom. The cruel are, usually, cowards, and there is reason to suppose Bruckhausen was actuated by his fears to treat me with greater respect.

The worthy new governor had not, indeed, the power to lighten my chains, or alter the general regulations : what he could he did. If he did not command, he connived at the doors being, occasionally, at first, and, at length, daily, kept open some hours, to admit day-light and fresh air. After a time they were open the whole day, and only closed by the officers when they returned from their visit to Walrabe.

Having light, I began to carve, with a nail, on the pewter cup in which I drank, satirical verses and various figures, and attained so much perfection, that my cups at last, were considered as master pieces, both of engraving and invention, and were sold dear as rare curiosities. My first attempts were rude, as may be well imagined. My cup was carried to town, and shown to visitors by the governor, who sent me another. I improved, and each of the inspecting officers wished to possess one. I grew more expert, and spent a whole year in this employment, which thus passed swiftly away. The perfection I had now acquired obtained me the permission of candle light, and this continued till I was restored to freedom.

The king gave orders these cups should all be inspected by government, because I wished by my verses and devices, to inform the world of my fate. But this command was not obeyed ; the officers made merchandize of their cups, and sold them, at last,

last, for twelve ducats each. Their value encreased so much, when I was released from prison, that they are now to be found in various museums throughout Europe. Twelve years ago the late Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel presented one of them to my wife; and another came, in a very unaccountable manner, from the Queen Dowager of Prussia, to Paris. I have given prints of both these, with the verses they contained, in my works; whence it may be seen how artificially they were engraved.

A third fell into the hands of Prince Augustus Lobkowitz, then a prisoner of war at Magdeburg, who, on his return to Vienna, presented it to the Emperor, who placed it in his museum. Among other devices on this cup was a landscape, representing a vineyard and husbandmen, and under it the following words: *By my labours my vineyard flourished, and I hoped to have gathered the fruit; but Abab came. Alas! for Naboth.*

The allusion was so pointed, both to the wrongs done me in Vienna and my sufferings in Prussia, that it made a very strong impression on the Empress-Queen, who, immediately, commanded her minister to make every exertion for my deliverance. She would, probably, at last, have even restored me to my estates, had not the possessors of them been so powerful, or, had she herself lived one year longer. To these my engraved cups was I indebted for being once more remembered at Vienna. On the same cup, also was another engraving of a bird in a cage, held by a Turk, with the following inscription: *The bird sings even in the storm; open his cage, break his fetters, ye friends of virtue, and his songs shall be the delight of your abodes!*

There is another remarkable circumstance attending these cups. All were forbidden, under pain of death, to hold conversation with me, or to supply



supply me with pen and ink ; yet, by this open permission of writing what I pleased on pewter, was I enabled to inform the world of all I wished, and to prove a man of merit was oppressed. The difficulties of this engraving will be conceived when it is remembered that I worked by candle-light, on shining pewter, attained the art of giving light and shade, and, by practice, could divide a cup into two and thirty compartments, as regularly with a stroke of the hand as with a pair of compasses. The writing was so minute that it could be only read with glasses. I could use but one hand, both being separated by the bar, and, therefore held the cup between my knees. My sole instrument was a sharpened nail, yet did I write two lines on the rim only.

My labour became so excessive that I was in danger of distraction or blindness. Every body wished for cups, and I wished to oblige every body, so that I worked eighteen hours a day. The reflection of the light from the pewter was injurious to my eyes, and the labour of invention for apposite subjects and verses was most fatiguing. I had learnt only architectural drawing.

Enough of these cups, which procured me so much honour, so many advantages, and helped to shorten so many mournful hours. My greatest incumbrance was the huge iron collar, with its enormous appendages, which, when suffered to press the arteries in the back of my neck, occasioned intolerable head-achs. I sat too much, and a third time fell sick. A Brunswic sausage, secretly given me by a friend, occasioned an indigestion, which endangered my life ; a putrid fever followed, and my body was reduced to a skeleton. Medicines, however, were conveyed to me by the officers, and, now and then, warm food.

After my recovery I again thought it necessary to

to endeavour to regain my liberty. I had but forty louis-d'ors, remaining and these I could not get till I had first broken up the flooring.

Lieutenant Sountag was consumptive, and obtained his discharge. I supplied him with money to defray the expences of his journey, and with an order that four hundred florins should be annually paid him, from my effects, till his death or my release. I commissioned him to seek an audience from the Empress, endeavour to excite her compassion in my behalf, and to remit me four thousand florins, for which I gave a proper acquittance, by the way of Hamburgh. The money-draft was addressed to my administrators, counsellors Kempf and Huttner.

But no one, alas, in Vienna wished my return : they had already begun to share my property, of which they never rendered me an account. Poor Sountag was arrested as a spy, imprisoned, ill treated for some weeks, and, at last, when naked and destitute, received a hundred florins, and was escorted beyond the Austrian confines. The worthy man fell a shameful sacrifice to his honesty, could never obtain an audience of the Empress, and returned, poor and miserable, on foot to Berlin, where he was twelve months secretly maintained by his brother, and with whom he died. He wrote an account of all this to the good Knoblauch, my Hamburg agent, and I, from my small store, sent him a hundred ducats.

How much must I despair of finding any place of refuge on earth, hearing accounts like these from Vienna !

A friend, whom I will never name, by the aid of one of the lieutenants, secretly visited me, and supplied me with six hundred ducats. The same friend, in the year 1763, paid four thousand florins to the imperial envoy, Baron Riedt, at Berlin, for the

the furthering of my freedom, as I shall, presently more fully shew. Thus I had once more money.

About this time the French army advanced to within five miles of Magdeburg. This important fortress was, at that time, the key of the whole Prussian power. It required a garrison of sixteen thousand men, and contained not more than fifteen hundred. The French might have marched in unopposed, and at once have put an end to the war. The officers brought me all the news, and my hopes rose as they approached.—What was my astonishment when the major informed me three waggons had entered the town in the night, had been sent back loaded with money, and that the French were retreating ! This, I can assure my readers, on my honour, is literally truth, to the eternal disgrace of the French general. The major, who informed me, was himself an eye-witness of the fact. It was pretended the money was for the army of the King, but every body could guess whither it was going ; it left the town without a convoy, and the French were then in the neighbourhood. Such were the allies of Maria Theresa ! The receivers of this money are known in Paris. Not only were my hopes this way frustrated, but in Russia likewise, where the Countess of Bestuchef, and the chancellor, were fallen into disgrace.

I now imagined another, and indeed a fearful and dangerous project. The garrison of Magdeburg, at this moment, consisted of but nine hundred militia, who were discontented men. Two majors and two lieutenants were in my interest. The guard of the Star-Fort amounted but to a hundred and fifteen men. Fronting the gate of this fort was the town-gate, guarded only by twelve men and an inferior officer ; beside these lay the casemates, in which were seven thousand Croat prisoners. Baron K—y, a captain, and a prisoner of



of war, also was in our interest, and would hold his comrades ready, at a certain place and time, to support my undertaking. Another friend was, under some pretence, to hold his company ready, with their muskets loaded, and the plan was such, that I should have had four hundred men in arms, to carry it into execution.

The officer was to have placed the two men we most suspected, and feared, as centinels over me ; he was to command them to take away my bed, and, when encumbered, I was to spring out, and shut them in the prison. Clothing and arms were to have been procured, and brought me into my prison ; the town-gate was to have been surpris'd ; I was to have run to the casemate, and called to the Croats, " Trenck ! To arms ! " My friends, at the same instant, were to break forth, and the plan was so well concerted that it could not have failed. Magdeburg, the magazine of the army, the royal treasury, arsenal, all would have been mine ; and sixteen thousand men, who were then prisoners of war, would have enabled me to keep possession.

The most essential secret, by which all this was to have been effected, I dare not reveal ; suffice it to say, every thing was provided for, every thing secure ; I shall only add that the garrison, in the harvest months, was exceedingly weakened, because the farmers paid the captains a florin per man each day, and the men for their labour likewise, to obtain hands. The sub-governor connived at the practice.

One Lieutenant G—— procured a furlough to visit his friends ; but, supplied by me with money, he went to Vienna. I furnished him with a letter, addressed to Counsellors Kempf and Huttner, including a draft for two thousand ducats ; wherein I said that, by these means, I should not only soon be at liberty, but in possession of the fortrefs of  
Magdeburg ;

Magdeburg ; and that the bearer was intrusted with the rest.

The lieutenant came safe to Vienna, underwent a thousand interrogatories, and his name was repeatedly asked. This fortunately, he concealed. They advised him not to be concerned in so dangerous an undertaking ; told him I had not so much money due to me, and gave him, instead of two thousand ducats, one thousand florins. With these he left Vienna, but with very prudent suspicions, which prevented him ever more returning to Magdeburg. A month had scarcely passed before the late Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, then chief governor, entered my prison, shewed me my letter, and demanded to know who had carried the letter, and who were to free me, and betray Magdeburg. Whether the letter was sent immediately to the king, or the governor, I know not ; it is sufficient that I was once more betrayed at Vienna. The truth was, the administrators of my effects had acted as if I were deceased, and chose not to refund two thousand ducats. They wished not I should obtain my freedom, in a manner that would have obliged the government to reward me, and restore the effects they had embezzled, and the estates they had seized. What happened afterward in Vienna, which will be related in its place, will incontestably prove this surmise to be well founded.

These bad men did not, it is true, die in the manner they ought, but they are all dead, and I am still living, and like an honest, though poor, man ; so did not they die. Be this read, and remembered, by their luxurious heirs, who refuse to restore my children to their rights.

My consternation on the appearance of the Landgrave, with my letter in his hand, may well be supposed : I had the presence of mind, however, to deny my hand-writing, and affect astonishment at  
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so crafty a trick. The Landgrave endeavoured to convict me, told me what Lieutenant Kemnitz had repeated at Vienna, concerning my possessing myself of Magdeburg, and thereby shewed me how fully I had been betrayed. But, as no such person existed as Lieutenant Kemnitz, and as my friend had fortunately concealed his name, the mystery remained impenetrable, especially, as no one could conceive how a prisoner in my situation, could seduce, or subdue, the whole garrison. The worthy prince left my prison, apparently satisfied with my defence ; his heart felt not satisfaction in the misfortunes of others.

The next day, a formal examination was taken, at which the sub-governor Reichmann presided. I was accused as a traitor to my country, but I obstinately denied my hand-writing. Proofs or witnesses, there were none, and, in answer to the principal charge, I said “ I was no criminal, but a man calumniated, illegally imprisoned, and loaded with  
 “ irons ; that the King, in the year 1746, had  
 “ cashiered me, and confiscated my parental inheritance ; that, therefore, the laws of nature enforced me to seek honour, and bread, in a foreign  
 “ service ; and that, finding these in Austria, I was  
 “ become an officer, and a faithful subject of the  
 “ Empress Queen : that I had been, a second time,  
 “ unoffendingly imprisoned ; that here I was treated as the worst of malefactors, and that my only  
 “ resource was to seek my liberty, by such means  
 “ as I could : were I, therefore, in this attempt, to  
 “ destroy the very town of Magdeburg, and occasion the loss of a thousand lives, I should still be  
 “ guiltless. Had I been heard, and legally sentenced, previous to my imprisonment at Glatz, I  
 “ should have been, and have continued, a criminal ; but not having been guilty of any small,  
 “ much less of any great, crime, equal to my punishment,



“ nishment, if such crime could be, I was, therefore, not accountable for consequences : I owed  
 “ neither fidelity nor duty, to the King of Prussia ;  
 “ for, by the word of his power, he had deprived  
 “ me of bread, honour, country and freedom.”

Here the examination ended, without farther discovery ; the officers however, falling under suspicion, were all removed, and thus I lost my best friends ; yet it was not long before I had gained two others, which was no difficult matter, as I knew the national character, and that none but poor men were made militia officers. Thus was the governor's precaution fruitless, and every body secretly wished I might obtain my freedom.

I shall never forget the noble manner in which I was treated on this occasion by the Landgrave. This I personally acknowledged, some years afterward, in the city of Cassel, when I heard many things which confirmed all my surmises concerning Vienna. The Landgrave received me with all grace, favour, and distinction. I revere his memory, and seek to honour his name. He was the friend of misfortune. When I, not long afterward, fell ill, he sent me his own physician, and meat from his table, nor would he suffer me, during two months to be waked by the centinels. He, likewise, removed the dreadful collar from my neck ; for which he was severely reprimanded by the King, as he himself has since assured me.

I might fill a volume with incidents attending two other efforts to escape, but I will not weary the reader's patience with too much repetition. I shall merely give an abstract of both.

When I had once more gained the officers, I made a new attempt at mining my way out. Not wanting for implements, my chains and the flooring were soon cut through, and all was so carefully replaced I was under no fear of examination. I here  
 found

found my concealed money, pistols, and other necessities, but, till I had rid myself of some hundred weight of sand, it was impossible to proceed. For this purpose I made two different openings in the floor: out of the real hole I threw a great quantity of sand into my prison; after which I closed it with all possible care. I then worked at the second with so much noise that I was certain they must hear me without. About midnight the doors began to thunder, and in they came, detecting me, as I intended they should. None of them could conceive why I should wish to break out under the door, where there was a triple guard to pass. The centinels remained, and, in the morning, prisoners were sent to wheel away the sand. The hole was walled up and boarded, and my fetters were renewed. They laughed at the ridiculousness of my undertaking, but punished me by depriving me of my light and bed, which, however, in a fortnight, were both restored. Of the other hole, out of which most of the earth had been thrown, no one was aware. The major and lieutenant were too much my friends to remark that they had removed thrice the quantity of sand the false opening could contain. They supposed, this strange attempt having failed, it would be my last, and Bruckhausen grew negligent.

The governor and sub-governor both visited me, after some weeks; but, far from the brutality of Borck, the Landgrave spoke to me with great mildness, promised me his interest to regain my freedom, when the peace should be concluded; told me I had more friends than I might suppose, and assured me I had not been quite forgotten by the court of Vienna. The manner in which I answered him moved him to the soul: in vain he endeavoured to hide his tears, while I, in a moment of exquisite sensibility fell at his feet, rose, and pleaded like Cicero, happy  
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to have met with a prince, who thought, and felt like a man.

He promised me every alleviation, and I gave him my word of honour I would never more attempt to escape, while he remained governor. The manner in which I spoke enforced conviction, and it was then that he ordered my neck-collar to be taken off, my window to be unclosed, my doors every day to be left two hours open, a stove, which I might light myself, to be put into my dungeon, finer linen for my shirts, and paper to amuse myself, by writing down my thoughts. The sheets of paper were to be numbered, when given, and when returned, by the town-major, that I might not abuse this liberty.

Ink was not allowed me, I, therefore, pricked my finger, suffered the blood to trickle into a pot, and, when coagulated, warmed it again in my hand, throwing away the fibrous parts, that would not liquefy; by this means, I procured a succedaneum for ink, both to write and draw.

I now busied myself with engraving my cups, and versifying. I had free opportunity to display such abilities as I possessed, to excite esteem, and awaken compassion. My emulation was increased, by the knowledge that my productions were seen, and read, at courts, and that the Princess Amelia, and the Queen herself, testified their satisfaction. I had soon subjects sent me; and the wretch whom the King intended to immure and bury alive, whose name no man was to mention, never lived to better purpose, nor was more famous, than while he vented his groans in this dungeon. My writings produced their effect, and in reality, regained my freedom. To my cultivation of the sciences, and presence of mind in danger, am I indebted for all: these could not all the power of Frederic deprive me of; by these I obtained that  
which



which he, in his wrath, and the might of his despotism, had intended to take from me eternally! Yes! this liberty I procured, though he had continually answered all petitions in my behalf—"He is a dangerous man; and so long as I have life, he shall never see the light!" Yet have I seen it, as broadly as himself, during his life: after his death, I have seen it without revenging myself, otherwise than by proving my innocence, and virtue, to a monarch, who oppressed because he knew me not, because he would not recal the hasty sentence of anger, or own it was *possible* he might be mistaken. No! In my writings I have sought only to appease him, to justify, and prove, the *greatness* of his soul! He died convinced of my integrity, yet, without affording me retribution! Perhaps, he recollected my sufferings, and knew retribution was impossible. Enough! If so it can be, peace be to his ashes! Man is formed by misfortune; virtue is active in adversity. Perhaps, had I lived in uninterrupted happiness, posterity would have heard little of my name. It is indifferent to me, that the companions of my youth have their ears gratified, delighted, with the titles of General! Field-Marshal! I have learned to live without such additions. I am known in my works. Hence, has it often been asked, why is not he, also, a minister, or a General. Blessed Content! Thee have I learned to taste, unalloyed by pride! Repose, thrice blessed! Thee do I enjoy, in the haven of the wise, after storms and horrors past!—May my history, my example, console the afflicted, strike terror to the guilty, bridle youth's impetuosity, and inspire the suffering with fortitude!

I return to my dungeon. Here, after my last conference with the Landgrave, I waited my coming fate, with a mind more at ease than that of many a prince in his palace. My dawn of hope, daily,

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grew more bright. The newspapers, they brought me, foretold approaching peace, on which all my dependance was placed, and I passed eighteen months calmly, and without further attempt.

The father of the Landgrave died ; he had, till then, been only hereditary prince ; and Magdeburg now lost its noble governor. The worthy Reichmann, however, testified for me all compassion and esteem ; I had books, my time was employed, and, therefore, stole, unperceived, away. Imprisonment, and chains, to me, were become habitual, and freedom, in all her lovely forms, sleeping, and awake, in hope approached.

About this time, I wrote the poems, found in my works, called the Macedonian Hero ; The Dream Realized ; and the Fables continued in the first volume, most of which have reference to myself. The most, and the best, of my poems, are now lost to me. The mind's sensibility, when the body is imprisoned, is strongly roused, nor can all the aids of the library equal this advantage. Perhaps, I may recover some of them in Berlin : if so, the world may learn what my thoughts then were. When I was set at liberty, I had none but such as I remembered, and these I committed to writing. On my first personal visit to the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, I received a volume of them, written in my own blood ; but there were certainly eight of these, which I shall scarcely ever regain.

The death of Elizabeth, the deposing of Peter III. and the accession of Catherine II. produced peace. On the receipt of this intelligence, I endeavoured to provide for all possible contingencies. The worthy Captain K— had opened me a correspondence with Vienna ; I was assured of support ; but was, likewise, assured the administrators, and those who possessed my estates, would throw every possible impediment in the way of freedom. I endeavoured

deavoured to persuade another officer to aid my escape, but in vain: no second Schell was to be found. The will consented, but the heart recoiled.

I, therefore, opened my old hole, and my friends assisted me, all in their power, further to disembarrafs myself of sand. My money melted away, but they provided me with tools, gunpowder, and a good sword. I had remained so long quiet that my flooring was no more examined.

My intent was to wait the peace, and, should I still continue in chains, then would I have my subterranean passage to the rampart ready for escape. For my further security, an old lieutenant had, with my money, purchased a house in the suburbs, where I might lie concealed. Gummern, in Saxony, is two miles from Magdeburg: here a friend, with two good horses, was to wait a whole year, to ride on the glasis of Klosterbergen, on the first, and fifteenth of each month, and, at a given signal, to hasten to my assistance.

My passage was to be ready in case of an emergency: I, therefore, removed the upper planking, broke up the two under-beds, cut the boards into chips, and burnt them in my stove. By this I obtained so much additional room as to proceed half way with my mine. Linen again was brought me, sand-bags made, and thus I successfully proceeded to all but the last operation. Every thing was afterward so well closed, and concealed, that I had nothing to fear from the narrowest inspection, sufficient of the under flooring being left to support the upper, and it appeared doubly nailed, as before, to avoid suspicion, especially as the new come garrison could not know what was the original length of the planks.

This severe labour reduced me again to a very feeble state of body; and, by the return of the regulars, I, in a moment was deprived of all my friends.

I must, in this place, relate a dreadful accident, which I cannot, even now remember, without shuddering, and the terror of which has often haunted my very dreams.

While mining under the foundation of the rampart, just as I was going to carry out the sand-bag, I struck my foot against a stone in the wall above, which fell down and closed up the passage.

What was my horror, to find myself thus buried alive! After a short time for reflection, I began to work the sand away from the side, that I might obtain room to turn round. By good fortune, there were some feet of empty space, into which I threw the sand as I worked it away; but the small quantity of air soon made it so foul that I, a thousand times, wished myself dead, and made several attempts to strangle myself. Further labour began to seem impossible. Thirst almost deprived me of my senses, but, as often as I put my mouth to the sand, I inhaled fresh air. My sufferings were incredible, and, I imagine, I passed full eight hours in this distraction of horror. Of all dreadful deaths, surely such a death as this is the most dreadful. My spirits fainted; again I somewhat recovered, again I began to labour, but the earth was as high as my chin, and I had no more space, into which I might throw the sand, that I might turn round. I made a more desperate effort, drew my body into a ball, and turned round; I now faced the stone, which was as wide as the whole passage, but, there being an opening at the top, I respired fresher air. My next labour was to root away the sand under the stone, and let it sink, so that I might creep over, and, by this means, at length, I once more happily arrived in my dungeon.

The morning was advanced; I sat myself down so exhausted that I supposed it was impossible I had time, or strength, to cover up and conceal my hole.

After



After half an hour's rest, however, my fortitude returned; again I went to work, and scarcely had I ended, before the resounding locks and bolts told the approach of my visitors.

They found me pale as death: I complained of the head-ache, and continued some days so much affected, by the fatigue I had sustained, that I began to imagine my lungs were impaired. After a time, health and strength returned, but, perhaps, of all my nights of horror, this was the most horrible. I long repeatedly dreamed I was buried alive in the centre of the earth; and now, though three and twenty years are elapsed, my sleep is still haunted by this vision.

After this accident, whenever I worked in my cavity, I hung a knife round my neck, that, in case I should be again so inclosed, I might shorten my miseries. Over the stone that had fallen were several others that hung tottering, under which I was, several hundred times, obliged to creep. Nothing could deter me from endeavouring to obtain my liberty!

When my passage was ready, so that I could break out when I pleased, I wrote various letters to my friends at Vienna, and also an impassioned memorial to my sovereign. When the militia left Magdeburg, and the regulars returned, I took an affecting leave of my friends, who had behaved to me with so much humanity, and so benevolently supplied my wants—Several weeks elapsed before they departed, and I learned that General Riedt was appointed ambassador from Vienna to Berlin.

I had seen the world; I knew this General was not averse to a bribe; I wrote him a moving letter, conjuring him not to abandon me, and to act with perhaps more ardour in my behalf than his instructions might imply. I inclosed a draft, for six thousand florins, on my effects at Vienna, and he received

received four thousand more from one of my relations. I have to thank these ten thousand florins for my freedom, which I obtained nine months after. My vouchers shew the six thousand florins were paid in April 1763, to the order of General Riedt. The other four thousand I thankfully repaid, when at liberty, to my friend.

I received intelligence, before the garrison departed, that no stipulation had been made, on my behalf, at the peace of Hubertsberg.\* The Vienna plenipotentiaries, after, and not before, the articles were signed, mentioned my name to Hertzberg, but with little earnestness of solicitation. From Berlin, indeed, I received private assurances of every effort being made to move Frederic, a promise on which I could much better rely than on my protectors at Vienna, who so many years had left me in misfortune. I, therefore, determined to wait three months longer, and, should I still find myself neglected, to owe my escape to myself.

On the change of the garrison, the officers being all of the nobility, were much more difficult to gain than the former. The majors literally obeyed their orders; their help was unnecessary; but still I sighed for old friends. I had only ammunition bread again for food, as no one supplied me with the least comfortable addition.

My time hung very heavy; every thing was carefully examined on the change of the garrison. A still stricter scrutiny might occur, and all my projects be discovered. This had nearly been effected by accident, as I shall here relate. I had, two years before, so tamed a mouse that it would play

\* The release of Trenck was so feebly mentioned, by the Austrian plenipotentiary, that Hertzberg, the Prussian minister, took not the least notice of the affair. T.

play round me, and eat from my mouth: in this small animal I discovered proofs of intelligence too great to easily gain belief: were I to write them, priests would rail, monks grumble, and such philosophers as suppose man alone endowed with the power of thought, allowing nothing, but what they call instinct, to animals, would proclaim me a fabulous writer, and my opinions heretodox to what they suppose sound philosophy. Should I live perhaps, I may hereafter publish an essay on this subject, in which, this my mouse, and a spider, will appear as remarkable characters.

This intelligent mouse had nearly been my ruin. I had diverted myself with it during the night; it had been nibbling at my door, and capering on a trencher. The centinels happening to hear our amusement called the officers; they heard also, and added all was not right in my dungeon. At day-break, my doors resounded; the town major, a smith, and mason entered: strict search was begun; flooring, walls, chains, and my own person, were all scrutinized, but in vain. They asked what was the noise they had heard; I mentioned the mouse, whistled, and it came and jumped upon my shoulder. Orders were given I should be deprived of its society; I earnestly entreated they would spare its life. The officer on guard gave me his word of honour, he would present it to a lady, who would treat it with the utmost tenderness.

He took it away, turned it loose in the guard room, but it was tame to me alone, and sought a hiding place. It had fled to my prison door, and, at the hour of visitation, ran into my dungeon, immediately testifying its joy by its antic leaping between my legs. It is worthy remark that it had been taken away blindfold, that is to say, wrapped in a handkerchief. The guard-room was a hundred paces from my dungeon. How then did it find its master?



master? Did it know, or did it wait for, the hour of visitation? Had it remarked the doors were daily opened?

All were desirous of obtaining this mouse, but the major carried it off for his lady; she put it into a cage, where it pined, refused all sustenance, and, in a few days was found dead.

The loss of this little companion made me, for some time quite melancholy, yet, on the last examination, I perceived it had so eaten away the bread, by which I had concealed the crevices, I had made in cutting the floor, that the examiners must be all but blind not to discover them. I was convinced my faithful little friend had fallen a necessary victim to its master's safety. My keepers were persuaded I had neither the will nor the power to make further attempts at freedom. This accident, however, determined me not to wait even the three months.

I have already related horses were to be kept ready, on the first and fifteenth, and I only suffered the first of August to pass, because I would not injure the worthy Major Psuhl, who had treated me with more compassion than his comrades, and whose day of visitation it was. On the fifteenth I determined to fly. This resolution formed, I waited in anxious expectation of the day when a new, and again most remarkable succession of accidents happened.

An alarm of fire had obliged the major of the day to repair in haste to the town; he, therefore, committed the keys to the lieutenant. The latter, coming to visit me, with a look of compassion, asked—"Dear Trenck, have you never, during  
 " seven years that you have been under the guard  
 " of the militia, found a man like Schell?"—  
 " Alas! sir," answered I, " such friends are indeed  
 " rare; the will of many has been good: each  
 " knew I could make his fortune, but none had  
 " courage

“ courage enough for so desperate an attempt !  
 “ Money I have distributed freely, but have received little help.”

“ Money ! how do you obtain money in this  
 “ dungeon ?”—“ From a secret correspondent at  
 “ Vienna, by whom I am still supplied. If I can  
 “ serve you command me : I will do it willingly,  
 “ without asking any return.” So saying I immediately took fifty ducats from between the panels, and gave them to the lieutenant. At first he refused, but, at length, accepted them with fear.—He left me, promised to return, pretended to shut the door, and kept his word. He now avowed debt obliged him to desert, that this had long been his determination, and that, could he assist me, at the same time, he was ready and willing. I had only to show how this might be effected.

We continued two hours in conference ; a plan was soon formed, approved, and almost a certainty of success demonstrated ; especially, when I told him I had two horses in waiting. We vowed eternal friendship, I gave him fifty additional ducats, and he had never before been so rich ; his whole debts which would oblige him to desert, not amounting to more than two hundred rix-dollars, which, however, he never could have discharged out of his pay.

He was to prepare four keys, that were to resemble those of my dungeon ; the latter were to be exchanged on the day of flight, being kept in the guard-room while the major was with General Walrabe. He was to give the grenadiers on guard leave of absence for some hours, or send them into the town on various pretences. The centinels at the gate he was to call from their duty, and those placed over me were to be sent into my dungeon, to take away my bed ; while encumbered with this, I was to spring out, and lock them in, after which  
 we

we were to mount our horses, kept ready, and ride full speed to Gummern. Every thing was to be prepared within a week, when he was again to mount guard. We had scarcely fully formed our project before the centinels called, the major was coming ; he, accordingly hastily barred up the doors, and the major passed to General Walrabe.

No man now was happier than myself, in a dungeon though I was: my hopes of escape were triple ; the mediation at Berlin, the mine I had made, and my new friend, the lieutenant.

Intoxicated with hope and joy, then, when most my mind ought to have been cool and clear, I seemed to have lost my understanding. I came to a resolution which will appear, to every reasonable man, extravagant, absurd, pitiable. I was vain enough, stupid enough, mad enough, to form the design of casting myself on the generosity and magnanimity of the *Great Frederick* !—Should this fail, I still thought my lieutenant a certain saviour.

Having heated my imagination with this lamentable scheme, I expected the hour of visitation with anxiety. The major entered ; I bespoke him thus :

“ I know, sir, the great Prince Ferdinand is again  
 “ in Magdeburg.” (My new friend had told me  
 this.) “ Be pleased to inform him that he may  
 “ first examine my prison double the centinels,  
 “ and afterward give me his commands, stating at  
 “ what hour it will please him I should make my  
 “ appearance, in perfect freedom, on the glacis of  
 “ Klosterbergen. If I prove myself capable of  
 “ this, I then hope for the protection of Prince  
 “ Ferdinand ; and that he will relate my proceed-  
 “ ing to the King, who may thereby be convinced  
 “ of my innocence, and the perfect clearness of my  
 “ conscience.”

The



The major was astonished ; supposed my brain turned. The proposal he held to be ridiculous, and the performance impossible. I, however persisted ; he rode to town, and returned with the sub-governor, Reichmann ; the town-major, Riding ; and the major of inspection. The answer they delivered was—That the Prince promised me his protection, the King's favour, and a certain release from my chains, should I prove the truth of my assertion. I required they would appoint a time ; they ridiculed the thing as impossible, and, at last, said that it would be sufficient could I only prove the practicability of such a scheme ; but, should I refuse, they would immediately break up the whole flooring, and place centinels in my dungeon night and day ; adding the governor would not admit of any actual breaking out.

After the most solemn promises of good faith, I immediately disencumbered myself of my chains, raised up my flooring, gave them my arms and implements, and also two keys, that my friend had procured me, to the doors of the subterraneous gallery. This gallery I desired them to enter, and found, with their sword-hilts at the place through which I was to break, which might be done in a few minutes. I further described the road I was to take through the gallery, informed them that two of the doors had not been shut for six months, and to the others they already had the keys ; adding, I had horses ready at the glacis, that would be immediately ready ; the stables for which were unknown to them.

They went, examined, returned, put questions, which I answered with as much precision as the engineer could have done who built the Star-Fort. They left me with seeming friendship, continued away about an hour, came back, told me the prince was astonished at what he had heard, that he wished

ed me all happiness, and then took me, unfettered, to the guard-house. The major came in the evening, treated us with a sumptuous supper, assured me every thing would happen to my wishes, and that Prince Ferdinand had already written to Berlin.

The guard was reinforced next day : two grenadiers entered the officer's room as centinels. The whole guard loaded with ball before my eyes, the draw-bridges were raised in open day, and precautions were taken as if it were supposed I intended to make attempts as desperate as those I had made at Glatz.

I now saw numerous workmen employed on my dungeon, and carts bringing quarry-stones. The officers on guard behaved with great kindness, kept a good table, at which I eat, but two centinels, and an under officer, never quitted the guard-room. Conversation was very cautious, and this continued five or six days : at length, it was my new friend the lieutenant's, turn to mount guard ; he appeared to be as friendly as formerly, but conference was difficult ; he, however, found an opportunity to express his astonishment at my ill-timed discovery, told me the prince knew nothing of the affair, and that the report propagated through the garrison was, I had been surprised in making a new attempt.

I now saw my error, but, alas ! too late. I assured my friend this step had been occasioned by my reliance on his promise. He lamented my mistake, but affirmed himself still the same. My courage strengthened, and I vowed vengeance against the mean conduct of the sub-governor.

My dungeon was compleated in about a week. The town-major and major of the day re-conducted me to it. My foot only was chained to the wall, but

but with links twice as strong as formerly ; the remainder of my irons were never after added.

Instead of flooring, the dungeon was paved with huge flag stones. The prison was made impenetrable. That part of my money only was saved which I had concealed in the pannels of the door, and the chimney of the stove ; some thirty louis-d'ors, hidden about my clothes, were taken from me.

While the smith was rivetting my chains, I addressed myself to the sub-governor. " Is this the consequence of the pledged honour of the Prince ? Has the magnanimity of my conduct deserved such treatment ? But think not you deceive me, I am acquainted with the false reports that have been spread ; the truth will soon come to light, and the unworthy be put to shame. Nay, I now foretell you, Trenck shall not be much longer in your power ; for, were you to build your dungeon of steel, it would still be insufficient to contain me."

They smiled at my threats. Reichmann, however desired me to take courage, and said I might, probably soon obtain my freedom after a proper manner. My firm reliance on my friend, the lieutenant, gave me, instead of appearing sunk and despondent, a degree of confidence that amazed them all.

It is here necessary farther to explain this affair. When I had obtained my liberty, I visited Prince Ferdinand, at Brunswic. He informed me the majors had not made a true report, being afraid of reprimand for their own carelessness. Their story was, they had caught me at work, and, had it not been for their extreme diligence, I should, certainly have made my escape. Prince Ferdinand heard the truth some time after, and informed the King, who, from that time, only waited a favourable opportunity to restore me to liberty.

Such



Such is the way of the world! Such the manner in which the most generous, the most noble, acts are often painted: I was, in this case, the silly sacrifice of my own vanity. Those who guarded me were ashamed of their neglect, and, to avoid reprimand, which would not essentially have injured any of them, was I again led to my slaughter-house. Such has been the issue, through life, of many noble undertakings; where others have taken advantage of my too great openness of heart, and procured reward to themselves by my labours.

Once more was I immured, cursing in my heart the cruelties of kings and governors: this time, however, they were innocent because deceived.

I waited in anxious hope for the day when my deliverer was to mount guard. What again was my despair when, instead of him, I saw another lieutenant. I buoyed myself up with the expectation that accident was the occasion of this, but I remained three weeks in the same suspense, and saw him no more. Ask I durst not, but heard, at length, he had left the corps of grenadiers, and, therefore, was no longer to mount guard at the Star-Fort. Whether he was afraid, repented his engagement, or that the hundred ducats had procured him better prospects, I neither know, nor ever wish to know. Should he ever read this book, and should he really have deceived me, let him also read that he has my hearty forgiveness, and that I applaud myself for never having said any thing by which he might be injured. Others, perhaps, being thus deserted by him in misfortune, after so many protestations, and condescending to receive money, would have been more revengeful. He might, having paid his debts, repent his promise; he might have trusted another friend with the enterprise,

terprise, and have been himself betrayed : but, be it as it may, his absence cut off all hope.

I bitterly now repented my folly and untimely vanity : melancholy seized my mind ; I had brought my misfortunes on myself. When I had removed every impediment, the confidence I placed in the honour of man again plunged me near six months longer in affliction, doubled by despair. I had myself rendered my dungeon impenetrable. Death would have followed but for the dependence I placed in the court of Vienna.

The officers soon remarked the loss of my accustomed fortitude, and gloomy thoughtfulness. I was less industrious on my cups ; the verses I wrote were desponding. The only comfort they could give was, " Patience, dear Trenck ; your condition cannot be worse ; the King may not live " for ever." Small consolation this. Were I sick, they told me I then might hope my sufferings would soon have an end. If I recovered they pitied me, and lamented their continuance. What man of my rank and expectations ever endured what I have endured, ever was treated as I have been treated !

Peace had been concluded nine months. I was forgotten. At last, however, when I supposed all hope lost, the 24th of December, and the day of freedom, came ! At the hour of parade Count Schlieben, lieutenant of the guards arrived, and brought orders for my release !

The sub-governor supposed me weaker in intellect than I really was, and would not too suddenly tell me these happy tidings. He knew not the presence of mind, the fortitude, which the various dangers I had seen had made habitual. Self-praise offends ; yet never was I too much elated in prosperity, depressed in adversity ; never timid or undetermined in the moment of danger ; and for the  
truth

truth of this, I appeal to all who have known me personally, or been acquainted with those who have seen me in such situations.

My doors, for the LAST TIME, refounded! Several people entered; their countenances were more than usually cheerful, and the sub-governor at their head, at length, said, "This time, my dear Trenck, I am the joyful messenger of good news. Prince Ferdinand has prevailed on the King to let your irons be taken off."—Accordingly to work went the smith—"You shall, also," continued he, "have a better apartment." "I am free then," said I, "and you are afraid to tell me so too suddenly. Speak! fear not! I can moderate my transports."

"Then you are free!" was the reply.

The sub-governor first embraced me, and afterward his attendants.

He asked me what clothes I would wish. I answered the uniform of my regiment. The taylor attended, and took measure. Reichmann told him it must be made by the morning. The man excused himself because it was Christmas eve—"so then this gentleman must remain in his dungeon, because it is holiday with you." The taylor was answered, and promised to be ready.

The smith having ended his work, I was taken to the guard-room: congratulations were universal, and the town-major administered the oath customary to all state prisoners.

1st. That I should avenge myself on no man.

2ndly. That I should neither enter the Prussian nor Saxon states.

3dly. That I should never relate, by speech, or in writing what had happened to me.

4thly. And that, so long as the King lived, I should



should neither serve in a civil nor military capacity.

Count Schlieben delivered me a letter from the imperial minister, General Riedt, in Berlin, to the following purport : that he was heartily rejoiced at having found an opportunity of obtaining my liberty from the King ; that I must cheerfully obey the requisitions of Count Schlieben, whose orders were to accompany me to Prague.

“ Yes, dear Trenck,” said Schlieben, “ I am to  
“ conduct you in a covered waggon through Dres-  
“ den to Prague, with orders not to suffer you to  
“ speak to any one on the road. I have received  
“ three hundred ducats from General Reidt, to  
“ defray the expence of travelling. A waggon  
“ must be purchased ; but, as all things cannot be  
“ prepared to-day, the sub-governor has determin-  
“ ed we shall depart to-morrow night.”

Having joyfully acquiesced, Count Schlieben remained with me ; others, after a short conversation returned to the town, and I denied, in company with the major of the day and the officers on guard, with General Walrabe in his prison. Here this gentleman died in 1774, having remained at Magdeburg eight and twenty years. His confinement, however, was both deserved and rendered supportable.

Once more at liberty, I walked about the fortifications, to accustom myself to light and air, and collected the money I had concealed in my dungeon, which amounted to about seventy ducats. To every man on guard I gave a ducat, to the centinels then on duty over me each three, and ten ducats to be divided among the relief-guard. I sent the officer on guard a present from Prague, and the remainder of my money I bestowed on the widow of the kind, the honest, the worthy Gefhardt. He, poor fellow, was no more, and she had en-

trusted the secret of the thousand florins to a young soldier, who, spending too freely, was suspected, betrayed her, and she passed two years in the house of correction. Gefhardt never received any punishment: he was killed in the field. Had he left any children, I should, in duty, have provided for them. To the widow of the man who hung himself before my prison door, in the year 1756, I gave thirty ducats, lent me by Schlieben.

The night was riotous, the guard made merry, and I passed most of it in their company. I was visited by all the generals of the garrison on Christmas morning, for I was not allowed to enter the town. Boots, uniform, all were ready by noon. I was dressed, viewed myself in the glass, and found pleasure; but the tumult of my own passions, the congratulations I received, and the vivacity of every thing round me, prevented my remembering incidents minutely.

How much room for reflection did this scene afford! My intrinsic worth then and twenty-four hours before, when in prison, was the same; yet, how wonderful an alteration in the carriage and countenance of those by whom I had been so strictly guarded! I was treated with friendship, distinction, attention, and flattery. And why? Because those fetters had dropt off which I had never justly borne. Oh World! what art thou? What, indeed, in despotic states! What is merit, what virtue, where arbitrary power disposes of the fate of men?

Evening came, and with it Count Schlieben, a waggon, and four post-horses. After a very affecting farewell, we departed. Who could have persuaded me I should have shed tears at leaving Magdeburg? Yet tears I actually did shed. It seems equally strange that I lived here ten years, yet never saw the town.

I shall



I shall not weary the reader's patience with the trivial incidents of our journey. The exact duration of my imprisonment at Magdeburg was nine years, five months, and some days ; add to these the seventeen months imprisonment at Glatz, and the amount is eleven years. Thus did the prime of life, the brightest hours in the day of man, pass in imprisonment. Thus was I robbed of time, which monarchs have not the power to restore ; thus too, was my body weakened, thus my health impaired, so that now in my decline of life, a second time, I suffer in the gloom, the damp, and the chains of the dungeon of Magdeburg.

The reader would now hope, having obtained my freedom, that my calamities were all at an end ; yet do I declare, upon my honour, I would prefer the sufferings of the Star-Fort, to those I have since endured in Austria, especially the last six years, while Krügel, and Zetto, were my referendaries, and curators.

It may happen that I may publish another volume,\* in which I may more openly, and fully, relate the misfortunes of two and twenty years, particularly the last six, spent at Vienna. At this moment, I am obliged to be guarded in my expressions. I have already, put my enemies to shame ; but the hope of justice, or reward, on this side the grave, is vain. No rewards are bestowed on him, who, with all the consciousness of integrity, demands, and does not implore. The facts, I shall relate, will, indeed, seem improbable, nay incredible, yet have I, in my own hands, the indisputable vouchers of their verity. I repeat the words of my preface:

D 2

“ If

\* This other volume the Baron has published. It is the sequel of the present translation ; but it is necessary to preserve this, and similar passages, because they contain circumstances by which suspense is kept alive. T.



“ If my right hand is guilty of writing untruths,  
 “ in this book, may the common executioner sever  
 “ it from my body, and, in the memory of poste-  
 “ rity may I live a villain.”

Having thus called the reader's attention to its truths, I proceed with my history.

On the second of January, I arrived, with Count Schlieben, safely at Prague, and, the same day, he delivered me to the then governor, the duke of Deuxponts. He received me with kindness, and distinction ; we dined with him two successive days, and all Prague was anxious to see a man who had surmounted ten years of sufferings, so unheard of as mine. Here I received three thousand florins, and paid General Riedt his three hundred ducats, which he had advanced Count Schlieben, for the expences of my journey, the repayment of which he demanded, in his letter, although he had already received ten thousand florins. The expence of returning I also paid to Schlieben, made him a present, and provided myself with some necessaries. After remaining a few days at Prague, a courier arrived from Vienna, to whom, it is most worthy of remark, I was obliged to pay forty florins, with an order from government to bring me, under a strong guard, from Prague to Vienna. My sword was demanded ; Captain Count Wela, and two inferior officers entered the carriage, which I was obliged to purchase, in company with me, and brought me to Vienna. I took up a thousand florins more, in Prague, to defray these expences, and was obliged, in Vienna, to pay the captain fifty ducats, for travelling charges back.

At treatment like this, what were the sensations of my soul ! I ought to have re-entered Vienna, in triumph, like the martyr of his country, hastening to receive his reward ; I, on the contrary, was brought back like a criminal, was sent, as a prisoner,

soner, to the barracks, there kept in the chamber of Lieutenant Blonker, with orders that I should be suffered to write to no one, speak to no one, without a ticket from the counsellors Kempf or Huttner. These good gentlemen, during my imprisonment, had been the administrators of my effects!

So I remained six weeks: at length, the colonel of the regiment of Poniatowsky, the present field-marshal, Count Alton, spoke to me. I related what I supposed were the reasons of my being thus kept a prisoner in Vienna; and to the exertions of this worthy man am I indebted that the abominable intentions of my enemies were frustrated, which were to have me imprisoned, during life, as insane, in the fortress of Graiz. Had they once removed me from Vienna, all had been lost, and I should, certainly, have pined away the poor remainder of my life, in a madhouse. Yet, when at liberty, could I never obtain justice against these men! By their means, was the Empress persuaded that my brain was affected, and that I, continually, uttered, the most violent threats against the King of Prussia. The election of a king of the Romans was then in agitation, and the court was apprehensive lest I, with a rash desire of vengeance, should act something, that might offend the Prussian envoy. General Riedt had, moreover, been obliged to promise Frederic that I should not be suffered to appear in Vienna, and that they should hold a most wary eye over me. The Empress-Queen felt compassion for my supposed disease, and asked if no assistance could be afforded me; to which they answered, I had several times been let blood, but that I still remained a very dangerous man. They added that I squandered my money strangely, having taken up, and dispersed, four thousand florins in six days, at Prague; that it would, therefore, be proper to appoint curators, or guardians, to impede

fuch extravagancies. Thus do the wicked utter their falsehoods! Thus do they cloud and obscure the throne, making truth invisible!

Count Alton, however, spoke of me, and my hard destiny, to the Countess Paar, mistress of the ceremonies to the Empress-Queen, a noble-minded lady. The late emperor entered the chamber, while I was the subject of discourse, and asked whether I never had any lucid intervals. "May it please your majesty," answered Alton, "he has now been seven weeks, in custody, at my barracks, and I never in my life met a more reasonable, or more agreeable man. There must be something mysterious in this affair, or he could not be treated as a madman, or so represented at court. That he is not so, in anywise, I pledge my honour."

The next day, the Emperor sent Count Thurn, grand-master of the Arch-Duke Leopold, to speak to me. In him I found a worthy man, an enlightened philosopher, and a lover of his country. To him I related how I had twice been betrayed, twice sold at Vienna, during my imprisonment; demonstrated that my administrators had only acted in this vile manner that I might be imprisoned for life, and they remain undisturbed in possession of my effects. We conversed together two hours, during which many things were said, that prudence will not permit me, here to repeat. I gained his confidence, and his heart, and he continued my friend till death. He left me, promised protection, returned the following day, and procured me an audience of the Emperor.

I spoke with freedom; the audience lasted more than an hour. At length the Emperor was so moved that he arose from his seat, and retired into the next apartment; I saw the tears drop from his eyes. With sympathetic enthusiasm, I fell at his feet,



feet, embraced his knees, and wished for the presence of a Rubens, or Apelles, to preserve a scene so highly honourable to the memory of the monarch, and paint the sensations of an innocent man, imploring the protection of a great, a just, and a compassionate prince. I feel myself unequal to do his memory that justice it deserves. Words I had none, but my looks, my tears, were indeed eloquent.——The Emperor tore himself from me, and I departed, with sensations, such as only those can know who, themselves being virtuous, have, unfortunately, met with vile and wicked men.

The ill-judging world has called the Emperor Francis a weak Prince. To me he seems superior to Cæsar, or *Frederick the Great*. That he had a noble mind, what I have cited is an irrefragable proof; and, had not death robbed me of his protection, then, when he found me worthy, I should long since have regained the Hungarian estates I have now for ever lost.

I returned to my barracks in all the raptures of joy, and an order, the next day, came for my release. I went, with Count Alton, to the Countess Paar, who desired to see me, and, by her mediation, I obtained a private audience of the Empress.

I cannot describe the kindness of the sovereign; how much she pitied my sufferings, how much she admired my fortitude. I had not opportunity to speak a word; her professions of pity preventing my stating the justice of my case. She told me she was informed of all the vile artifices practised against me in Vienna: required, however, I should mention no past grievances, should forgive all my enemies, avoid all retrospect, and pass all the accounts of my administrators——I would have spoken.——“Do not complain of any thing,” said she,

she, "but act as I desire—I know all—you shall be recompensed by me; you deserve reward and repose, and these you shall enjoy."—What could I do?—I must either sign, whatever was given me to sign, or be sent to a madhouse. I received orders to accompany M. Pistrich to Counsellor Ziegler: thither I went, and the next day was obliged to sign, in their presence, the following conditions:

First—That I acknowledged the will of Trenck to be valid.

Secondly—That I renounced all claim to the Slavonian estates, relying alone on her Majesty's favour.

Thirdly—That I solemnly acquitted my accountants and curators: And,

Lastly—That I would not continue in Vienna.

What more could have been asked me, had I, instead of reward, deserved punishment.

This I must sign, or languish in a prison. If such be not arbitrary power, what is?

So was I dealt with! The Empress was prevented acting greatly and nobly.—It is an eternal truth that this my mistreatment was occasioned by my refusing to hear mass; and that the possessors of my estates were under the protection of the Jesuits.\*

What did I feel! How did my blood boil while I signed! The confidence I had in myself assured me I could have obtained honourable employment in any country of Europe, by the exertions of my talents, the labours of my mind, and the faithful recital of all my woes. At that time I had no children; I, therefore, little regretted what I had lost, or the poor portion that remained.

Justly dissatisfied, I determined to avoid Austria eternally. My honest pride would never suffer me,  
by

\* The confessor of the Empress was a Jesuit. T.

by clandestine and insidious arts, to approach the throne. I knew no such mode of soliciting for justice, hence I was an unequal match for my enemies ; hence my ills, hence my misfortunes. Complaints, and appeals to justice, were artfully represented as the splenetic effusions of a man never to be satisfied. By courts of justice I had been plundered ; appeals to them were, therefore, vain indeed.

My too sensible heart was preyed upon, and corroded, by the treatment I met at Vienna. I, who, with so much fortitude, such unshaken honour, had suffered so much in the cause of Vienna, on whom the eyes of all Germany were at this time fixed, to see what should be the reward of these sufferings ; I, far from being rewarded, was again, in this country, kept a prisoner, and delivered over to those by whom I had been plundered, as a man insane !

Before my intended departure to seek my fortune, I fell ill, and sickness almost brought me to the grave. The Empress hearing of my condition, in her great clemency, sent one of her own physicians and a charitable friar to my assistance ; both of whom I was at last obliged to pay. My own doctor would have restored me much cheaper. — This was to be favoured, distinguished !

At this time I received unsolicited, a major's commission, for which I was obliged to pay the fees. Being excluded from actual service, the title to me was of little value : my rank in the army had been at least equal ten years before in other service. The following words, inserted in my commission, are not unworthy remark :—“ Her Majesty, in consequence of my fidelity and real for  
“ her service so conspicuously demonstrated during  
“ a long imprisonment, my extraordinary endow-  
“ ments, and exemplary virtues, had been graci-  
“ ously



“ ously pleased to grant me, in the Imperial service, the rank of major.”——The rank of major!——From this preamble, who would not have expected either the rank of general, or the restoration of my great Slavonian estates? I had been fifteen years a captain of cavalry, and now was I most graciously made an invalid major!——I was made an invalid major three and twenty years ago, and an invalid major I still remain! Let all that has been related be called to mind, the shameful manner in which I had been pillaged, and so repeatedly betrayed; let Vienna, Dantzic, and Magdeburg be remembered; and, at the same time, be this my promotion remembered also! Let it be farther known that the commission of major might be bought, by any boy, for a few thousand florins! Thirty thousand florins only, of the money I had been robbed of, would have purchased a colonel's commission; I should then have been a companion for generals; enabled by my pay, I then might have educated children for the good of the state, and my promotion would have placed me beyond the persecution and peculations of my enemies.

It was the interest of these I should be useless; and, therefore, I was made an invalid. During the thirty-six years that I have been in the service of Austria, I never had any man of rank, any great general, any minister, any president, my enemy, except Count Grassalkowitz, and he was only my enemy because he had conceived a friendship for my estates.

My private character was never calumniated, nor did any truly worthy man ever speak of me but with respect and compassion. Who were, who are, my enemies?——Jesuits, monks, unprincipled advocates, wishing to become my curators; referendaries, who died despicable, or now live in houses  
of

o correction ; or accountants, who purchased protectors, to avoid dying by the hands of the hangman. Such as live, live in dread of a similar end ; for the Emperor Joseph is just, and able to discover the truth. Alas ! the truth is discovered too late ; age has now really rendered me an invalid. Men with hearts so base, so vile, ought, indeed, to become the scavengers of society, that terrified by their example, succeeding judges may not rack the heart of the honest man, seize on the possessions of the orphan and the widow, and wholly expel virtue out of Austria.

God for ever preserve all good men, after me, from such judges ! Men of this character never fail to have friends at court, worthy of themselves. Some maid of honour's chamber-maid some fire-lighter, some menial person, with minds well befitting their station, who shall have the cunning, at proper opportunities, to say, as they did of me,—  
 “ Trenck is a dissatisfied, restless man ; complains  
 “ of every thing ; speaks evil of princes ; is still  
 “ more than half a Prussian in his heart ; denies that  
 “ the Austrian Ulans are capable of killing and eat-  
 “ ing the whole Prussian army !” My spirits are wearied ; my heart sinks at the remembrance.

I recovered, sought an audience, but that was no more to be obtained. I attended the levee of Prince Kaunitz. Not personally known to him, he, on his pinnacle of power, viewed in me a crawling insect among the swarm beneath. I thought somewhat more proudly ; thought myself a man : my actions were upright, and so should my body be. I quitted the apartment, and, at the door, was congratulated, by the mercenary Swiss-porter, on my good fortune, of having obtained an audience.

I applied to the field-marshal, from whom I received this remarkable answer :—If you cannot  
 “ purchase, my dear Trenck, it will be impossible  
 “ to

“ to admit you into actual service ; beside, you are  
 “ too old to learn our very difficult manœuvres.” I  
 was then thirty-seven. I briefly replied, “ Your ex-  
 “ cellence mistakes my character ; I did not come  
 “ to Vienna, to serve as an invalid major. My  
 “ curators have taken good care I should have no  
 “ money to purchase ; but, had I millions, I would  
 “ never obtain rank in the army by that mode.”  
 I quitted the room with a shrug.—The next day I  
 addressed a memorial to the Empress, which, had  
 I room, might here deserve to be wholly inserted.  
 I did not re-demand my Sclavonian estates, I only  
 petitioned,

First—That those who had carried off quintals of  
 silver and gold, from the premises, and had rendered  
 no account, either to me or the treasury, should  
 be obliged to refund at least a part.

Secondly—That they should be obliged to return  
 the thirty-six thousand florins, which had been illegally  
 sequestered from my family inheritance, and  
 applied to an hospital.

Thirdly—That the thirty-six thousand florins  
 might be repaid, which Count Grassalkowitz had  
 deducted from the allodial estates, for three thousand  
 six hundred pandours, who had fallen in the  
 service of the Empress ; I not being in justice bound  
 to pay for the lives of men, out of my private  
 purse, who had died gloriously in defence of the  
 Empress.

Fourthly—I required that fifteen thousand florins  
 which had been deducted from my capital, and applied  
 to the Bohemian fortifications, should, likewise,  
 be restored, together with the fifteen thousand  
 which had been unduly paid to the regiment of  
 Trenck.

Fifthly—I reclaimed the twelve thousand florins,  
 which I had been robbed of at Dantzic, by the  
 treachery of the Imperial resident, Abramson ; and  
 public



public satisfaction from the magistracy of Dantzic, who had delivered me up, so contrary to the laws of nations to the Prussian power.

These articles, and others, contained in the memorial were indisputable claims, not being included in the renunciation I had, some weeks before, been obliged to sign.

I, likewise, claimed the customary interest of six per cent, for the capital of seventy-six thousand florins, detained by the Hungarian chamber, which would amount to twenty thousand florins; I having been allowed only five per cent. and at last four.

I more particularly insisted on the restoration of my Slavonian estates, and a proper allowance for improvements, which the very sentence of the court had granted, and which amounted to eighty thousand florins.

I intreated! I petitioned an arbitrator; I humbly solicited justice concerning incontrovertible rights, but nothing I obtained, not so much as an answer to this and a hundred other similar petitions!

I must here speak of my accountants, and of transactions during my imprisonment.—I had bought a house in Vienna, in the year 1750, situated in the Teinfaltstrasse; the price was sixteen thousand florins, thirteen thousand of which I had paid at different instalments. The receipts were among my writings: these writings, together with my other effects, were taken from me at Dantzic, in the year 1754. The colonel and quarter-master and all persons of the regiment, of whom I might require any account, were dead, in the interim, nor have I, to this hour, been able to learn more than that my writings were sent to the administrators of my affairs at Vienna. With respect to my horses, effects, and property at Dantzic, in what manner these were disposed of no one could or would say.

After

After being released from my dungeon at Magdeburg, I inquired concerning my house, but no longer found it mine. Those who had gotten possession of my writings must have restored the acquittances to the seller, consequently, 'he could redemand the whole sum. My house, however, was in other hands, and I was brought in debtor six thousand florins, for interest and costs of suit. Thus were house and money for ever gone, beyond redemption!—Whom can I accuse?

Again.—I had two years maintained, at my own expence, Lieutenant Schroeder, who had deserted from Glatz, and for whom I afterwards obtained a captain's commission in the guard of Prince Esterhazy, at Eisenstadt. His own misconduct caused him to be cashiered and become a beggar. In my administrators accounts I found the following article;

“ To Captain Schroeder, for capital, interest,  
“ and costs of suit, sixteen hundred florins.”

It was certain, I was not a penny indebted to this person: I, however, had no redress, having been, as before related, obliged to pass, and sign, all their accounts.

I, four years afterward, obtained information concerning this affair: I met Schroeder, by accident, as he was asking alms, near St. Stephen's; knew him, took him home with me, and enquired whether he had actually received these sixteen hundred florins. He answered in the affirmative.

“ No one believed you would ever more have seen  
“ the light. I knew you had a friendship for me,  
“ and would willingly serve me, and, all being lost  
“ to you, that you would give something to relieve  
“ my extreme necessities. I went and spoke to Dr.  
“ Berger; he agreed we should halve the sum, and  
“ his contrivance was, I should make oath I had  
“ lent you a thousand florins, without having re-  
“ ceived

“ceived your note. The money was paid me by  
 “M. Frauenberger, to whom I must send a present  
 “of Tokay, for Madam Huttner.”

Oh! Excellent! This was the manner in which my curators took care of my property! Many similar instances I could produce, but I am too much agitated by the recollection. I must, however, speak a word concerning who and what my curators were.

The court counsellor, Kempf, was my administrator, and counsellor Huttner my referendary. The substitute of Kempf was Frauenberger, who, being obliged to act as a commissary clerk, at Prague, during the war, could not attend to affairs at Vienna, but appointed one Krebs as a sub-substitute: whether M. Krebs had also a sub-sub-substitute, is more than I am able to say.

Doctor Bertrucker was *Fidei commissurator*, though there was no legal *Fidei commissum* existing. Doctor Berger, as *Fidei commiss-advocate*, was superintendent over them all, and, to them all, salaries were to be paid.

Let us now see what was the weighty business this noble company had to transact. I had seventy-six thousand florins in the Hungarian chamber, the interest of which was yearly to be received, and added to the capital: this was their whole employment, and this was certainly so trifling that any honest man would have performed it gratis. Kempf, having, luckily, got a fat capon, wished to pluck it in company with his old croney; he, therefore, gave him an office. The war made money scarce, and the discounting of bills with my ducats was a profitable trade to my curators. Had it been properly and honestly employed, I should, certainly, have found my capital increased, after my ten years imprisonment, full sixty thousand florins. Instead of these, I received three thousand florins at  
 Prague,



Prague, and nothing more; and, in compensation, found my capital diminished seven thousand florins.

Frauenberger and Berger died rich; and the superior being obliged to protect him whom he had employed as a deputy, I must be eternally confined as a madman, lest this worthy deputy should have been proved a rogue. This is the clue to the acquittal I was obliged to sign. Madam K—— was, at this time, a lady of the bed-chamber at court: she could approach the throne; her chamber employments, indeed, procured her the keys of doors that, to me, were eternally locked.

Not satisfied with this, Kempf applied to the Empress, informed her they were indeed acquitted, but not recompensed, and that Frauenberg required four thousand florins for remuneration. The Empress laid an interdict on the half of my income and pension. Thus was I obliged to live in poverty, thus banished the Austrian dominions, where my seventy-six thousand florins were reduced to sixty three, the interest of which I could only receive, and that burthened by the above interdict, the *Fidei commissum*, and administratorship. Of all these exactions, none so nearly, so much, affected me, as that of being obliged to present four thousand florins to the man by whom my affairs had been thus administered.

The Empress, indeed, during my sickness, ordered as an especial favour, that my captain's pay, during my ten years imprisonment, should be given me, amounting to eight thousand florins; which pay she also settled on me as a pension. By this pension, however, I never profited: for, during twenty-three years, that and more was swallowed by journies to Vienna, chicanery of courtiers, agents, advocates, and costs of suit. Of the eight thousand florins three were stolen during my illness; the court physician must be paid thrice as much as another,

another, and what remained after my recovery, was sunk in the preparations I made to seek my fortune elsewhere. I had, beside, eight thousand florins to repay, which had been advanced by my friends while in my dungeon; four thousand of which were sent to General Riedt at Berlin.

Thus have I been rendered so poor, that I have never been able to repay my sister's children the money their mother advanced, while my kind friends at Vienna have dignified me with the name of a discontented man.

How far my captain's pay was matter of right, or matter of favour, let the world judge, being told I went in the service of Vienna to the city of Dantzic. Neither did this restitution of pay equal the sum I had sent the imperial minister to obtain my freedom. It has been asserted the Empress delivered me from imprisonment. But no, I positively declare the contrary. I remained nine months in my dungeon after the articles were signed, unthought of, and, when mentioned by the Austrians, the King had twice rejected the proposal of my being set free. The affair actually happened as follows, according to the account I received from their royal highnesses Prince Henry, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and particularly from the minister Count Hertzberg. General Riedt had received my ten thousand florins full six months, and seemed to remember me and my imprisonment no more. One Gala day, however, on the 21st of December, the King happened to be in an extraordinary good humour, and her majesty the Queen, the Princess Amelia, and the present monarch, said to the imperial minister—"This is a fit opportunity for you to speak in behalf of Trenck." He accordingly waited his time, did speak, and the King replied, "Yes."

The joy of the whole company appeared so great, that Frederic, *the Great*, was offended !

Other circumstances, which contributed to promote this affair, the reader will easily collect from my history. That there were persons in Vienna who earnestly desired to detain me in prison is indubitable, from their proceedings after my return. My friends at Berlin, my own exertions, and my money, were my deliverers

For some weeks after I first obtained my freedom, I was generally absent in mind, and deep in thought. This was a habit I acquired in prison, and the objects of sight appeared but as the visions of sleep. I often stopped in the streets, stared around me, doubted my own existence, and bit my finger, in order to convince myself I was really awake and alive.

How trifling, how insignificant, does the poor pageantry of greatness appear to me at this time ! A thousand people, variously bedecked in all their finery, wait the appearance of some extraordinary personage ! The doors are thrown open ! An elderly matron enters ! Graciously smiles, and every body most humbly smiles also ! She asks a few questions concerning the wind and weather, of an old priest in a red cap and stockings, then addresses herself to an insignificant Esop, on whom all eagerly press forward to fawn ! The good Lady retires, and the hubbub of the synagogue ensues, and this is called a levee ! Nor to this sublime honour may men of honest hearts, the friends of virtue, or their country, find admittance : they have not the proper key, or, having it, hold it in contempt. Oh, man ! what art thou when called great and honourable ! What are thy thoughts, what thy dreams ! Dost thou call thyself a man of reason, a philosopher ? What dost thou then at courts ?—— By me they have long been avoided.

Walking



Walking round the ramparts of Vienna, having recovered from my sickness, the vivifying spring, and the broad expanse of heaven, inspired a consciousness of present freedom and of pleasure indescribable. I heard the morning song of the lark. My heart palpitated, my pulse quickened, the blood trickled through my veins with delight, for I felt I was a man, and recollected I was not in chains. Happen, said I, what may, I fear not futurity so long as my feet, my will, and my heart are free, and, like yonder lark, I can remove from land to land. My soul poured forth its thankfulness for this consciousness of freedom, and I determined to fly Vienna, and seek some corner of the world where virtue has nothing to fear from the tongues of slanderers, the commands of courts, or the arbitrary will of monarchs.

If I went into any large companies, their prattle so distracted my mind, and the lights so overpowered my eyes, that I returned home with headache, lassitude, and melancholy.

An accident happened which furthered my project. Marshal Laudohn was going to Aix la Chapelle, to take the waters. I had always personally honoured and loved this general when he was no more than a captain of pandours in my cousin's regiment. He went to take his leave of the Countess Paar; I was present; the Empress entered the chamber, and the conversation turning on Laudohn's journey, said to me, "The baths, also, are necessary to the re-establishment of your health, Trenck." I was ready, and followed him in two days, where he remained about three months.

Here we were stared at as strange animals. All the world wished to see him because of his fame in war, and me because of my sufferings. The society of this worthy general poured balm into my

wounded soul. He was as well acquainted with Vienna as myself: his fortitude and magnanimity had conquered his enemies. What he was he had made himself.

The mode of life at Aix la Chapelle and Spa pleased me, where men of all nations meet, and where princes are obliged to mingle with persons of all ranks, if they wish to seek conversation and would not renounce society. One day here procured me more pleasure, esteem, and friendship than a whole life in Vienna.

I scarcely had remained here a month before my ever good friend, the Countess Paar, wrote to me that the Empress had provided for me, and would make my fortune as soon as I should return to Vienna. I endeavoured by my agents, to discover in what this good fortune consisted, but ineffectually. I hoped every thing from the Empress, who well knew my hard destiny. The death of the Emperor Francis at Inspruck, occasioned the return of General Laudohn, and I followed him, on foot, to Vienna.

By means of the Countess Paar, I obtained an audience in a few days. The Empress received me graciously, and said to me, "I will prove to you, Trenck, that I keep my word. I have insured your fortune; I will give you a rich and prudent wife." I replied, "Most gracious Sovereign, I cannot determine to marry, and, if I could, my choice is already made, at Aix la Chapelle."—"How are you married then?"—"Not yet, please your Majesty."—"Are you promised?"—"Yes."—"Well, well, no matter for that, I will take care of that affair; I am determined on marrying you to the rich widow of M——, and she approves my choice. She is a very good kind of a woman, and has fifty  
"thousand

“ thousand florins a year. You are in want of such  
“ a wife.”

I was thunder-struck. This lovely bride was an old canting hypocrite, of sixty-three, extremely covetous, and a termagant. I answered, “ I must  
“ frankly speak truth to your Majesty ; I cannot  
“ consent, did she possess the treasures of the whole  
“ earth. I seek happiness, and not misery. I  
“ have made my choice, and given my word of  
“ honour, which, as an honest man, I must not  
“ break.” The angry Empress regarded me with contempt, and said, “ Your unhappiness is your  
“ own work. Act as you think proper : I have  
“ done.” Here my audience ended, and, thus dismissed, I bade an eternal adieu to any hope of reward from Empresses and Kings.

Had I been inclined to make my fortune by marrying an old woman, I might long, before, in 1750, have married one in Holland, worth three millions. This proposal was to recompense me for the loss of my Slavonian estates, and all my other innumerable afflictions. Compliance was, moreover, impossible ; I was beloved in Aix la Chapelle, where mutual affection, reason, beauty, worth, and an exalted mind, all promised future happiness.

I was not actually affianced at that time to my present wife, but love determined me to return, to improve an intimacy so far advanced.

Marshal Laudohn knew my mistress, and promoted the match. He was acquainted with my heart, and the warmth of my passions, perceived I could not conquer the secret desire of vengeance on men, by whom I had been so cruelly, so wickedly treated. He and my friend, Professor Gellert, whom I visited at Leipzig, both advised me to take this mode of calming passions, that often  
inspired



inspired projects too vast, and that, seeking tranquillity, I should fly the commerce of the great.

This friendly counsel was seconded by my own wishes. I returned to Aix la Chapelle in December, 1765, and married the youngest daughter of the former Burgomaster de Broe. He was dead: he had lived on his own estate at Brussels, where my wife was born and educated. He had been called to this honourable office by the unanimous voice of the citizens of Aix la Chapelle. He was the descendant of an antient and noble family, in the province of Artois; and some of his predecessors, who possessed estates near Aix la Chapelle, had, I know not for what reason, accepted the dignity of knights of the Roman Empire. My wife's mother was sister to the vice-chancellor of Dusseldorf, Baron Roberte, Lord of Roland.

It is not generally known, at Vienna, that one of the two Burgomasters of Aix la Chapelle must always be elected from a noble family, and the other from the citizens. My children, therefore, can prove their descent to be noble, both by the male and female line.

My wife has been with me in most parts of Europe, where she has always been esteemed as she deserved. She then was young, handsome, worthy and virtuous, has borne me eleven children, all of whom she has nursed herself; eight of them are still living, and have been properly educated. God grant I may be enabled ever to provide for her as she deserves, and as is my duty. Two and twenty years has she borne a part in all my sufferings, and well deserves reward.

During my late short abode at Vienna, I made one effort more, I sought an audience from the present Emperor Joseph, related all that had happened to me, and particularly remarked such defects as I had observed in the government and regulations

gulations of the country. He gave me an attentive hearing, proved his desire to increase the happiness of his people, and commanded me to commit my thoughts to writing. This I accordingly performed, stating, with precision and unreserve, the observations I had made on affairs, civil, military, and œconomical.

Might I publish this writing, I am persuaded it would do me no dishonour, but, on the contrary, shew the monarch has, long since, profited by many of the improvements therein suggested. My memorial was graciously received; all I petitioned for was secrecy, having therein named several persons who were again capable of making me wretched. I farther gave a more ample account of what had happened to me in various countries, and which prudence has occasioned me to express more cautiously and darkly in these pages. My memorial, though graciously received, produced no effect, and I hastened back to Aix la Chapelle.

For some few years I lived here in peace; my house was the rendezvous of the first people who came to take the waters. I began to be more known, and every where procured myself friends among the very first and best of people.

I also visited Professor Gellert at Leipzig, shewed him my manuscripts, and asked his advice concerning what branch of literature he thought it was probable I might best succeed in. He most approved my fables and tales, but blamed the excessive freedom with which I spoke in my political writings. I neglected his advice, and many ensuing calamities were the consequence.

My wife brought me a son in December 1766, and I took this opportunity of writing to the youthful monarch at Vienna. Though published in my writings, under the title of Belisarius to the Emperor

peror Justinian, I think it necessary to insert what follows here :

“ Your Majesty is informed of my marriage.  
 “ My wife has borne me a son, whom I have  
 “ christened Joseph. The imperial chamberlain,  
 “ Colonel and Baron Rippenda, stood sponsor, by  
 “ proxy, for your Majesty. This was done with-  
 “ out first obtaining your majesty’s consent. I  
 “ flattered myself your Majesty would graciously  
 “ be pleased, thus far, to honour me, knowing  
 “ My loyalty and my misfortunes. It is, indeed,  
 “ my hope that my conduct will procure from your  
 “ Majesty a more happy futurity. This son I shall  
 “ educate in the same loyal principles, and, rather  
 “ than depart from them, he shall imbibe poison  
 “ from his mother’s breast.

“ Most gracious Emperor, while I live he will  
 “ be provided for, but, at my death, then must he  
 “ say to his sovereign, I am the son and rightful  
 “ heir of both the Trencks, whose lands and pos-  
 “ sessions have been seized by strangers and aliens.  
 “ I look up to you, gracious Sovereign, as a pro-  
 “ tecting deity for my poor children. May your  
 “ Majesty participate my joy, and graciously wel-  
 “ come this new citizen of the world. May it  
 “ also please you to inform me, whether it be your  
 “ gracious pleasure I should farther present my  
 “ thoughts in writing for your high inspection. My  
 “ enemies at Vienna daily increase in strength, but  
 “ on your sovereign protection I rely, and what-  
 “ ever may be my fate, shall most faithfully and  
 “ eternally remain the loyal servant of my Empe-  
 “ ror and my country.

“ T R E N C K.”

I have, at present, my reasons for inserting the following answer, which was written by the Emperor’s own hand, and is still in my possession.

“ Dear



“ *Dear Major Trenck,*

“ I am well pleased that you have christened  
 “ your son Joseph, and have chosen Colonel Rip-  
 “ penda as my proxy. As a proof of my good  
 “ wishes toward you, I have, for manifest reasons,  
 “ ordered that, henceforth, you shall receive your  
 “ pay at Brussels, instead of Vienna. Continue to  
 “ send me your writings; I am pleased to be in-  
 “ formed of the truth; but they will give me more  
 “ satisfaction, should you send them simple and  
 “ unadorned, than in their former satirical dress.

“ I am yours,

“ JOSEPH.”

I soon afterwards received orders to correspond with his Majesty's private secretary, Baron Roder; what this correspondence was must not here be told: suffice it to say, my attempts to serve my country were frustrated; I saw defects too clearly, spoke my thoughts too frankly, and wanted sufficient humility ever to obtain favour.

In the year 1767 I wrote the *Macedonian Hero*, which became as famous throughout all Germany as my *Eulenspiegel*. (The Malicious Wag.) The poem did me honour, but entailed new persecutions; yet, having wrote it, I never could repent; I have had the honour of presenting it to five reigning princes, by none of whom it has been burnt. The Empress, alone, was highly enraged. I had spoken as Nathan did to David, and the Jesuits now openly became my enemies.

The following vile trick was played me in the year 1768. A friend, in Brussels, was commissioned to receive my quarterly pay, from whom I learnt an interdict had been laid upon it by the  
 court

court called Hofkriegsrath, at Vienna. in which I had been condemned to pay a note of seven hundred florins to one Buffy, with fourteen years interest.

Buffy was a known swindler. I was conscious no man on earth had any such claim: I, therefore, journeyed, post-haste, to Vienna. No hearing, no satisfactory account was to be obtained. The answer was: *Res jam judicata est*; sentence is past, therefore all attempts are too late.

I applied to the Emperor Joseph, pledged my honour, and my head, to prove the falsification of this note; and intreated a revision of the cause. My request was granted, and my attorney, Weyhrauch, was an upright man. When he began to speak, and request a day of revision to be appointed, he was threatened to be committed by the referendary, Zetto, should he undertake to interfere and defend the affairs of Trenck. He answered, firmly, "His defence is my business in this place: I know my cause to be good." Silence was imposed, and nothing further done.

Four months did I continue in Vienna before the day was appointed to revise this cause. It now appeared evidently there were erasures and holes through the paper, in three places; all in court were convinced the claim ought to be annulled, and the claimant punished. Zetto, notwithstanding, ordered the parties to withdraw, and then so managed that the judges resolved the case must be again laid before the court, with formal written proofs.

This gave time for new knavery: I was obliged to return to Aix la Chapelle, and four years elapsed before this affair, clear as the meridian sun, was decided. Two priests, in the interim, who were such as father confessors to convents usually are, took false oaths that they had actually seen me receive the money. At length, however, I proved

that the note was dated a year after I had been imprisoned at Magdeburg, I, consequently, could not give any such in Vienna. Nay, farther, my attorney proved the very writs of the court had, likewise, been falsified. Zetto, the referendary, and Buffy, were absolutely the forgers, but I happened to be too active, and my attorney too honest, to lose this cause. I was obliged to make three very expensive journies from Aix la Chapelle to Vienna, lest judgment should go by default. Sentence at last was necessarily pronounced ; I gained my cause, and the note was declared a forgery, but the costs, amounting to three thousand five hundred florins, I was obliged to pay, for Buffy could not ; nor was he corporally punished, though at last driven from Vienna for his villainous acts. Zetto, however, still continued referendary, still continued, for eighteen years, my barbarous persecutor ; till, not long since, he was deprived of his office, and condemned to the house of correction.

May no such judgments ever again be given in courts at Vienna ; where, perhaps, I am the only one whose perseverance and courage would have demonstrated their injustice. But this perseverance, this courage, have made these courts my enemies, as I have since bitterly experienced. Too late was Zetto punished for the welfare of many a widow and orphan, and still are numerous of his vile practices unknown.

This cause excited many remarks at Vienna ; I gained much honour, but more expence and trouble. I took this opportunity to solicit justice in my other affairs, but to little purpose, except that the world began to know me better, and afford me somewhat more of its pity.

My knowledge of the world increased at Aix la Chapelle, where men of all nations and characters met, particularly English. In the morning I might converse with a lord in opposition, in the afternoon



noon with an orator of the King's party ; and at night with an honest man of no party. In conversation like this knowledge is acquired and imparted. I sent Hungarian wine into England, France, Holland, and the Empire ; this occasioned me to undertake long journies, and as my increase of acquaintance gave me opportunities of receiving many foreigners with politeness in my own house, I was, myself, also, well received wherever I went.

The income I should have had from Vienna was all ingulphed by law-suits, curators, attornies, and the journies, I was obliged to undertake ; having been thrice cited to appear, in person, before the Hofkriegsrath. To me nothing remained ; I was described as a dangerous malecontent, who had deserted his native land, by which insinuations my enemies took care to profit. I, nevertheless, remained, be the country in which I lived what it would, an honest man ; who could provide for his own necessities without meanness or the favour of courts ; one whose acquaintance was every where esteemed. In Vienna alone, was I unfought, unemployed, and obscure.

My love of the chace made me particularly acceptable to the English, who brought with them their own horses and dogs, to hunt the wolf and wild boar, animals not to be found in their own country. I, in return, passed whole summers at their country seats in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and thus obtained a thorough knowledge of the nation.

The Elector Palatine had granted me a certain extent of country in the territory of Juliers where I might hunt, and the Count Palatine of the Rhine gave me permission to hunt where I pleased. To defend this right of hunting was now my duty, and occasioned various disputes ; these, however, were not

not often determined in courts of law, but usually every man asserted his claim with his sword.

One day an accident happened, on this occasion, which made me renowned over the country as a magician, as one whom lead could not penetrate, and who had power over fogs and clouds.

I had a quarrel with the Palatine president, Baron Blankart, concerning a hunting district. I, therefore, wrote to him that, on a certain day, he should repair to the spot in dispute, whither I would also come, at ten in the morning, with sword and pistol, hoping he would there give me satisfaction for the affront I had received. Hither I went, with two huntsmen, and two friends, but, instead of the baron, was astonished to find two hundred armed peasants assembled.

What was to be done ? I sent one of my huntsmen to the army of the enemy, informing them that, did they not beat a retreat, I should fire. It was in the month of August, the day was clear and fine, and, suddenly, a thick and impenetrable fog arose. My huntsman returned with intelligence that, having delivered his message just as the fog came on, these valiant heroes had all run away in the greatest fright.

I advanced, found nobody, fired my piece, as did my friends and followers, and marched to the mansion of my adversary, where my hunting horn was blown in triumph, in his court-yard. The runaway peasants fired at a distance, but the fog prevented their taking any aim.

Having taken this satisfaction, I returned home, where many false reports had preceded me. My wife expected I should be brought home dead, and that many others would be maimed, however, not the least mischief had happened.

It soon was propagated through the country that I was a magician, had raised a fog to render myself invulnerable,

invulnerable, and that the truth of this could be justified by two hundred eye witnesses. All the monks of Aix la Chapelle, Juliers, and Cologne, publicly preached concerning me, reviled me, and warned the people to beware of the arch-magician, and lutheran, Trenck.

On a future occasion, this belief I turned to matter of merriment. I went to hunt the wolf in the extensive forests of the county of Monjoye, and invited the peasants and townsmen to the chace. The first day we had but little sport; toward evening I, and some forty of my followers, retired to rest in the neighbouring charcoal huts, well provided with wine and brandy. "My lads," said I, "it is now necessary you should all discharge your pieces, and load them anew, that to-morrow no wolf may escape, and that none of you may excuse yourselves on your pieces missing fire." The guns were accordingly reloaded, and placed in a separate chamber, after which, they began to eat, drink, and dance. While they were merry-making, my huntsman privately went into this chamber, drew the balls, and charged the pieces with powder, various of which he loaded with double charges. Some of their notched balls I put into my pocket.

In the morning away went I, and my merry fellows, to the chace. As we walked their conversation turned on my necromancy, and the miraculous manner in which I could envelope myself in a cloud, or make myself bullet proof. "What is that you are talking about, my lads?" said I. "Some of these unbelieving good folks," answered my huntsman, "affirm your Honour is unable to ward off balls." "Well then," said I, laughing, to one of them, "fire away my good fellow, and try." The man refused, and my huntsman took his piece out of his hand, and fired. I pretended  
to



to parry with my hand, and called, "Let any man, that is so inclined, fire, but only one at a time." Accordingly, they began, and, pretending to twist and turn about, I suffered them all to discharge their pieces, It must be remarked I was perfectly secure, as my people had carefully noticed that no man had reloaded his gun. Some of them had received such blows from the guns that were doubly charged that they fell down, terrified in amazement, at the powers of magic. I advanced, holding in my hand some of the marked balls. "Let every one choose his own," called I. All stood motionless, and many of them slunk home, with their guns on their shoulders; some few remained, and our sport was excellent.

On Sunday the monks of Aix la Chapelle again began to preach. My black art became the theme of the whole country, and, at this day, many of the people present will make oath that they fired upon me, and that, after catching them in my hand, I returned the balls.

Thus easy is it to gull this wise world. My high and invulnerable qualities were published throughout Juliers, Aix la Chapelle, Maestricht, and Cologne, and perhaps this belief has more than ten times saved my life; the priests having propagated it, from their pulpits, in a country which so swarms with high-way robbers, that one hundred and sixty men have been broken alive on the wheel, quartered, and burnt, within a year, and where, for a single ducat, any man may hire an assassin.

It is indeed no small matter of surprise that I should, for some years, have preserved my life in a town, where there are twenty-three monasteries and churches, and where the monks are all adored as so many deities. The catholic clergy had been sufficiently enraged against me, by my poem of "The Macedonian Hero;" and, in 1772, I published

lished a newspaper at Aix la Chapelle, and another periodical work entitled, "The Friend of Men," in which I endeavoured to unmask hypocrisy. Indeed for me, an apostolic major of the apostolic Maria-Theresa, to write thus in a town swarming with friars, and in a tone so undaunted, was unexampled.

At present, now toleration and freedom of opinion are more encouraged, by the Emperor, Joseph II. many such essayists encounter bigotry and deceit with ridicule ; or wanting invention themselves, publish extracts from writings that belong to the age of Luther. I have the honour of having attacked the very pillars of the Romish hierarchy in days more dangerous ; I may boast of being the first German who, unprotected, raised a fermentation on the Upper Rhine, and in the state of Austria, so advantageous to truth, the progress of the human understanding, and the happiness of futurity.

Let the world read and judge of my writings ! They contain nothing inimical to the pure morality taught by Christ. I attacked the sale of indulgences, the avarice of Rome, the laziness, deceit, licentious gluttony, robbery, and blood-sucking of the monks of Aix la Chapelle, who sought the murder of each other in the very church, and in presence of the altar. I wrote as a moralist, and morals do not enrich monks. Therefore did the arch-priest, and nine of his coadjutors, declare, every Sunday, from the pulpit, publicly naming me, I was a free-thinker, a wizard, one whom every man, wishing well to God and the Church, ought to assassinate. The Jesuit Father Zünder declared I was invulnerable, and a day was appointed, on which my writings were to be burnt before my house, the house itself crased, and its inhabitants massacred. My wife received letters, warning her

to fly with her children for safety, which warning she in terror obeyed. I and two of my huntsmen remained, provided with eighty-four loaded muskets. These I displayed in the gallery before the window, that all might be convinced I would make a desperate defence. I lived opposite the courthouse. The appointed day came, and Father Zünder, with my writings in his hand, attended by all the students in the town, appeared ready for the attack; the other monks had incited the towns-people to a general storm; no man, however, had the heart to appear in the market place, while I stood in a gallery so well stored with fire arms. Thus passed the day and night in suspense.

In the morning a fire broke out in the town. I hastened, fearless with my two huntsmen, secretly well armed, to give assistance: we dashed the water from our buckets, and all obeyed my directions. Father Zünder and his students were there, likewise; I approached him by degrees, and struck his anointed ear with the leathen bucket, as if by accident, which no man thought proper to notice. I passed undaunted through the crowd, the people all smiled, pulled off their hats, and wished me a good morning. Such are the populace, when they perceive they are not feared. The people of Aix la Chapelle were stupid bigots, but too cowardly to murder a man who was prepared for his own defence. Here the threats of my adversaries for this time ended.

As I was riding to Maestricht through a hollow way, a ball whistled by my ears, which, no doubt, was a messenger sent after me by these persecuting priests.

When hunting near the convent of Schwartzbruck, three Dominicans lay in ambush for me behind a hedge. One of their colleagues, who often hunted with me, pointed out the place. I was on



my guard with my double-barrelled gun, drew near, but called with a voice of terror—"Shoot, " scoundrels! But do not kill me, for the devil " stands ready for you at your elbow!"—One fired, and they all ran; the ball hit my hat. I fired, likewise, and wounded one desperately, whom the other two carried off: he recovered, however, and, afterward, eloped with a cow-girl.

Their attempts at poisoning me were unsuccessful, for I always ate at home. In the year 1774, journeying from Spa to Limbourg, I was attacked by eight banditti. The weather was rainy, and my musket was in its case; my sabre was entangled in the belt, so that, unable to draw it, I was obliged to defend myself with a club. I sprang from the carriage, and, with every effort of nature, fought in defence of my life, striking down all before me, while my faithful huntsman protected me behind. I dispersed my assailants, hastened to my carriage, and drove away. One of these fellows was, soon after, hanged, and owned, before execution, that the confessor of this banditti had promised perpetual absolution, could they but dispatch me, but that no man could shoot me, because that Lucifer had rendered me invulnerable. Persuaded of the truth of this, fortunately for me, they had only assaulted me with clubs. My strength and agility, fighting too for life, was superior to theirs, and they buried two of their gang, whom, with my heavy sabre, I had killed. I escaped with a bruised arm and shoulder; my huntsman received a violent blow with a stone.

To such excess of cruelty may the violence and rage of priests be carried! Yet did not my writings contain a single word inimical to the pure morality of Christ; I attacked only gross abuses, the deceit and lasciviousness of the monks of Aix la Chapelle, Cologne, and Liege, where they  
are

are worse than canibals, wallowing, like swine, in the slough of ignorance and gluttony. I wished to inculcate the true Christian duties among my fellow citizens, and the attempt was sufficient to irritate the selfish church of Rome.

From my Empress I had nothing further to hope. Her confessor had painted me, with all the craft of a priest, as an arch-heretic, and a persecutor of the holy and blessed mother church. Nor was this all: opinions were artfully propagated through Vienna, that I was a restless man, dangerous to the community. Such, indeed, is the universal supposition of all who have neither personally known me, nor read my writings.

Hence, too, was I always wronged in courts of judicature, where there are found wicked or bigoted men. The latter thought they were serving the cause of God by injuring me; and the former are ever the enemies of pure and simple truth, undauntedly displayed, it being their interest that virtue and patriotism should fall the victims of falsehood. Yet were they unable to prevent my writings producing me much money, or being circulated through all Germany. The Aix la Chapelle Journal or Gazette became so famous, in the first year, that, in the second, I had four thousand subscribers, by each of whom I gained a ducat.

The postmasters, who gain considerably by circulating newspapers, were envious, because the Aix la Chapelle Gazette destroyed several of the others, and, therefore, formed a combination.

I will briefly notice what so much contributed to the sale of my paper. I was acquainted with most countries and courts, in which I had the best of correspondents: wherefore, instead of merely relating past events, I could foretel future. I was, sometimes, obliged to be ambiguous, yet my meaning was very capable of being understood

Prince Charles of Sweden, eldest brother of the present King, placed the greatest confidence in me during his residence at Aix la Chapelle and Spa, and I accompanied him into Holland. When I took my leave of him at Maestricht, while we were in the subterranean gallery of the fortifications, he said to me, "When my father dies, either my brother shall be king, or we will lose our heads."\* The King died, and Prince Charles, soon after, said, in the postscript of one of his letters, "What we spoke of at Maestricht will soon be fully accomplished, and you may then come to Stockholm."

On this I inserted an article in my Gazette, declaring a revolution had taken place in Sweden, and that the king had made himself absolute. The other papers thought proper to express their doubts, and I, immediately, offered to wager a thousand ducats on the truth of every article published in my Gazette under the title "Aix la Chapelle." The news of the revolution in Sweden was instantaneously confirmed. This incident added greatly to the authority of my paper.

My Gazette foretold the Polish partition six weeks sooner than any other; but how I obtained this intelligence must not here be mentioned. I, also, was active in the defence of Queen Matilda of Denmark.

The French ministry were highly offended at the following pasquinade: "The three eagles have rent the Polish bear; without losing a feather, with which any man in the cabinet of Versailles can write. Since the death of Mazarine, they write there only with goose quills."

By

\* The prince meant to say the power of his father was so limited that he was not a king. The present monarch has taken care to have no such complaint. T.



By desire of the King of Poland, I wrote a narrative of the attempt made to assassinate him, and named the nuncio, who had given a general absolution to the conspirators in the chapel of the holy virgin.

The House was now in flames. Rome insisted I should recal my words. Her nuncio, at Cologne, vented poison, daggers, and excommunication; the Empress-Queen, herself, thought proper to interfere. I obtained from Warsaw a copy of the examination of the conspirators for my justification. This I threatened to publish, and stood, unmoved, in the defence of truth. I derived new honour, but new persecutors, likewise; as for protectors none: mine was the fate of all reformers, who must expect reward beyond the grave.

The Empress wrote to the post-master general of the empire, commanding him to lay an interdict on the Aix la Chapelle Gazette. Informed of this, I ended its publication with the year, but wrote an essay on the partition of Poland; which also, did but increase my enemies. The priests took care not to be idle at these moments.

The magistracy of Aix la Chapelle is elected from the lower ranks of people, and the Burgher's court consists of an ignorant rabble. I know no exceptions, but Baron Lamberte and De Witte; and, to heighten the ridicule, this people assume to themselves titles of dignity, for which they are amenable to the fiscal court at Vienna. Knowing I found little protection at Vienna, they imagined they might attack and drive me from their town. I was a spy on their evil deeds, of whom they would willingly have rid themselves. I, likewise, knew that the two sheriffs, Klofs and Furth, and the recorder, Geyer, had robbed the town-chamber of forty thousand dollars, and divided the spoil. To these I was a dangerous man; for such reasons,  
they

they fought a quarrel with me, pretending I had committed a trespass by breaking down a hedge, and sent a fargeant, citing me to appear at their town-house.

It is a well-known right of the empire, that no magistrate of these courts can enforce the personal appearance of a staff-officer. I was subject only to the court called Hofkriegsrath, at Vienna. But by this court they soon understood I should not be protected. A most disagreeable litigation ensued. By accident I obtained a letter from Count Gravenitz, member of the Aulic council, to the postmaster, Heinsberg, with whom I had also a suit pending, in which he said that, though justice was on my side, he would undertake to weary me by procrastination: he fulfilled his promise, and my wife was obliged to pay three hundred florins of gold, under pain of execution, while I was absent at Vienna, endeavouring to obtain right.

This was a trifle. The postmaster, Heinsberg, of Aix la Chapelle, although he had two thousand three hundred rix-dollars of mine in his possession, instituted false suits against me, on pretence of a note, which was nothing more than a receipt, for a thousand dollars on account, obtained verdicts against me contrary to the most clear and evident justice, seized on a cargo of wine, worth three thousand eight hundred dollars, at Cologne, and I, on the whole, incurred losses to the amount of eighteen thousand florins, exclusive of the interruption given to the trade I carried on in wine; which devoured the fortune of my wife, and by which she, with myself, and my children, were reduced to poverty.

Let it not be imagined these are merely assertions. The president of one of the courts, to whom I complained, after moralizing concerning the vanity of earthly, and the reality of heavenly, hopes, in a letter

letter told me, " It might be the will of God that " I should be treated with injustice. He could afford me no help, for he had received her majesty's commands."——The referendary, Gravenitz, himself, in 1778, with tears in his eyes, acknowledged how much he had injured me, affirmed he had been deceived, and promised he would endeavour to obtain restitution. I was moved, and forgave him, and he attempted to keep his promise; but his power declined, his corruptness had been manifest, the bribes he had received were become too public. He was, at length, dispossessed of his post, but, alas! too late for me. He now lives, like the greater part of my enemies, a banished man in Poland, despised, and in poverty. Two other of my judges are at this time obliged, in chains, to sweep the streets of Vienna, where they are condemned to the house of correction. Had this been their employment, instead of being seated on the seat of Judgment, twenty years ago, I might have been more fortunate. It certainly is a remarkable circumstance that I should so often and so continually have been despoiled by unjust judges. Who would have dared to have published their deserts during the plenitude of their power? Who would have had the temerity to affirm their evil should hereafter bring them to attend on the city scavenger? I, indeed, knew them but too well, and, fearless, spoke what I knew. But I was a restless man! A slanderer of imperial courts of justice! It was my misfortune, not my fault, that I was acquainted with their mal-practices sooner than my gracious sovereign.

Here let the scene close on my litigations at Aix la Chapelle and Vienna. May God preserve every honest man from the like! True it is they hang heavy on my heart. They have swallowed up my own property,



perty, and that of my innocent wife. Enough! Enough!

From the year 1774 to 1777 I chiefly spent my time in journeying through England and France. I was intimate with Dr. Franklin, the American minister; also, with the Counts St. Germain and Vergennes, who made me advantageous proposals to go to America; but I was prevented accepting them by my affection for my wife and children.

My kind friend, the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, who had been governor of Magdeburg during my imprisonment, offered me a commission in his service among the troops going to America: but I answered——

“ Gracious prince, my heart beats in the cause of freedom only, I will never assist in enslaving men. Were I at the head of your brave grenadiers, I should revolt to the Americans.”

During the year 1775 I continued, at Aix la Chapelle, my periodical essays, entitled, “ The Friend of Men.” My writings had made some impression; the people began to read; the monks were ridiculed, and became more humble; my partizans increased, and their archleader had the good fortune to get himself cudgelled.

They did not now mention my name publicly, but catechised their penitents at confession. During this year various simple people came to me from Cologne, Bonn, and Dusseldorf, desiring to speak with me in private. When I inquired their business, they told me their clergy had informed them I was propagating a new religion, in which every man must sign himself over to the devil, who, then, would supply them with money. They were willing to become converts to my faith, would Beelzebub but give them money, and revenge them on their priests. “ My good friends,” answered, I, “ your teachers have deceived you: I  
“ know

“ know of no devils but themselves. Were it, indeed, true that I was founding a new religion, the converts to which the devil would supply with money, your bishops and priests would be the very first of my apostles, and the most catholic. I am an honest moral man, my worthy friends, as a Christian ought to be. Go home, in God’s name, and do your duty. Be honest and industrious, and you will not then want the devil to bring you money.”

I forgot to mention its place that the recorder or president of the sheriff’s court at Aix la Chapelle, who is the son of the banker Geyer, and who is called Baron Geyer, had associated himself, in 1778, with a Jew convert, and a knight of industry; and that this noble company, in concert, swindled a Dutch merchant out of eighty thousand florins, by assuming the arms of the Elector Palatine, and producing forged receipts and contracts. Geyer was taken in Amsterdam, and would have been hanged, but that, by the aid of a faithful servant, he effected his escape. He returned to Aix la Chapelle, where he enjoys his honourable office.—Three years ago it was proved he had robbed the town-chambers. His handsome wife was, at that time, *generis communis*, and procured him powerful friends at court. The assertions of this worthy gentleman found greater credit at Vienna than those of the innocent, the injured Trenck. Oh, Shame! Shame!—Oh, World! World! World!

My wine trade was so successful that I had correspondents and stores in London, Paris, Bruxelles, Hamburg, and the Hague, and had gained forty thousand florins, with the most flattering prospects from England. One unfortunate day destroyed all my successful hopes in this traffic.

Being

Being in London, I was defrauded of eighteen hundred guineas by a swindler. The relating of this history will do but little honour to the English nation. The fault was, principally, my brother-in-law's, a young man, who parted with the wine before he had received the money. In England there is no law against such deceivers. They bid you trust no-body, you will then not be wronged. And when I had been wronged, and asked my friend's assistance, I was only laughed at ; as if they were happy that an Englishman had the wit to cheat a German. I cannot give a circumstantial history of this affair, but it is necessary to narrate it in the abstract, our prejudices being so strong in favour of the great worth and justice of the British nation.

Finding myself defrauded of my wine, I hastened to Sir John Fielding. He was acquainted with me, told me he knew I had been swindled, and that his friendship would make him active in my behalf ; that he, also, knew the houses where my wine was deposited, and that a party of the runners should go with me, sufficiently strong for its recovery. I was little aware that he had, at that time, two hundred bottles of my best Tokay in his cellar. His pretended kindness was a snare ; he was in partnership with robbers, the stupid among whom only he hung, and preserved the most adroit for the promotion of trade.

He sent a constable and six of his runners with me, commanding them to act under my orders. By good fortune I had a violent head-ach, and could not attend them myself, but sent my brother-in-law, who spoke better English than I. Him they brought to the house of a Jew, and told him, " Your wine, sir, is here concealed." Though it was broad day, the door was locked, that he might be induced to act illegally. The constable

desired



desired him to break the door open, which he, accordingly, did: the Jews, in a pretended fright, came running, and asked—"What do you want, gentlemen?"—"I want my wine," answered my brother.—"Take what is your own," replied a Jew, "but beware of touching my property. I have bought the wine."

My brother attended the constable and runners into a cellar, and there found a great part of my wine. He wrote to Sir John Fielding, that he had found the wine, and desired to know how he was to act. Fielding by a verbal message, answered—"It must be taken by the owner."—My brother, accordingly, got a cart, and sent me the wine.

He attended the runners, in like manner, to the house of another Jew, where they proceeded as before, and he came back quite rejoiced at having recovered the wine.

Next day came a constable, with a warrant saying, "He wanted to speak with my brother, and that it was to go to my friend, Sir John Fielding." When he was in the street he touched him with his staff, and told him—"Sir, you are my prisoner."—Here it must be remarked that no man can be arrested in his own house in London; but that, when he is in the street, and the constable has touched him with his staff, he is beyond delivery; and, should he run, would be stopped by the people.

All this I was a spectator of through the window, unable to give any assistance. I went, however, to Sir John Fielding, and asked what it all meant. This upright justice answered, in a magisterial tone—That my brother had been accused of felony. The Jews and swindlers had sworn the wine was a legal purchase. If I had not taken care to be paid, or was ignorant of the English laws, that was my fault. Six swindlers had sworn the wine was paid for ;

for ; which circumstance he had not known, or he should not have granted me a warrant. My brother had, also, broken open doors, and forcibly taken away wine which was not his own. They had legally made oath of this, and he was charged with burglary and robbery.

He farther desired me, immediately to give bail in a thousand guineas for my brother, for his appearance in the court of king's bench ; otherwise, his trial would immediately come on, and in a few days he would be hanged.

What was my rage at finding myself thus treated ! And how willingly would I have plunged my sword in the breast of a man so vile as this chief magistrate of London !

I hastened to a lawyer, who was my friend, who confirmed what had been told me, advised me immediately to give bail, and he would then defend my cause. I applied to Lord Mansfield, and received the same answer. I told my story to all my great friends, who were, chiefly, members of parliament, and they laughed at me, that I should trade in London, without better understanding the laws. My intimate friend, Lord Grosvenor, said, " send more wine to London, and we will pay you so well that you will soon recover your loss."—This is the character of the nation. I am certain he would have kept his word, but I wanted the necessary capital.

I went to my wine merchants, who had stock in hand of mine worth upward of a thousand guineas. They gave bail for my brother, and in four days he was released.

Fielding, in the interim, sent his runners to my house, took back the wine, and restored it to the Jews, as property of which they had been robbed. They threatened farther to prosecute me as a receiver of stolen goods. I fled, in all haste, from London,

don, through Dover, to Paris, where I immediately sold off my remaining stock at half price, honoured my bills, and so ended my merchandize.

My brother returned to London, in November, to defend his cause in the court of king's bench; but the swindlers had disappeared, and the lawyer required a hundred pounds to proceed. The conclusion of all this was, my brother returned, with seventy pounds less in his pocket, spent as travelling expences; and the stock, in the hands of my wine merchants, was detained on pretence of paying the bail. They brought me in an apothecary's bill, and all was lost. Thus do the English treat the Germans, notwithstanding I had so many friends in London.

I might fill a volume with similar instances. I shall only relate one short story. A German violin-maker, in London, intending to return home, had bought his wife a silver coffee-pot, which was left standing on the table in his chamber. Some one knocked at the door, and two Jews entered. One bespoke a violin, the other, while he was conversing, snatched up the coffee-pot, and ran. The German looked round, and missed the coffee-pot, but the other Jew told him, "Do not be uneasy, my friend, go with me, and I will make my comrade give you back your coffee-pot. It is only some trick: he is a mad-headed fellow."

The poor German went with the Jew, who brought him into a chamber, where were four other Jews, and his coffee-pot on the table. He took it, and said, "God be praised, I have found it once more." The Jew answered not a word; and the German returned home with his coffee-pot.—Forthwith went five Israelites to the justice, and swore that the German had entered their chamber,



ber, and stolen thereout a silver coffee-pot. A constable attended them to the German's house. The Jew said, " That is my coffee-pot: and the other swearers answered, " Yes, that is yours." The German was taken into custody, and, being destitute of witnesses, was hung upon the evidence of the five Jews.

I spoke with this poor fellow in prison, who told me the story himself, and actually saw this honest man hung, by the pitiless English. What will my readers now say to this high-esteemed nation, which, in reality, for a thousand reasons, merits our contempt?

Enough of the proud and selfish Britons, who would treat us, and all other nations, as they do their negroes, were we to fall under their dominion.\*

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\* The names of the wine merchants are omitted in the translation: the Baron may have been mistaken; they *may* have acted honestly. There is no doubt of the Baron's veracity; that is, speaking from the conviction of his own mind. He was in England, and, as he himself asserts, most shamefully swindled: those concerned have since become notorious. The perplexities of law daily expose the natives themselves to the arts of the dishonest. This is an inevitable defect, the consequence of an advantage, the value of which foreigners seldom understand: they are, from temperament, more hasty than the English; they have been accustomed, in states less free, when injustice is manifest, to more summary proceedings; and, when they have any dispute in England, they usually fall into the very worst hands. Let us hope the Baron was misinformed, hasty, and that the memory of Sir John Fielding has been wronged! If not—!

The Baron so little knew how he was to act, that it is impossible, from his narrative, to say whether his brother was arrested as a debtor or imprisoned as a felon. His perplexity and distress inspire abhorrence for those instruments by whom, instead of vigorously protecting an uninformed stranger, they were increased. The liberal-minded Englishman will pardon his severity on the nation, remembering how he was treated; though by individuals whom this and every nation

Many other particulars remain to be told of Aix la Chapelle, for which I have not sufficient room in this place.

The Swedish General Sprengporten came to Aix la Chapelle, in the year 1776. He had planned and carried into execution the revolution so highly favourable to the King, but had suddenly left Sweden in discontent, and came to take the waters with a rooted hypochondria.

He was the most dangerous man in Sweden, and had told the King himself, after the revolution, in the presence of his guards, " While Sprengporten " can hold a sword, the King has nothing to command."

It was feared he would go to Russia, and Prince Charles wrote to me, in the name of the monarch, desiring I would exert myself, to the utmost, to make myself intimate with him, and persuade him to return to Sweden. No task could have been more difficult. He was a man of unbounded pride, which, notwithstanding the greatness of his abilities, rendered him either a fool or a madman. He likewise despised every thing that was not Swedish.

Never did I undertake any affair with more ardour or better success: I accomplished my purpose, gained his friendship, and unlimited power over his mind, and restored him to his king and country.

The Prussian minister, Count Hertzberg, the same year, came to Aix la Chapelle: I enjoyed the

nation must pity and despise. The story of the poor German and his coffee-pot, if the Baron was not deceived, is indeed a tragical one: yet would the oaths of five Jews have hung five hundred, or five thousand, Englishmen; were they equally destitute of the means to prove the falsity of such accusations. Not the laws, not the nation, wicked men only were guilty of this murder. T.

the honour of his society and conversation three months, and every where accompanied this great man. To his liberality am I indebted, that I can, at present, return to my country with honour. —As often as they read this, let my children remember the reasons I have had for inculcating this gratitude in their infant hearts.

The time I had to spare was not spent in idleness ; I attacked those sharpers, in my weekly writings, who attend at Aix la Chapelle and Spa, to plunder both inhabitants and visitants, under the connivance of the magistracy : nor are there wanting foreign noblemen, who become the associates of these pests of society. The publication of such truths endangered my life from some of the desperadoes, who, when detected, had nothing more to lose. How powerful is an innocent life, how great that presence of mind which conscious virtue inspires, nothing can more fully prove, than that I still exist, in despite of all the attempts of wicked and ignorant monks, and despicable sharpers.

Though my life was much disturbed, yet do I not repent of my manner of acting : many a youth, many a brave and worthy man have I preserved from destruction, detained from the gaming table, and personally pointed out to them the most notorious sharpers. This was so injurious to Spa that the bishop of Liege, himself, who enjoys a tax of forty per cent. on all their winnings, and therefore protects such villains, offered me an annual pension of five hundred guineas, if I would not come to Spa ; or three per cent. on the winnings, would I but associate myself with Colonel N——t, and raise recruits for the gaming table. My answer may easily be imagined, yet, for this, was I threatened to be excommunicated by the holy catholic church.

I and



I and my family passed the greatest part of sixteen summers in Spa. My house became the rendezvous of the best and most respectable part of the company, and I personally known to some of the most worthy people in Europe.

Through life it has been my constant desire to act for the benefit of others, and to obtain justice for the whole world, as well as for myself. Fatal experience has convinced me how visionary such schemes are.—By an effort of this kind I gave myself new cause of uneasiness.

A contest arose between the town of Aix la Chapelle, and Baron Blankart, the master of the hounds to the Elector Palatine : it originated in a dispute concerning precedence, between the before-mentioned wife of the recorder, Geyer, (who was, at this time, mistress to Baron Blankart, and also to a young canon of the church), and the sister of the Burgomaster of Aix la Chapelle, Kahr, who governed that town with oriental despotism.

This quarrel was highly detrimental to the town, and to the Elector Palatine ; but, at the same time, highly profitable to Kahr, whose office it was to protect the rights of the town, as well as to those persons who were deputed to defend the claims of the Elector : the latter kept a Pharaoh bank, the plunder of which had before enriched the town ; and the former, Kahr, under pretence of defending their cause, embezzled the money of the people : so that both parties, instead of wishing to end, endeavoured, with all their power, to prolong the litigation.

It vexed me to the heart to see their proceedings. Those who suffered on each side, were deceived ; and I conceived the vain project of exposing the truth and obliging these dishonest agents to an accommodation. For this purpose I journeyed to the electoral court, at Manheim, related the facts to the

Electör, produced a plan of accommodation, which he approved, and obtained full powers to act as arbitrator. The minister of the Electör, Bekkers, pretended highly to approve my honest zeal, conducted me himself to an audience, made me dine at his house, took me to the opera, said a commission was made out for my son, and forwarded to Aix la Chapelle, which was a falsity, and, the moment he quitted me, sent post to Aix la Chapelle, thereby to frustrate the very attempt he pretended so much to applaud. He was, himself, in league with the parties. In fine, this honest, but silly, interference in what did not concern me, brought me only trouble, expence, and chagrin. I made five ineffectual journies to Manhein, till at length I became so dissatisfied that I determined to quit Aix la Chapelle, and purchase an estate in Austria, where I might live in philosophic ease, and pursue the innocent avocations of agriculture.

The Bavarian contest was at this time in agitation : my own affairs brought me to Paris, and here I learned particular intelligence of great consequence : this I communicated to the great Duke of Florence, on my return to Vienna. The Duke departed to join the army in Bohemia, and I had occasion again to write to him, and, from the importance of the subject, thought it my duty to send a courier, at my own expence. The Duke shewed my letter to the Emperor ; my intelligence was received, but I myself remained unnoticed.

I did not think myself very safe, in foreign countries, during the time of war, and therefore purchased the lordship of Zwerbach, with appurtenances, which with the concomitant expences, cost me sixty thousand florins. This lordship was in a ruinous condition, and was to be restored by my money and industry.

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To conclude this purchase, I was obliged, at great expence, to solicit, during eleven months, the referendary, Zetto, whose present habitation is the house of correction, and his good friend whom he had appointed as my curator, and my new estate was, likewise, made a *Fidei commissum*, for my kind referendaries and curators would not let me escape contribution. The six thousand florins, however, of which, in one year, they exonerated my purse, would have done my family much service.

In May, 1780, I went to Aix la Chapelle, where my wife's mother died, in July, and, in September, my wife, myself, and family, all came to Vienna.

My wife solicited the mistress of the ceremonies, to obtain an audience. Her request was granted; and she had the good fortune to gain the entire approbation and favour of the Empress. Her kindness was beyond expression: she, herself, introduced my wife to the Arch-Duchess, as an example for women, and commanded her grand mistress of the ceremonies to present her every where. "You were unwilling," said, "to accompany your husband into my country, but I hope to convince you that you may live happier in Austria, than at Aix la Chapelle." She said many other things equally kind.

She next day sent me her decree, assuring me of a pension of four hundred florins, adding this should not be all she would do for me.

My wife petitioned the Empress to grant me an audience; her request was complied with, and the Empress said to me, "This is the third time in which I would have made your fortune, had you been so disposed." The audience lasted long; her discourse was that of a matron. She desired to see my children, adding, "So excellent a mother must have brought you charming children." She then spoke of my writings. "How much



“ good might you do,” said she, “ would you but write in the cause of religion ?”

The prospect now seemed to brighten, and a happy futurity to approach. My wife received more honour and attention, while she remained at Vienna, than many of the first ladies of the city.

We departed for Zwerbach, where we lived contentedly, but, when about to return to Vienna, and solicit the restitution of a part of my lost fortune during this momentary sunshine of the court, the great Teresa died, and all my hopes were overcast.

I forgot to relate that, after my favourable audience, the Arch-Duchess, Maria Anna, spoke to me in the name of the Empress, and desired me to translate a religious work written in French, by the Abbé Baudrand, into German. I replied, I should have little success in translation, but that I would obey her majesty's commands. I began my work, took passages from Baudrand, but inserted more of my own, though the censor was less fastidious in the examination of what was intitled a translation. The first volume was finished in six weeks; the Empress thought it admirable. The second soon followed, and I presented this myself. She asked me if it equalled the first: I answered, I hoped it would be found more excellent. “ No,” said she, “ I never in my life read a better book ;” and added, she much wondered how I could write so well and so quick. I promised another volume within a month.

Before the third was ready, Teresa died, and my expectations descended with her to the grave. She continually gave orders, on her death-bed, to have the writings of Baron Trenck read to her; and, though her confessor well knew the injustice that had been done me, and all I had lost, yet, in these her last moments, when he had the most favourable

vourable of all opportunities, he kept a dastardly silence, though he had given me his sacred promise to speak in my behalf.

The censor permitted me, after her death, and the Arch-Dutchess even commanded, that I should print what I have here stated in the preface to that third volume, and this was my only satisfaction.

Untoward, indeed, has ever been my fate. For one and thirty years had I been soliciting my right, which I never could obtain, because the Empress was deceived by wicked men, and believed me an arch-heretic. In the thirty-second my wife had the good fortune to convince her this was false; she had determined to make me restitution, and my children fortunate, and just at this moment she died.

Oh Fortune, how dost thou sport with the passions of men! Yet, was it not so much the fault of fortune, as of myself. I was at length humble enough to accept justice as a favour, but then it was too late. My heart was conscious of not needing favour or forgiveness, for I had never done ill, therefore did I continue unfortunate; I chose the narrow path of innocence, my enemies the open field of vice. Their station was the strongest, and they have kept possession. All contest is now past, I am too old, and need rest.

For my children's sake have I written this history, have told these open truths, which perhaps may draw down new persecution on my head. The friends of innocence will be their friends. I have taught them to live satisfied in this world with what is necessary, and without what is superfluous. Be this their inheritance, instead of their great Sclavonian estates; for the rest, I leave it to God, and that good fame in which their forefathers have always lived.

The pension granted my wife by the Empress,  
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in consequence of my misfortunes, and our numerous family, we only enjoyed nine months.

This she was deprived of by the new monarch, who suppressed that and various other pensions, as burthensome to the state. He, perhaps, knew nothing of the affair, as I never solicited. Yet much has it grieved me. Perhaps I may find relief when the sighs wrung from me shall reach the heart of the father of his people, in this my last writing. At present, nothing for me remains, but to live unknown, and buried in Zwerbach.

After the death of the Empress, that I might fulfil every duty to my family, I wrote to the Emperor, desirous to be fully informed of what I had to hope. This was my memorial.

“ Most Gracious Emperor,

“ In a work printed at Aix la Chapelle in 1772,  
“ the most essential parts of which I had the honour to present to you in 1765, in manuscript.  
“ is the following passage :

‘ All oppressed subjects ought, at stated hours,  
‘ to have access to the throne; those who should  
‘ prefer false complaints, seek to deceive, or obtain favours unmerited, ought to be made public examples, and stand mutilated in the pillory.’

“ I, most gracious Sovereign, am the first who  
“ will pronounce judgment on myself, if I am not  
“ able to prove I have been most unjustly oppressed under the reign of the great Maria Teresa,  
“ and deprived of an immense property by unjust judges, and men in power: I, therefore, humbly pray a judge may be appointed, before  
“ whom I may be permitted to produce my proofs.

“ I am,

“ Gracious Monarch,

“ Your ever faithful subject,

“ T K E N C K.”

In



In vain did I hope an answer: my petition remained unnoticed, unregarded.

The Emperor thought proper to collect the legacies and monies bestowed on hospitals into one fund. The system was wise and good. My cousin Trenck, as I have before said, had bequeathed thirty-six thousand florins to an hospital for the poor of Bavaria, who had been ruined by him and his pandours. This I shewed he had no right to do, having deducted the sum from the family estates; I, therefore petitioned the Emperor that these thirty-six thousand florins might be restored, as by right they ought, to me and my children, who were the people whom Trenck had indeed made poor, nothing of the property of his acquiring having been left to pay this legacy, but, on the contrary, the money having been violently exacted from mine.

Alas! The memorial came before those who were ill informed of the truth, or deemed the inquiry too laborious. In a few days it was determined I should be answered in the same tone in which, for six and thirty years past, all my petitions and remonstrances had been answered:

THE REQUEST OF THE PETITIONER CANNOT BE GRANTED.

Fortune, my irreconcilable enemy, persecuted me even in my retreat. Within six years two destructive hailstorms swept away my crops; one year was a misgrowth; there were seven floods; a rot among my sheep; all possible calamities befel me and my manor.

The estate had been totally ruined, the ponds were to drain, the mansion-house to repair, three farms were to be put into proper condition, and the whole new stocked. This rendered me poor, especially

especially as my wife's fortune had been sunken in law-suits at Aix la Chapelle and Cologne.

The unfortunate miserable peasants had nothing, therefore, nothing could pay; I, on the contrary, was obliged to advance them money. My sons assisted me; and we laboured with our own hands; my wife, accustomed to the affluence of the great world, anxious to fulfil the duties of a mother, and an excellent woman, took care of eight children, without so much as the help of a maid. We lived in poverty and wretchedness, obliged to earn our daily bread by the sweat of the brow; and, had the Emperor, by chance, amid his peregrinations, visited Zwerbach, he would have beheld the abode of industry and virtue, exerting themselves to fulfil all the duties of man, and our sufferings had certainly been less severe.

Enough: I have aided myself. The monarch, who oppressed, never beheld me crouching to his power. I have deserved a fate more favourable; I avoided a place where men are not actuated by the love of men, and hid myself in my Zwerbach: I sighed, said nothing, wrote much, feared no man, and rather desired to seek the world's utmost boundaries, than live a witness of certain scenes.

The greatest of all my misfortunes was my treatment in the military court, where Zetto and Krügel were my referendaries. Zetto had clogged me with a curator, and when the cow had no more milk to give, they then began to torture me with depositions, sequestrations, administrations, and executions. Nineteen times was I obliged, personally, to attend in Vienna within two years, and to travel fourteen posts each time at my own expence. This alone ate up my income. Every six years must I pay an attorney to dispute, wrangle, and quarrel in my behalf with the curator. Their mutual squabbles filled huge rolls of writing, for all

all of which I, in the conclusion, was obliged to pay. If an affair was to be expedited, I, by a third hand, was obliged to send the referendary some excellent ducats. Did he give judgment; still that judgment lay fourteen months inefficient, and, when it then appeared, the copy was false, and so was sent to the upper courts, the high referendary of which said "I must be dislodged from Zwerbach."

True it is, no such sentence was ever inserted in their proceedings, and, probably, he in turn may be dislodged himself from the seat of judgment, and once more become the companion of the most honourable Zetto, in the house of correction. So shall his power be lost, to dislodge, to banish, worthy citizens from the territories of Austria.

They obliged me at last to purchase my naturalization. I sent to Prussia for my pedigree, where the family had been known four hundred years; the attestation of this was sent me by Count Hertzberg. Although the family of Trenck had a hundred years been land-holders in Hungary, yet was my attorney, by order of the court, obliged to solicit the instrument called ritter-diploma, for which, under pain of execution, I must pay two thousand florins. Thus are men treated in Vienna, and this treatment I, certainly, shall not forget.

By degree, a Prussian nobleman is not noble in Austria! In Austria! Where every lackey, every worthless fellow, can purchase a diploma, making him a knight of the empire, for twelve hundred wretched florins! Where money is the only merit necessary for acquiring the title of Count! Where such men as P— and Grassalkowitz have purchased the dignity of PRINCE!

I am, at length, suffered to be at rest. They, by whom I was persecuted, instead of cleansing  
courts



courts of justice, cleanse the streets. They may perhaps, soon have company.

Tortured by courts, terrified by hail-storms, I determined to dread them no more, determined to depend on the productions of my pen, and to publish a collection of my works in eight volumes, and this history of my life.

Fourteen months accomplished this purpose. My labours found a favourable reception through all Germany, procured me money, esteem, and honour, and I will now no more struggle through my few remaining years under the burthen of law-suits, curators, referendaries, attornies, courts of justice, and the unworthy in authority. I will live as if I never had possessed any property on this poor earth but what is included within my own head. By my writings only will I seek the means of existence; by my writings only endeavour to obtain the approbation and the love of men.

For this I need not be of any country, want no title, no protection, no court favour, no lordships, no particular place of abode, no uniform, no *Fidei commiss-curator*! I am a free burgher of the world, dependent on no earthly prince: and to my children I will leave my literary property. This nothing can confiscate.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the 22d of August, 1786, the news arrived that Frederic the Great had left this world!

\* \* \* \* \*

The present reigning monarch, the best among the friends of men, the witness of my sufferings in my native country, immediately sent me a royal passport

passport for Berlin. The confiscation of my estates was annulled, and my deceased brother, in Prussia, had left my children his heirs !

\* \* \* \* \*

I journey, with the imperial permission, back to my country, which I have been two and forty years expelled ! I journey—not as a pardoned malefactor, but as a man whose innocence has been established by the whole tenor of his actions, has been proved in his writings, and who is journeying to receive his reward !

Here I shall once more encounter my old friends, my relations, and those who have known me in the day of my affliction. Here shall I appear, not as my country's Traitor, but, as my country's Martyr ! The Martyr of Virtue !

What is the expansion of my soul at obtaining that for which I so long have laboured ! What my joy at the prospect of futurity, at the victory which fortitude, honour, and truth unshaken, have won ! I imagined my end would have been, what my life was—tragical ! But a different scene opens to my view. Of this resplendent scene again shall I appear one, and now have I to prove I am the very man I have so often asserted myself to be, in this my history. Yet is it a great undertaking for a grey head, become grey in its contests with misfortune, and requiring retirement and rest. Slumbering ambition, lulled by philosophy, again is roused, animates and inspires my soul, prompting me to seek that reward for others which, once, I fought for myself. To them I leave my name and rights ; to them whom, not requiring their consent, I called into existence ; who, from the example of their father, contemplating the past, might imagine this nether world only the hell of man, and that  
they

they must first expect the rewards of virtue beyond the grave, had they not learned, from my example, also, to expect better of futurity. Yes, for my eight children will I still live; them will I conduct into those paths of honour in which I was, myself, conducted by my ancestors: paths to me so gloomy, yet so glorious.

Safe am I arrived in haven, a weather-beaten, but experienced, shipman, enabled to indicate the hidden rocks and quicksands of this life's perturbed shores; often have I struck, often been wrecked, but never foundered.

Possible, though little probable, are still future storms. For these, also, am I prepared. Long had I reason daily to curse the rising sun, and, setting, to behold it with horror. Death to me appears the greatest benefit; a certain passage from agitation to peace, from motion to rest. I fear not the terrific dreams of futurity. My children, however, jocund in youth, delight in present existence. When I have fulfilled the duties of a father, then may I voluntarily cease to live; nor is it impossible but a remarkable supplement may follow, of the strange vicissitudes of this my life, in which I may speak more openly of things I have been, in prudence, obliged partly to conceal.

Thou, oh God! my righteous judge, didst ordain that I should be, that I might remain, an example of suffering to the world; thou madest me what I am, gavest me these strong passions, these quick nerves, this universal glow, this thrilling of the blood, when I beheld injustice. Strong was my mind, that deeply it might meditate on deep subjects; strong my memory, that these meditations I might retain; strong my body, that proudly it might support all it has pleased thee to inflict.

Could I believe, with St. Paul, there are, indeed, vessels of wrath fitted for destruction, then might I affirm



affirm that, to such, this world were a hell. But not so: with the eyes of philosophy I contemplate the good God, who, himself, is void of wrath, revenge, or the poor passions by which his poor creatures are tortured. Him have I to thank for enabling me to encounter and to conquer a host of troubles, leaving me still in being to reap the fruit of my victories.

Should I continue to exist, should identity go with me, and I should know what I was, then, when I was called Trenck: when that combination of particles, which nature commanded should compose this body, shall be composed, scattered, or in other bodies united; when I have no muscles to act, no brain to think, no retina on which pictures can mechanically be painted, my eyes wasted, and no tongue remaining to pronounce the Creator's name, should I still behold a Creator; then, oh then will my spirit mount, and indubitably associate with the spirits of the just, that expectant wait their golden harps, and glorious crowns, from the most high God——For human weaknesses, human feelings, arising from our nature, springing from our temperament, which the Creator has ordained shall be even thus, and no otherwise: for these have I suffered enough on earth; for these can I have nothing to fear, beyond the grave, from a just God, who made me man, and not angel, and stationed me in that world in which his own hand had mingled good and evil.

Such is my confession of faith: in this have I lived, in this will I die. The duties of a man, and of a Christian, I have fulfilled; nay, often have exceeded, often have been too benevolent, too generous; perhaps, also, too proud, too vain; I could not bend, although liable to be broken. Many a sleepless night has a noble thirst of knowledge made  
me

me pass. Existence was given man to be employed—I shall have sleep enough in eternal night.

That I have not served the world, in acts and employments where best I might, is, perhaps, my own fault; the fault of my manner, which is now too radical to be corrected, in this my sixtieth year.—Yes, I acknowledge my failing, acknowledge it unblushingly; nay glory in the pride of a noble nature. Joy shall spring up and quicken in my heart, when my example, the instructions I give to youth, shall teach them, idle and thoughtless as they often are, virtue and wisdom, and thus ensure their happiness. Joy shall make my white locks again youthful, when grey beards shall learn, from me, to think and act more honourably, and to die tranquilly. Joy shall again enlighten my soul, when the deceitful shall become honest; the idle industrious; the ignorant learned; the slave a free man; and the man of sin upright, just, and benevolent.

For myself, I ask nothing of those who, having read my history, shall become my friends, for nothing I need; but to them do I commit my wife and children. My eldest son is a lieutenant in the Tuscany regiment of cavalry, under General Lascey, and does honour to his father's principles. The second serves his present Prussian majesty, as ensign in the Potsdowsky dragoons, with equal promise. The third is still a child.—My daughters will make worthy men happy, for virtue and gentleness have they imbibed with their mother's milk. Monarchs may hereafter remember what I have suffered, what I have lost, and what is due to my ashes. With this reflection I calmly quit the world.

Here I do publicly declare—I will seek no other revenge against my enemies than that of despising their evil deeds. It is my wish, and shall be my endeavour, difficult as is the task, to forget the past,

past, and having committed no offence, neither will I solicit monarchs for favour and posts of honour, but, as I have lived a free man, a free man will I die.

Let the wise and benevolent reader grant me compassion, and, by my example, avoid much of that misery in which too much rashness, or too little caution has involved me.

He, whose untimely ambition impels him to undertakings beyond his strength ; he, who concerns himself with affairs not properly his own : he, who erects himself into a reformer of this world's abuses, will be the martyr of virtue, or, perhaps, the dupe of folly, and, after having lived persecuted, may even have the fortune to die despised.

I conclude this part of my history on the evening preceding my journey to Berlin : now, when I take leave of my beloved wife and children. Grant, oh God, that for them I may journey ! God grant I may encounter no new affliction, to be inserted in this tragical history.—Higher and better be my hopes.

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I have informed the reader of the preparations for my journey to Berlin, whence the magnanimous Frederic William sent me the desired passport. This journey I cheerfully prepared to undertake, but my ever-jealous fate threw me on the bed of sickness, inasmuch that small hope remained I ever should again behold the country of my forefathers, or outlive the moment which I had been twenty years in anxious expectation of beholding. I seemed following the *Great Frederic* to the mansions of the dead ; then should I never have concluded this work, or obtained the victory by which I am now so gloriously crowned.

A variety



A variety of obstacles overcome, I found it necessary first to make a journey into Hungary, which was one of the most vivifying and pleasant of my whole life.

Wherever I went, especially at Ofen and Pest, I met that honourable reception, that sensibility of soul, the full enjoyment of which he only can feel who solely seeks the approbation of the wise, the worthy, and the just. I have no words to express my sensations, my ardent wishes for the welfare of a nation, where I met so many proofs of honourable friendship. Wherever I appeared, I was welcomed, and followed with love and that enthusiasm which only await the fathers of their country. The valour of my cousin Trenck, who died gloriously in the Spielberg, the loss of my great Hungarian estates, the fame of my writings, and the cruelty of my sufferings, had gone before me. These must I thank for the reception which I never can forget. The officers of the army, the nobles of the land, alike testified the warmth of their esteem.

Such is the reward of the upright : such, too, are the proofs that this nation knows how justly to value fortitude and virtue. Have I not reason to glory in this ; to publish my gratitude, and to recommend my children to those who, when I am no more, shall dare uprightly to determine concerning the rights which have unjustly been snatched from me in Hungary ? For myself, I am content, nay rewarded, when commiserated as the martyr to the love of truth, of which I have ever stood the undaunted advocate.

Not a man in Hungary, those alone excepted who were interested in my oppression, but will proclaim I have been unjustly dealt by : yet have I good reason to doubt I never shall find redress. Sentence has been already given ; judges, more honest, cannot, without difficulty, reverse old decrees,  
and

and the present possessors of my fine estates are, also, too powerful, too intimate with the governors of the earth, for me to entertain any hope of a happier futurity. God knows my heart :—I wish the present possessors may render services to the state, equal to those rendered by the family of the Trencks ; or to those that family would have rendered, had its capability, and the uprightness of its intentions, been sooner and more properly estimated.

There is little probability I should ever behold my worthy and noble friends in Hungary more. Here I bid them adieu, promising them to endeavour to pass the remainder of my life so as still to merit the approbation of a people, with whose ashes I would most willingly have mingled my own. May the God of heaven prosper their undertakings ! May the God of heaven preserve every Hungarian from a fate similar to mine ! A fate, which, still unredressed, I suffer, and, with sighs and despair, to suffer must still continue.

The Croats have ever been reckoned rude and uncultivated. In Vienna, men talk of their seminaries, their academies, and their science : yet, among this rude and uncultivated people, I found more subscribers to my writings than among all the learned men of Vienna ; and, in Hungary, more than in all the remainder of the Austrian dominions.

The wise literati of the capital are little in quest of freedom. The Hungarians, the unlettered Croats, seek information. The polished people of Vienna ask their confessors permission to read instructive books. Various subscribers, having read the first volume of my works, brought it back, and re-demanded their money, because some monk had told them it was a book dangerous to be read. The very judges of their courts have re-sold them to the booksellers for a few pence, or bestowed them on

those, who had the care of their consciences, to burn.

The Hungarians have read with avidity ; have thanked me most sincerely for the instruction they have received, and the attempts I have made to destroy vulgar prejudices. In Vienna, alone, was my life decried as a romance ; in Hungary, on the contrary, I found the compassion of men, their friendship, and effectual aid. Had my book been the production of an Englishman, good wishes would not have been his only reward ; lords and ladies would have subscribed, to have procured him ease, and the state itself would have selected him as a man who, in justice, must have retribution.

We poor German writers have censors and interested critics to encounter, if we would speak truth, and unmask injustice ; and, if a book finds a rapid sale, mean and dishonest printers issue spurious editions, defrauding the author of his labours. Such privileged wretches derive profit from theft, yet associate themselves in companies, appear in the society of honest men, and are enabled, by their ill-gotten gains, to purchase patents of nobility in Vienna : yet courts of justice, that would execute a man, as a thief, whom hunger had compelled to steal a loaf of bread, behold these practices with indifference. Such governments are ignorant of the real influence of knowledge on the wealth and power of states. To keep the useful writer poor, unprotected, not to incite his industry, by honour and reward, is political ignorance and error of infinite importance.

Want of teachers is want of knowledge. Men of genius, unsupported, will quit their country ; or, if they remain, will be devoured by chagrin and conflicting passions, or waste their lives in exertions merely mechanical. Industry, unrewarded, slumbers inactive, and, where true science is not, there will the libraries and minds of men be loaded



loaded with contemptible and destructive theological disputes. Priestcraft and Rome flourish, and the state remains in ignorance. Useful men are wanting in countries where the canons of the church and military tactics can subject and destroy, but cannot enlighten and regenerate.

The encouragement of the learned produces able and scientific teachers, and from their seminaries, men of genius occasionally come forth. If obliged to write for their daily bread, the minds of such men begin to despond; paid by the sheet, they write hastily, instead of producing those beautiful original works, of which they are capable. The world is thus inundated with books and pamphlets; the undiscerning reader knows not which to select: the more intelligent are disgusted, or do not read at all, and a work of merit thus becomes as little profitable to the author as to the state.

The reader will pardon this digression, and will further permit me to remark that those critical writings, the intent of which is only to discover faults in, and blame all other writings, serve but to depress the first efforts of genius, and injure the best of authors, in the opinions of the ill-judging; yet he who criticises will gain as much as he who invents.

Those, who have read the writings of Gellert are still desirous of hearing what slander and envy have to alledge. Curiosity induces us to seek the aid of optics, that we may discover the spots in the sun, and those the simple gazer imagines he has seen, when the impostor, that presents the telescope, has previously spotted the glass.

The man who invents does but smile at those who attend only to the order of words, or the placing of commas; or who detect him in having, for a moment, forgotten his grammar: yet such insects must exist.—The caterpillar will destroy the bloom of the peach, nay, will devour the fruit; but what should be said to the gardiner,

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who,

who, therefore, roots up the tree, or so lops its branches as to render it barren ;—what, indeed, should he plant the thistle in its place ?

I left Vienna on the 5th of January, and came to Prague. Here I found nearly the same reception as in Hungary ; my writings had been universally read. Citizens, noblemen, and noble ladies, treated me with like favour, like friendship : may they, as they merit, live happy, in connubial love : may the monarch know how to value and employ men of generous feelings and enlarged understandings, whom here, contrary to expectation, I found.

I reluctantly bade adieu to Prague, and continued my journey to Berlin. Here, in Bohemia, I took leave of my son, a lieutenant in the second regiment of carabineers, who saw his grey-headed father, and his two brothers, destined for the Prussian service, depart. He felt the full weight of this separation ; I reminded him of his duty to the state he served ; also, of the fearful fate of his uncle and father, in Austria, and of the possessors of our vast estates in Hungary.—He shrank back—a look from his father pierced him to the soul—tears stood in his eyes—his youthful blood flowed quick, and the following expressions burst suddenly from his lips ;—“ I call God to witness, I will prove myself worthy of my father’s name, and that, while I live, his enemies shall be mine.”

What are the feelings of a father, who in his son embraces his friend ! His brothers wept, nor could I retain my tears ! The best of opportunities this to instil the best of principles : and I here remind them of the holy covenant we then made—charging them to read this, and remember it when I am laid low in the grave. The monarch who shall wish to entertain them in his service, may rest assured of their fidelity, zeal, and their powers  
of

of mind—Actuated by the noblest spirit of ambition, they will endure no dishonour; and so, not enduring, only, will they fulfil my wishes and commands,

At Peterfwalde, in the road to Dresden, my carriage broke down: my life was endangered, and my son received a contusion in the arm. The erysipelas broke out on him at Berlin, and I could not present him to the king during a month after my arrival.

I had been but a short time at Berlin before the well-known minister, Count Hertzberg, with whom I had been acquainted at Aix la Chapelle, received me with all possible kindness. Every man to whom his private and internal worth are known, not seeking the addition of titles, will congratulate the state that has the wisdom and good fortune to bestow on him so high an office. His scholastic and practical learning, his knowledge of languages, his acquaintance with the profound sciences, are indeed wonderful. His discourse is eloquent, his writings are original, his character noble, and his heart feeling. His zeal for his country is ardent, his love for his king unprejudiced, his industry admirable, his firmness that of a man, and his behaviour in private amiable and destitute of ministerial arrogance. He is the most experienced and best informed man in the Prussian states on internal oeconomy. He harangues most instructively in the assemblies of the Royal Academy of Berlin, and speaks with equal affability and philanthropy to the poor peasant. The very enemies of his country may rely on his word; the establishment of the Prussian power is the object of his heart, though he is incapable of seeking even this in the insidious paths of Machiavilian politics. The artful he can encounter with art; those who menace with defiance and fortitude; and, with wise fore-  
fight,



fight, can avert the rising storm. The duties of his laborious station he himself fulfils. He seeks not splendor in sumptuous entertainment, and ostentatious retinue ; but, can he only enrich the state, and behold the people happy, he is himself willing to remain poor. His estate, Briefs, near Berlin, is no Chanteloup, but a model for those patriots who would study œconomy. Here he, every Wednesday, after severe fatigue, enjoys recreation. The services he renders the kingdom cost it only five thousand rix-dollars yearly ; he, therefore, lives without ostentation, yet becoming his state, and with splendor when splendor is necessary. He does not, like other ministers, plunder the public treasury that he may preserve his private property. The labours he performs render his life unenviable, nor will his death be rich.

This man, whom without flattery I have described, is he who will live so conspicuous in the annals of Prussia ; he who was so incessantly employed under the great Frederic ; who so much contributed to make him great ; had so much influence in the cabinets of Europe ; so much drew the attention of thinking men ; who alone enjoyed the confidence and honour of being admitted a witness of the last actions, the last sensations of his dying king ; yet, who, during his whole life, favoured as he was by this king, never asked, nor ever received, the least gratuity. This is the minister whose personal conversation I had two months the happiness to partake at Aix la Chapelle and Spa, whose approbation I obtained, whose welfare is the wish of my heart, and whose memory I shall ever revere. Ample be the rewards his country shall bestow ! Never may envy detract from his merits, or disquiet his grey hairs, when he shall find reason, at length, to live for himself, or with glory to lay down that burthen, which no other  
single

single man will be found potent enough to bear.

I was received with distinction at his table, where I associated with the most learned members of the Berlin-Academy, and became acquainted with those whose science most had profited and honoured the Prussian states; nor was any thing more flattering to my self-love, than that men like these should think me worthy their friendship.

Not many days passed before I was presented at court by the Prussian chamberlain, prince Sacken; as it is not customary, at Berlin, for a foreign subject to be presented by the minister of his own court. Though a Prussian subject, I wore the Imperial uniform.

The king received me with remarkable condescension: all eyes were directed towards me, each person took me by the hand, each welcomed me to my country. This moved me the more by being remarked by the foreign ministers, who asked, with surprise, who that Austrian officer could be who was received with so much affection, and such evident joy in Berlin. The gracious Monarch himself gave tokens of a noble pleasure, at beholding me thus surrounded. Among the rest, came the worthy and honourable General Prittwitz, who embraced me, and said aloud—

“ This is the gentleman who might have ruined me, to effect his own deliverance.”

Confused at so public a declaration, I desired him to expound this riddle; and he added—

“ I was obliged to be one of your guards on your unfortunate journey from Dantzic to Magdeburg, in the year 1754, when I was a lieutenant. On the road I left my escort behind, and continued alone with you in an open carriage. This gave you an opportunity to escape, but you forbore. I afterward saw the danger to  
“ which

“ which I had exposed myself. Had you been  
 “ let's noble-minded, had such a prisoner escaped,  
 “ through my negligence, I had certainly been  
 “ ruined. The king believed you alike dangerous,  
 “ and deserving of punishment. I, therefore, here  
 “ publicly acknowledge you as my saviour, and  
 “ am in gratitude your friend.”

The reader need but refer to the first volume, and he will find this noticed; but, when I wrote it, I knew not the generous man, who wished me so well, was the present General Prittwitz. That he should himself remind me of this incident does him the greater honour.

The magnanimity of the action might be called in doubt by all who do not know that, even in chains, I might have escaped, would I have deceived those who honoured me with their confidence. When imprisoned in Glatz, I was permitted to hunt; a friend remained in my bed, and I returned as a man of honour ought. My established character in this respect was public in Magdeburg. I have given repeated proofs that I would not owe my own welfare to another's misfortune; yet I myself doubt the motives of my own conduct in journeying from Dantzic. The confidential manner in which I was treated lulled me into security; my conscience, void of guilt, could not lead me to dread the miseries of Magdeburg—In fine, my fate so would have it that in chains I should ten years remain. Could I have foreseen, could I have suspected what I was to suffer, I should, probably, have escaped, and the worthy Prittwitz would have been cashiered.

In all the various accidents of life, when in danger, I have never hesitated, but suddenly resolved, and sometimes rashly—this journey alone excepted. Such is the intricacy of the fate of man, a clue to which the wise will not attempt to find. Why  
 was



was I at one moment so irresolute, and so headlong at every other? Why does the bravest soldier at certain times appear a coward, and thereby lose all his former hard-earned fame? Why does the coward himself feel intervals of courage? The body's injuries add too, or diminish the mind's vigour! The will depends on the stomach's concoction. He, whose rapid circulation never suffers him to stand still, yet, cannot rise and dance, if suffering from indigestion. If the weather be gloomy, so often will be the intellect. Such are mechanical causes: he who would seek reasons more sublime, which I have not to give, must apply to his guardian angel, or the swarming sprites of Swedenburg, and there he shall find shade without body, and body without shade.

Having been introduced at court, I thought it necessary to observe customary ceremonies, and was presented by the imperial ambassador, prince Reufs, to all foreign ministers, and such families as are in the routine of admitting like visits. I was received by the Prince Royal, the reigning Queen, the Queen Dowager, and the whole royal family, in their various palaces, with esteem and favour never to be forgotten. His royal highness Prince Henry, the well-known partaker of his brother's glory, invited me to a private audience, continued long in conversation with me, testified the utmost compassion at what I had undergone, promised me his future protection, admitted me to his private concerts, and made me stay and sup at court.

A like reception I met in the palace of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswic, where I frequently dined and supped. His princess, well worthy a crown, took delight in hearing my narratives, and in my knowledge of men and manners, and loaded me with favours.

Prince

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Prince



Prince Ferdinand's mode of educating his children is exemplary, and well worthy imitation. From this family the world, with good reason, has much to expect. The sons are instructed in the soldier's duties, their bodies are inured to the inclemencies of weather, such as the meanest man in an army must support; they are taught to ride, swim, and are steeled to all the fatigues of war. Therefore is their growth like the cedar of Lebanon, and their minds as exalted. Princely pride they only know to despise. Their hearts are formed for friendship, and pant to acquire all the fame of noble deeds, which, for this reason, they cannot fail to attain. Happy the state wherein they are born! Happy the nation in defence of which they are to act!

Never yet has flattery degraded my pen, nor be it now suspected, when I say how highly I honour their noble mother, who has educated her sons for their country's good, teaching them, not the effeminate and contemptible vices, but the high duties of princes, accustoming them like men to labour, like men to grow wise.

I speak from knowledge, therefore my word is not liable to reproof. I have said too little. The selection of those who were to teach them wisdom, to improve their natural talents, instruct them to govern their passions, enlarge their views, and strengthen their love of mankind, was certainly most fortunate, and as well displays the penetration of those who chose them, as the views with which they were chosen.

How immense the difference between this and the mode I have seen practised in other countries, where, shuddering, I have beheld future despots in puny boys! How ridiculous these their *Royal Highnesses* appear, who, though born to rule, are not, in real worth or abilities, deserving to be the lackeys

lackeys of the least of those whom they treat with contempt; and yet who swell, strut, stride, and contemplate themselves as essentially different by nature, and of a superior rank in the scale of beings, though, in reality, their minds are of the lowest, the meanest class.

Happy the state whose prince is deeply impressed with a sense that the people are not his property, but he the property of the people! Would men ever have been scourged by the iron whip of arbitrary power, had not their minds, from infancy, been poisoned with slavish principles; had not the few wise been unable to actuate and inspire the crouching vassal swarm? A prince, beloved by his people, will ever render a nation more happy than he whose only wish is to inspire fear.

The pleasure I received at Berlin was great indeed. When I went to court, the honest citizens crowded to see me; and, when any one among them said "That is Trenck," the rest would cry—"Welcome once more to your country"—while many would reach me their hands, with the tears standing in their eyes. Frequent were the scenes I experienced of this kind. No pardoned malefactor would have been so received—Oh no!—It was the sweet reward of innocence: this reward was fully bestowed throughout the Prussian territories.

Oh world, ill-judging world, deceived by show! What is thy praise, or what thy blame? Dost thou not blindly follow the opinion of the prince, be he severe, or indulgent, arbitrary, or just? Thy censure and thy praise equally originate in common report. I am of this an exemplary proof. In Magdeburg I lay, chained to the wall, ten years, fighting in wretchedness, suffering every affliction, every calamity of hunger, cold, nakedness, and contempt. And wherefore? Because the King,  
by

by slanderers deceived, pronounced me worthy punishment. Because a wise King mistook me, and treated me with barbarity. Because a prudent King, knowing he had done wrong, yet would not have it so supposed. So was his heart turned to stone; nay, opposed by manly fortitude, was enraged to cruelty. Most men knew I was an innocent sufferer, "Yet did they all cry out the more, "saying, let him be crucified!—And why? "What evil hath he done?" Frederick had pronounced the sentence—It was his will, and I must be deemed a malefactor. My very relations were ashamed to hear my name. My sister was barbarously treated because she piteously assisted me in my misfortunes. No man durst openly avow himself my friend, durst own I merited compassion; or, much less, that the infallible King had erred. I was the most despised, forlorn, man on earth; and, when thus put on the rack, had I there expired, my epitaph would have been, "Here lies the traitor "Trenck."

Frederick is dead, and the scene is changed: another monarch has ascended the throne, and the grub is changed to a beautiful butterfly! The sun is risen, and the light shines upon my history and myself. The witnesses to all I have asserted are still living, and loudly now proclaim the truth, embrace me with heartfelt affection; and the universal contempt of error, which I so long endured, is now changed to universal admiration and esteem!

The grandees of the earth, who, thirty years, or even as many months, ago, Frederic being alive, would not have deigned a look, or deemed me worthy the smallest compassion, now condescendingly embrace me! Frederic William has done me justice. Frederic *the Great* lies silent, unable to  
 gain say



gain say the sentence! I am yet the same; great as is this change.

Does the worth of man depend upon his actions; his reward or punishment upon his virtue? In arbitrary states certainly not. They depend on the breath of a king! Frederic was the most penetrating prince of his age, but the most obstinate also; the most unrelenting whenever he encountered opposition, or by persisting in, could disguise error. A vice dreadful to those whom he selected as victims, that must be sacrificed to the promoting of his arbitrary views!

Suspicion may render a monarch less liable to be deceived on certain occasions, but to how many slanders and falsehoods is he exposed by this pernicious quality! I had strength to support every thing Frederic had power to inflict; nay, after all my sufferings, have lived to see the end of my royal foe; to whose overgrown armies and uncircumscribed will I had nothing but patience and fortitude to oppose. But oh! How many were there, like me, groaning in dungeons, the victims of a fate so wretched, who now are no more! Or who, now, if living, have not, like me, the means of publishing all the miseries they have endured! How many perished the sin-offerings of this obstinate self-will, whose orphan children now cry to God for vengeance! How many of these orphans are obliged to utter their groans in secret: because, their fathers having been cut off, they have no means of justification! The dead, alas! cannot plead. Trial began and ended with execution. The few words—*It is the King's command*—were, indeed, words of horror to the poor condemned wretch denied to plead his innocence!—Yet what is the *Ukase* (Imperial order) in Russia—*Tel est notre bon plaisir* (Such is our good pleasure) in France, or the *Allergnädigste Hof-resolution* (The all

all-gracious sentence of the court), pronounced with the sweet tone of a Vienna matron? In what do these differ from the arbitrary order of a military despot?

Curfed effects of court parasites, who persuade the god of their idolatry he is infallible! And infuse into his heart the false and destructive principle that a king is superior to law! That the country over which he reigns is his property? And that the subject ought not to demand justice as a right, but crouch and receive it as a favour!

Every effort, every prayer, of man should be consecrated to man's general good; to obtain freedom for him, and universal justice! Together should we cry with one voice, and, if unable to shackle arbitrary power, still should we endeavour to shew how dangerous it is! How despicable! The priests of liberty should offer up their thanks to the monarch who declares *the word of power* a nullity, and *the sentence* of justice omnipotent; who condemns the acts of an Alexander, or a Charles XII.

Woe to the monarch possessed by the destructive spirit of conquest! Woe to the country whose Quixote ruler is ever in search of giants! Woe to the people whom his fury dooms to the sword, or who are made the sanguinary instruments of desolation, death, or slavery, to other nations! Woe, tenfold woe, to that prince who would be adored by the abject wretches he has fettered! Woe to him who is quick to punish, slow to reward, or who only employs his power in the gratification of his favourites! The thirst of dominion and the thirst of blood are ever associated! What wonder that he, who makes the rights and heads of men his sport, should be deaf to their groans?

Instead

Instead of finging the acts of heroes in our songs, instead of raising them to the rank of heroes by our valour, we ought much rather to praise and protect the friends of peace.

Who can name the court in Europe where Louis, Peter, or Frederic, each and all *The Great*, have not been, are not, imitated as models of perfection? Lettres de cachet, the knout, and cabinet-orders, superseding all right, are become law! Judges, who legally should decide on our claims, are, themselves, but puppets: fearful of punishment, they are ever ready to inflict.

No reasoning, says the corporal to the poor grenadier, whom he canes!—No reasoning!—exclaim judges. The court has decided.—No reasoning, rash and pertinacious Trenck, will the prudent reader echo. Throw thy pen in the fire, and expose not thyself to become the martyr of state inquisition.

Yes, kind counsellor, I will follow thy advice. Let others beware how they expose themselves to like dangers, or let their narratives lie buried, till they, themselves, being entombed, are no longer exposed to suffer.

Unremarked, my thoughts escape my pen, and lead me astray from my subject, when the remembrance of the past swells my veins, when swifter circulates my blood, and the deep wounds of my heart again gush forth—wounds that never can be healed—never can be scarred over.—Such passages repose and reason would erase: but ah! how may I repent having written the truth? Neither have I time to recopy what I write, and thus my writings justly incur blame from rigid criticism, and even from my best friends, who would persuade me to greater caution and prudence.

My fate is, and must to the grave remain, critical and undecided. I have six and thirty years  
been



been in the service of Austria, unrewarded, and beholding the repeated and generous efforts I made, effectually to serve that state, unnoticed. The Emperor Joseph supposes me old, that the fruit is wasted, and that the husk only remains. In this he is wrong. The oppression I have suffered is too great, even for an attempt at making me adequate satisfaction. It is also supposed I should not be satisfied with a little. This supposition is equally wrong. To continue him in oppression who has once been oppressed, and who possesses qualities that may make injustice manifest, is the policy of states. Neither do courtiers love the man, who, able to penetrate, is liable to frustrate their insidious intents. How I have been treated by judges, referendaries, curators, I have, perhaps, too repeatedly urged: yet, surely, this will be forgiven me, though this is an additional reason why I never can obtain justice. My spirit has been too proud to implore, my nature too independent. My journey to Berlin has given the slanderer further opportunity of painting me as a suspicious character: I smile at the ineffectual attempt.

I appeared in the Imperial uniform. and, by my conduct, belied such insinuations. So was it written to court, in November, when I journeyed into Hungary "The motions of Trenck ought to be observed in Hungary." Ye poor malicious blood-suckers of the virtuous! Ye shall not be able to hurt a hair of my head. Ye cannot injure the man who has sixty years lived in honour. Thus the elephant moves along, regardless of the shouting mob! I will not, in my old age, bring upon myself the reproach of inconstancy, treachery, or desire of revenge. Nor Sultan, nor Great Mogul, shall allure me to slavery. I will betray no political secrets; I wish not to injure those by whom I have been injured.—Such acts will I never commit  
—Never

—Never—I never yet descended to the office of spy, nor will I die a rewarded villain.—Neither in Austria, nor Prussia, will I be made the instrument of a faction.

To your work, therefore, ye dealers in court enigmas : I here renounce your society ; here publicly renounce the dignities of courts or armies, determined to live a private man, thankful only to those who shall treat me with friendship, or endeavour to obtain for me some part of that right which so justly is my due. These shall not repent that Trenck is their debtor, for his heart is grateful.

Yes, I appeared at Berlin, among the upright and the just. Instead of being its supposed enemy, I was declared an honour to my country. I appeared in the Imperial uniform, and fulfilled the duties of my station : and now must the Prussian Trenck to Austria return, there to perform a father's duty, having already done more for this country than could have been expected from an oppressed man.

Yet more of what happened in Berlin.

Some days after I had been presented to the king, and supped with the queen, I entreated a private audience, and, on the 12th of February, received the following letter :

“ IN answer to your letter of the 9th of this month, which has been given me, I *gladly* inform you that, if you will come to me after dinner, to-morrow, at five o'clock, I shall have *the pleasure* to see and speak with you ; meantime, I pray God to take you into his holy keeping.

“ FREDERIC WILLIAM.

“ Berlin, Feb. 12,

“ 1786.

“ P. S. After signing the above, I find it more  
 “ convenient to appoint to-morrow, at nine in the  
 “ morning, about which time you will come into  
 “ the apartment named the marmor’kammer (mar-  
 “ ble chamber).”

The anxiety with which I expected this wished-for interview, may well be conceived. I found the Prussian Titus alone, and he continued in conversation with me more than an hour.

How condescending, how kind was the monarch! How great! How nobly did he console me for the past! How entirely did his assurance of favour overpower my whole soul! He had read the history of my life. When Prince of Prussia, he had been an eye-witness, in Magdeburgh, of my martyrdom, and my attempts to escape. Many circumstances he recollected himself, and he enquired of those who had been present, and who confirmed the truth of my narrative, and the severity of my calamities.—Long shall I remember these fortunate moments: yet these are fled. His Majesty parted from me with tokens of confirmed esteem and condescension.—My eyes had adieu, but my heart remained in the marble chamber, in company with a prince capable of sensations so dignified; and my wishes for his welfare are eternal.

I have since journeyed through the greater part the Prussian states. Where is the country in which the people all are satisfied? Many complained of oppressions, hard times, or industry unrewarded. My general answer was:—

“ Friends, kneel with the rising sun, and thank  
 “ the God of heaven that you are Prussians. I  
 “ have seen and known much of this world, and I  
 “ assure you, on my honour, you are among the  
 “ happiest people of Europe. Causes of complaint  
 “ every where exist; but you have a king, neither  
 “ obstinate,



“ obſtinate, ambitious, covetous, nor cruel : his  
“ will is that his people ſhould have cauſe of con-  
“ tent, and, ſhould he err, by chance, his heart  
“ is not to blame, if the ſubject ſuffers.”

To the truth of this I pledge my veracity ; I am well known not to be a flatterer ; I speak what I have seen ; I vent the thoughts of my heart ; I write from conviction, and not with the insidious hope of reward.

The eyes of all Europe are, at present, directed toward Berlin.—Eager to learn whether Frederic William will be able to sustain the vast and artificial fabric, reared by his predecessor. I will systematize but little, I will state incontrovertible facts.

Prussia is neither wanting in able, active, or learned men. The warmth of patriots glows in their veins. The soul of the Great Frederic still inspires the machine, and there is little doubt but that its wheels will not be clogged by innovation. Should this plan be steadily pursued, there will be no confusion of tongues in the tower of Babel; and those, who wish its destruction, will have great difficulties to surmount. Every thing remains with equal stability, as under the reign of Frederic; and, should the thunder burst, the ready conductors will render the bolt ineffectual.

Hertzberg still labours in the cabinet, still thinks, writes, and acts as he has done for years. The King is desirous that justice shall be done his subjects, and will punish, perhaps, with more severity, whenever he finds himself deceived, than, from the goodness of his disposition, might be supposed. The treasury is full, the army continues the same, and there is little reason to doubt but that industry, population, and wealth will increase.

Yet is it ardently to be desired that commerce might be promoted, by treaties with foreign nations; industry encouraged; monopolies totally abolished;

abolished ; the price of provisions reduced ; manufactures supported ; manufacturers less burthened by taxes ; justice impartially administered ; punishments rendered more mild ; toleration made more universal ; foreigners no longer kidnapped ; promises held sacred, and free egress and regress given throughout the Prussian provinces. None but the vile and the wicked would leave the kingdom : while the oppressed and best subjects of other states would fly their native country, certain of finding encouragement and security in Prussia.

The personal qualities of Frederic William merit to be described. He is tall and handsome, his mien is majestic, and his accomplishments of mind and body would procure him the love of men, were he not a king. He is affable without deceit, friendly and kind in conversation, and stately when stateliness is necessary. His step is firm, his voice sonorous, his tone is commanding, his heart capable of the noblest sensations, and so benevolent that his greatest happiness is in the happiness of others. He is bountiful, but not profuse ; he knows that, without oeconomy, the Prussian power must sink. He is not tormented by the spirit of conquest, he wishes harm to no nation, yet will he not certainly suffer other nations to make encroachments, nor will he be terrified by menaces. That he is a soldier and a general, his great instructor and predecessor has, long since, borne testimony. He is, likewise, convinced how necessary it is that the king of a military state should be the friend of military men.

The wise Frederic, when living, though himself learned, and a lover of the sciences, never encouraged them in his kingdom. Germany, under his reign, might have forgotten her language ; he preferred the literature of France. Königsberg, once the seminary of the North, contains, at present, few professors, or students ; the former are fallen in-

to disrepute, and are ill paid; the latter repair to Leipzig and Göttingen. We have every reason to suppose the present monarch, though no learned man himself, will encourage the academies of the learned, that men learned in jurisprudence and the sciences may not be wanting, more especially as the nobility must, without exception, serve in the army, so that learning has but few adherents, and these are deprived of the means of improvement. The nation, which, in this age, can wield the sword alone, will find itself inferior to competitors. Nor will Frederic William govern with an iron sceptre, or consign his subjects solely to the slaughter-house. He will not be the sultan of slaves. Superstition, stupidity, fear, and the whip, are the support of the despot: he is a monarch who, by teaching his subjects to love and revere him, will excite them to the performance of their duties. These duties are promoted by the promotion of knowledge, consequently, the Prussian academies will revive, suppressed as they have been, by the military system of Frederic.

Frederic William is also too much the friend of men, to torture, or suffer them to pine in prisons. He will not use the whip to bend the Prussian back to slavery! He, likewise, abhors the barbarity with which the soldiers are beaten: his officers will not be fettered hand and foot; slavish subordination will be banished, and the noble in heart will be the noble of the land. He, who deceives such a prince, deserves double punishment. May he, in his people, find perfect content! May his people be ever worthy such a prince! Long may he reign, and may his ministers be ever enlightened and honourable men! Such is my ardent prayer—Such too is the portrait of a monarch whom I have praised, not because of his titles, or his power, but  
his



his worth; and because it is his delight to make the good and virtuous happy.

He sent for me a second time, conversed much with me, and confirmed those ideas which my first interview had inspired, and I am fully convinced I have not mistaken his character.

On the 11th of March I presented my son, at another private audience, whom I intended for the Prussian service. The king immediately bestowed a commission on him in the Posadowsky dragoons, at my especial request. The difficulty of obtaining such a commission, without having first served as an ensign, is well known; this was, therefore, a particular favour and honour, and my son has the more to expect, since his Majesty has himself promised his promotion.

I saw him at the review at Velau, and his superior officers formed great expectations from his zeal. Thus I have done the duty of a father by my sons: time will discover whether he in the Austrian, or this in the Prussian, service, will first obtain rewards due to their father; and to this state will I bequeath my third son. Should they both remain unnoticed, I will bestow him on the Great Turk, rather than on European courts, whence justice, to me and mine, is banished. Luckily, my children are no monarch's vassals. They were born in the free imperial city of Aix la Chapelle, therefore is their will unfettered, and they may, with honour, seek bread in any country.

To Austria I owe no thanks: all that could be taken from me was. I was a captain before I entered those territories, and, after six and thirty years service, I find myself in the rank of Invalid Major! Less I could not be.—My duty I more than fulfilled, and wept in chains and dungeons, so many years, not from any fault of mine, but, because I was plundered, sold, and betrayed, by Austrian residents,

residents, traitors to their embassy, and persecutors at Vienna. The proof of all I have asserted, and of how little I am indebted to this state, is most incontestable, since the history of my life is allowed, by the royal censor, to be publicly sold in Vienna. The same proof exists in Berlin, where my narrative is universally read, and my veracity established.

It is very remarkable that one only of the eight officers, as one of whom I served, in the body guard, in the year 1745, though it is now two and forty years since, is dead. Lieutenant-colonel Count Blumenthal lives in Berlin; Pannewitz is commander of the knights of Malta; both gave me a polite and friendly reception. Both were acquainted with the circumstances and manner in which Jaschinsky deceived the King, to my ruin. Wagnitz is lieutenant-general in the service of Hesse-Cassel: he was my tent comrade, and was perfectly acquainted with all that happened. Kalkreuter and Grothusen live on their estates, and Jaschinsky himself is now alive in Konigsberg, but known, despised, superannuated, and tortured by sickness and remorse. I have never visited him, nor can I suppose he wishes I should. He, instead of punishment, has forty years enjoyed a pension of a thousand rix-dollars; consequently has cost the state forty thousand rix-dollars. I have seen my lands confiscated, of the income of which I have been forty-two years deprived, and never yet received retribution.

Such is the way of the world! Frederic robbed the worthy citizen of his right; and, with a part of it, rewarded such a man as Jaschinsky.

Time must decide; the King is generous, and I have too much true pride to become a beggar. The name of Trenck shall be found in the history of the acts of Frederic. This, though I should  
not

not desire it, I could not prevent. A tyrant himself, he was the slave of his passions; and, even when he supposed he might be deceived, did not think an inquiry into innocence worth the trouble. To be ashamed of doing right, because he has done wrong, or to persist in error, that fools, for fools only can, may think him infallible, is a dreadful principle in a ruler. While the obstinate Frederic lived, no man dared pronounce my name; no man durst own himself my friend. He is dead; when I am so, no pillar of dishonour shall rise over my grave; my epitaph shall be, "Alas! that thou wert known too late."

Since I have been at Berlin, and received there with so many testimonies of friendship and favour, the news-papers of Germany have published various articles concerning me, perhaps with the best of wishes, intending to contribute to my honour, or ease. They have, however, been sometimes misinformed. They have asserted a great pension has been settled on me at Berlin; but, on my honour, I affirm I never asked a pension. They have said my eldest daughter is appointed the governess of the young Princess. This, perhaps, has been the joke of some witty correspondent; for my eldest daughter is but fifteen, and stands in need of a governess herself. Perhaps they may suppose me mean enough, from ostentation, to circulate falsehood: perhaps they suppose they do me service, or give me pleasure, by publishing, as facts, honours or rewards, for which I hope. It may be malice, and a desire to injure me; it may be the very reverse: in any case, it is no pleasure to me, and may have ill effects. An honest man never is without enemies, who will labour to prevent any good that might happen to him, and who are terrified if they imagine he might become the favourite of a king.

I almost



I almost daily receive letters from all parts of Germany, from persons unknown to me, wherein the sensations of the feeling heart are evident. The history of my life has excited a general attention. Those reviewers, who have been impartial, have my thanks : those who suspect my veracity, or endeavour to decry my work, must be answered by an appeal to facts. That my history relates many improbable events, and rather resembles a Romance than a work of biography, is not my fault : extraordinary accidents I have encountered, and extraordinary accidents I must relate. My purpose in writing was the publication of truths ; nor shall I be accused, except by those who do not know, or who do not consider this reason, and who are prejudiced against a man pleading his own cause. Were I to attempt to deceive the public, I were, indeed, unworthy. Among the number of these letters was one, which I received from the learned Bahrdt, Professor at Halle, dated April 10, 1787\* ; wherein he says, “ Receive, noble German, the ardent thanks of one who, like you, has encountered difficulties ; yet, far inferior to those you have encountered. You, indeed, with gigantic strength, have met a host of foes, and nobly conquered. The pest of men attacked me also : I also was persecuted by priests. The ardour of my temper engaged me in many a rash enterprize ; and I too have been devoured by a noble pride of heart. I was the enemy of hypocrisy, disdained to be the parasite of princes. From town to town, from land to land, I was pursued by priestcraft and persecution : yet, in despite of adverse fate, and poverty, I acquired  
“ fame.

\* The letter of Professor Bahrdt, and the Baron's answer, are both in verse, but are too barren of poetical merit, or figure, to please in poetical translation.

“ fame. I fled for refuge and repose to the  
 “ states of Frederic, but found them not. I have  
 “ eight years laboured under affliction with un-  
 “ wearied perseverance, but reward found none.  
 “ By patient industry have I made myself what I  
 “ am: by ministerial favour, never. Even in the  
 “ states of Frederic, the hatred of priests pursued  
 “ me. Worn out and weak, lamenting my own  
 “ destiny, the history of your life, worthy sir, fell  
 “ into my hands, and poured balsam into my  
 “ wounds. There, indeed, I saw sufferings un-  
 “ measurable; there, indeed, beheld fortitude most  
 “ worthy admiration. The chagrin that preyed  
 “ upon, the despair that rent, my heart, fled.  
 “ Compared to you, of what could I complain?  
 “ Receive, noble German, my warmest thanks;  
 “ while I live they shall flow. And, should you  
 “ find a fortunate moment, in the presence of your  
 “ King, speak of me as one consigned to poverty;  
 “ as one whose talents are buried in oblivion. Say  
 “ to him—‘ Mighty King! stretch forth thy hand,  
 “ and dry up his tears.’ I know the nobleness of  
 “ your mind, and doubt not your good wishes.”

To the Professor's letter I returned the following answer:

“ I was affected, Sir, by your letter. I never  
 “ yet was unmoved, where the pen did but obey  
 “ the dictates of the heart. I feel for your situa-  
 “ tion; and, if my example can teach wisdom  
 “ even to the wise, I have, indeed, cause to tri-  
 “ umph. This is the sweetest of rewards. At  
 “ Berlin I have received much honour, but little  
 “ more. The courtier fawns to obtain favour and  
 “ gifts. He who seeks justice mistakes his road.  
 “ Men are deaf to him who confides only in his  
 “ right. What have I gained? Shadowy fame for  
 “ myself, and the vapour of hope for my heirs!

“ Truth

" Truth and Trenck, my good friend, flourish not  
 " in courts. You complain of priestcraft. He, who  
 " attacks a nest of hornets, must expect to be stung.  
 " He who would disturb their ambition and covetous-  
 " nefs, he who speaks against the false opinions  
 " they scatter, considers not priests, and their aim,  
 " which is to dazzle the stupid, and stupify the wise.  
 " A host of knaves, in black, act to promote their  
 " earthly interests: and, strange to tell, the Quixote,  
 " who shall dare to molest them, must, also, en-  
 " counter the anger even of the rational! Depre-  
 " cate their wrath! Avoid their poisonous shafts,  
 " or they will infect thy peace; will blast thy bud-  
 " ding honours. And wherefore should we incur  
 " this danger? The world will ever be the same.  
 " To cure ignorance of error is impossible. Silence  
 " is often not only prudence but wisdom. Let us,  
 " then, silently steal to our graves, and thus shall  
 " we escape the breath of envy. What is the  
 " puppet-show of life? He, who should enjoy all  
 " even thought could grasp, should yet have but  
 " little. Having acquired this knowledge, the pas-  
 " sions of the soul are lulled to apathy. I behold  
 " error, and I laugh: do thou, my friend, laugh  
 " also. If that can comfort us, men will do our  
 " memory justice—when we are dead! Fame plants  
 " her laurels over the grave, and there they flourish  
 " best.

" BARON TRENCK.

" Schangulack, near Königsberg,

" April 30th, 1787.

" P. S. I have spoken, worthy Professor, the feel-  
 " ings of my heart, in answer to your kind panegy-  
 " ric. You will but do me justice, when you be-  
 " lieve I think and act as I write. With respect to  
 " my



“ my influence at court, 'tis just as insignificant, at Berlin, as at Vienna, or at Constantinople.”

Among the various letters I have received, as it may answer a good purpose, I hope the reader will not think the insertion of the following improper. They may be read by some benevolent person, who may have power to speak in behalf of one, who is, evidently, not only distressed, but a man of very considerable talents.

In a letter from an unknown correspondent, who desired me to speak for this person at Berlin, eight others were enclosed. They came from the above person in distress, to this correspondent; and I was requested to let them appear in the Berlin Gazette. As these letters came from Silesia anonymously to hand, and as I found it could answer no good purpose, I did not publish them as required: but my correspondent cannot take it amiss that I should select three of them, and here present them to the world, as it can do his friend no injury, while they describe an unhappy victim of an extraordinary kind; and may, perhaps, obtain him some redress, or relief.

Should such hope be verified, I am personally acquainted with him who wishes to remain concealed, can send him aid, or introduce him to the knowledge of such as might wish to interfere in his behalf. Should they not, the reader still will find well written and affecting letters; such as may inspire compassion. My own situation permits me not to plead for another; nor affords me the means of relieving the unfortunate. The following is the first of those I think proper to select.

L E T.

## L E T T E R I.

Neuland, Feb. 12, 1787.

" I THOUGHT I had so satisfactorily answered  
 " you by my last that you would have left me in  
 " peaceful possession of my sorrows ; but your num-  
 " berless remarks, intreaties, and remonstrances,  
 " succeed each other with such rapidity, that though  
 " before inclined indolently to fly, I am again in-  
 " duced to renew the contest. Cowardice, I be-  
 " lieve, you are convinced, is not native in my  
 " heart : and, should I now too easily yield, you  
 " might suppose that age, and the miseries I have  
 " suffered, had weakened the powers of mind as  
 " well as body ; and that I ought to be classed  
 " among the unhappy multitudes, whose sufferings  
 " have sunk them to despondency.

" Baron Trenck, that man of many woes, once  
 " so despised, but who now is held in admiration  
 " where he before was so much the object of ha-  
 " tred ; who now speaks loudly in his own defence  
 " there, where, formerly the man, who had but  
 " whispered his name, would have lived suspected ;  
 " Baron Trenck you propose as an example of sal-  
 " vation for me. You are wrong.—Have you  
 " made any rational comparison ? Have you con-  
 " sidered how dissimilar have our past lives been ;  
 " how different, too, are our present circumstances ?  
 " —Or, omitting these, have you considered to  
 " whom you would have me appeal ?

" In the year 1764 I became acquainted in Vi-  
 " enna, with this sufferer of fortitude, this agreea-  
 " ble companion. We are taught that a manly  
 " and noble aspect bespeaks a correspondent  
 " mind :

“ mind : this I believe him to possess. But what  
 “ expectation can I form from Baron Trenck ?

“ I will, however, briefly answer the questions  
 “ you have put ; for prolix I must not be, other-  
 “ wise I should write the history of my life. Baron  
 “ Trenck was, as I am informed, a man born to  
 “ inherit great estates : this and the fire of his  
 “ youth, fanned by flattering hopes from his fa-  
 “ mous, and then powerful, kinsman, rendered him  
 “ too haughty to his King ; and this alone was the  
 “ origin of all his future sufferings. I, on the con-  
 “ trary, though the son of a Silesian nobleman of  
 “ property, did not inherit so much as the pay of  
 “ a common soldier ; the family having been rob-  
 “ bed of their property by the hand of power, af-  
 “ ter being accused by malice and wickedness, un-  
 “ der the mask of holy virtue. You know my fa-  
 “ ther's fate, the esteem in which he was held by  
 “ the Empress Teresa ; and that a pretended mira-  
 “ cle was the occasion of his fall. Suddenly was  
 “ he plunged from that height, to which industry, ta-  
 “ lents, and virtue, had raised him, to the very  
 “ depth of poverty. At length, on the commence-  
 “ ment of the seven year's war, one of the King  
 “ of Prussia's subjects represented him, to the Aus-  
 “ trian court, as a dangerous correspondent of  
 “ Marshal Schwerin's. Then sixty years of age,  
 “ my unfortunate father was seized at Jagerndorf,  
 “ and imprisoned in the fortress of Gratz, in Syria.  
 “ He had an allowance just sufficient to keep him  
 “ alive in his dungeon ; but, for the space of seven  
 “ years, never beheld the sun rise or set. I was a boy  
 “ when this happened : the certainty of his inno-  
 “ cence, however, emboldened me to intercede in  
 “ his behalf, at the foot of the throne. I was not  
 “ heard. I only received some pecuniary relief  
 “ from the Empress, with permission to shed my  
 “ blood in her defence. In this situation we first  
 “ became



“ became acquainted, first vowed eternal friend-  
 “ ship ; but from this was I soon snatched, not by  
 “ my own, but my father’s enemies. What the  
 “ Empress had bestowed, her ministers tore from  
 “ me. I was seized at midnight, and, without  
 “ examination, was brought, in company with  
 “ two other officers, to the before-mentioned for-  
 “ tress of Gratz. Here did I remain immured, in  
 “ the flower of youth, six dismal years. My true  
 “ name was concealed, and another given me. I  
 “ was treated like a malefactor, and kept under se-  
 “ ven locks.

“ Peace being restored, Trenck, I, and my fa-  
 “ ther, were released ; but the mode of our mutual  
 “ release was very different. The first obtained his  
 “ freedom at the intercession of Teresa : she too af-  
 “ forded him a future provision. We, on the con-  
 “ trary, according to the amnesty, stipulated in the  
 “ treaty of peace, were led from our dungeons as  
 “ state prisoners, a public spectacle, without the  
 “ least enquiry concerning the verity, or falsehood,  
 “ of our supposed crimes. Extreme poverty,  
 “ wretchedness, and misery, were our reward, for  
 “ the sufferings we had so unjustly endured.

“ Not only was my health destroyed, but my  
 “ jaw-bone was lost, eaten away by the scurvy.  
 “ I laid before Frederic *the Great* the proofs of the  
 “ calamities I had undergone, and the dismal state  
 “ to which I was reduced, by his foe, and for his  
 “ sake ; intreated bread to preserve me and my fa-  
 “ ther from starving ; but his ear was deaf to my  
 “ prayer, his heart insensible to my sighs.

“ Providence, however, raised me up a saviour :  
 “ —Count Gelhorn was the benevolent man.  
 “ After the taking of Breslaw, he had been also  
 “ sent a state prisoner to Gratz. —During his im-  
 “ prisonment, he had heard the general report of  
 “ my sufferings, and my innocence. No sooner  
 “ did

“ did he learn I was released than he generously  
 “ became my benefactor, my supporter, my friend,  
 “ and once more restored me to the converse of  
 “ men to which I had so long been dead.

“ I defer the continuation of my narrative to the  
 “ next post. The remembrance of past woes in-  
 “ flicts present.

“ I am eternally.”

## L E T T E R II.

“ February 24, 1787,

“ DEAR FRIEND,

“ AFTER an interval of silence, to calm my  
 “ agitated heart, remembering my promise, I must  
 “ continue my story.

“ My personal sufferings have not, certainly, as  
 “ I think, been less than those of Trenck. His,  
 “ however, I am acquainted with only from the  
 “ inaccurate relations I have heard ; my own I  
 “ have felt. Them how should I forget ? A colo-  
 “ nel in the Prussian service, whose name was Hal-  
 “ lasch, was four years my companion ; he was  
 “ insane, and believed himself the Christ that was  
 “ to appear at the millenium : he persecuted me  
 “ with his reveries, which I was obliged to listen  
 “ to, and approve, or suffer violence from one  
 “ stronger than myself.

“ The society of men or books, every thing that  
 “ could console or amuse, were forbidden me ; and  
 “ I consider it as wonderful that I did not, myself,  
 “ grow mad, in the company of this madman.  
 “ Four hard winters did I exist without feeling the  
 “ feeble emanation of a winter's sun, much less  
 “ the warmth of fire. The very madman felt more  
 “ pity than my keeper, and lent me his cloak to  
 “ cover

“ cover my body, though the other inhumanly de-  
 “ nied me a truss of straw, notwithstanding I had  
 “ lost the use of my hands and feet. The place  
 “ where we were was called a chamber, it rather  
 “ resembled the temple of Cloacina. The noxious  
 “ damps and vapours at length so poisoned my  
 “ blood that, together with ill treatment from an  
 “ unskilful surgeon, who daily tortured me, during  
 “ nine months, with insult, as a Prussian traitor,  
 “ and state criminal, I lost the greatest part of a  
 “ jaw. We, too, were nightly disturbed by the  
 “ calling of centinels, and were frequently terri-  
 “ fied by the grating of locks and bolts, and the  
 “ entrance of guards.

“ Schottendorf was our governor and tyrant ; a  
 “ man who repaid the friendship he found, in the  
 “ mansion of my fathers, with cruelty. He was  
 “ ripe for the sickle, and Time cut him off.—Tor-  
 “ mentini and Galer were his successors in office,  
 “ but not in insolence and inhumanity ; by them,  
 “ we were, indeed, carefully watched, but we also  
 “ were treated with commiseration. We enjoyed  
 “ air without a bribe, and the comfort of sweet  
 “ water.—Their precautions warded off jail dis-  
 “ tempers likewise, and rendered imprisonment  
 “ less wretched. Ever shall I hold their memory  
 “ sacred. Yet, benevolent as they were, their  
 “ goodness was even exceeded by that of Rotter-  
 “ steiner, the head jailor. Without education,  
 “ without other principles than those an excellent  
 “ understanding taught, he considered his unfortu-  
 “ nate prisoners as his children ; and, instead of  
 “ enriching himself, by plundering the poor and  
 “ oppressed, he was, himself, their benefactor.—  
 “ Of this I had continual experience, during two  
 “ years after the release of Hallasch.—He deserved  
 “ a better station ; a station as noble as his own  
 “ thoughts.



“ Here, my friend, I but cursorily describe misery, at which the monarch shall shudder, if the blood of a tyrant flow not in his veins ; Teresa could not wish these things ; yet they were. But she was human, she was fallible, and not omniscient.

“ From the above narrative you will perceive how opposite the effects must be, which the histories of Baron Trenck and of myself must produce.

“ Trenck left his dungeon, shielded from want and contempt : the day of freedom was the day of triumph. I, on the contrary, was exposed to every possible calamity. The spirit of Trenck, bowed as it had been, by affliction, again raised itself. I have watched and laboured many a succeeding night, that I might neither beg nor perish the following day : working for judges who neither knew law, nor had sufficient powers of mind to behold the native beauty of justice : rectifying or settling accounts that, item after item, did but prove the lord, they were intended for, was an imbecile dupe.

“ Trenck remembers his calamities, but the remembrance is advantageous to himself and his family ; while, with me, the past did but increase, did but agonize, the present, and the future. He was, not, like me, obliged to crouch in presence of those vulgar, those mean, those incapable minds, that do but consider the bent back as the footstool of pride. Every man is too busy in the gratification of self, to busy himself in behalf of others : pity me, therefore, but advise me not to hope assistance, by petitioning princes at second hand. I know your good wishes, and, for these, I have nothing to return but barren thanks.

“ I am, &c.”

LETTER

## L E T T E R III.

“ YES, I do not, cannot, doubt your friendship,  
 “ your zeal, to serve me; but you have been often  
 “ fortunate in the accomplishment of your hopes,  
 “ I, never.

“ The prospect of gain makes the usurer adven-  
 “ turous; but, by digging under the foundation, to  
 “ conceal or to recover his treasure, he may chance  
 “ to overthrow his house; and bury himself under  
 “ its ruins. The voice of suffering virtue is, alas!  
 “ unable to be heard, amid the agitated waves of  
 “ a court: she utters a feeble cry, sinks, and is no  
 “ more seen. I fear the persecution of the clergy  
 “ —Monarchs themselves bow before their power!

“ Beside, is Trenck in that situation that justifies  
 “ his interference in behalf of a stranger? Certain-  
 “ ly not. Oh, no!—We have been dreaming;  
 “ you to begin and I to continue a correspondence  
 “ on such a subject. Were he, like you, my inti-  
 “ mate, my old friend, perhaps his great expe-  
 “ rience of the world might lead him to imagine  
 “ some mode of procuring a supply, sufficient fully  
 “ to satisfy my very few wants, for few, indeed,  
 “ they are. Unless he ask it, conceal my name.  
 “ His silence will evince his real incapability to do  
 “ me service; his good will cannot be doubted.

“ Every caution is necessary; for, were I driven  
 “ from this poor refuge of wretchedness, I might  
 “ fall into the power of one who may be a tyrant,  
 “ who might again rob me of light and air, and,  
 “ adding torture to calamity, branding me as a  
 “ traitor, might delight to inflict pangs incessant,  
 “ and render death tedious.

“ Farewell.”

The reasons why I published the foregoing letters are already stated, and will, I make no doubt, appear satisfactory to the reader. Once more to affairs that more immediately concern myself.

The following I yesterday received from Poland, from a correspondent, who is likewise to me unknown.

“ Reschow, in Gallicia,  
“ April 30, 1787.

“ Sir,

“ EVERY feeling heart, every person, who  
“ had the honour of being acquainted with you,  
“ during your abode in Austria, receives the purest  
“ satisfaction, from the justice at present done you,  
“ and the high honours by which you are distin-  
“ guished, at the court of Berlin, and of which  
“ we are informed by the public papers. Yes, sir,  
“ it is a sweet subject of consolation, for suffering  
“ humanity, to behold that you, now, find favour  
“ and justice from a power where the most unbri-  
“ dled barbarity, formerly, gave birth to the bit-  
“ terest sufferings, and the most inconceivable cru-  
“ elty.

“ Every compassionate person, in this our district  
“ of bears, has read, has wept over, these suffer-  
“ ings, so truly depicted in the history of your life.  
“ Thrice have the pages been bedewed by my  
“ tears. My present hope is to see a continuation  
“ of your history, written on the now benevolent  
“ banks of the Spree. Alas! sure, like the first  
“ navigator of Horace, he must in oak and triple  
“ steel be armed, who should not feel pity in be-  
“ half of an honest man, an enlightened author, a  
“ brave soldier, and a good citizen.

“ Let me intreat your acceptance of this testimo-  
“ ny of the heart, from a man, who, though un-  
“ known



“ known to you, is, with the most worthy and  
“ best informed men of Poland, your sincere ad-  
“ mirer. It is a respectful tribute, paid to un-  
“ common merit.

“ I am, &c†.”

This letter I here publish, that I may have an opportunity of thanking the person who has paid me such high compliments, and who has concealed his name that I might not have the difficulty of answering so flattering an epistle.

I feel the happiness of being held in estimation, by the noble-minded ; and, if the Princess Czatoryska can credit this her correspondent, and my writings, she will read how great are these my sensations of joy, at having the happiness to attain so invaluable an honour.

I might fill a volume with like letters, but they appertain to another collection.

I met, at Berlin, many old friends of both sexes: among others, an aged invalid came to see me, who was at Glatz, in 1746, when I cut my way through the guard. He was one of the centinels before my door, and whom I had thrown down the stairs.

Another invalid, who had assisted me, when imprisoned at Magdeburg, in ridding myself of my bags of sand, came also to visit me.

The hour of quitting Berlin, and continuing my journey into Prussia, towards Konigsberg, my native country, approached. On the eve of my departure, I had, once again, the happiness of conversing, more than two hours, with her Royal

K 3

Highness

† This letter contains some verses, which are only a repetition of similar sentiments with itself, or of facts told in the life of the Baron. Some of them were addressed to the Princess Czatoryska, who, having read the Baron's history, had become highly interested, by the events it related. T.

Highness the Princess Amelia, sister of Frederic the Great\*. Possessed of native greatness of mind, and deep penetration, she solely had the honour of gaining the entire confidence and friendship of Frederick. She, as far as she was able, protected me in my hour of extreme adversity; heaped benefits upon me; and, more than any other person in the world, contributed to gain my deliverance. Not as a foreign officer did she receive me, during my stay at Berlin, but as a friend, as an aged patriot; laid her commands upon me to write immediately to my wife, and request she would come to Berlin, in the month of June, with her two eldest daughters. Her promise I received that the happiness of the latter should be her care; nay, that she would certainly remember my wife in her will.

At this moment, when about to depart, she affectionately asked me if I had money sufficient for the expences of my journey: "Yes, madam," was my reply; "for myself I want nothing, nothing ask; but may you remember my children!"

The sensibility, the deep feeling with which I pronounced these words, moved the princess; she shewed me how perfectly she comprehended my meaning, took me by the hand, and said, "Return, my friend, quickly; I shall be most happy to see you."

I hastily left the room; a kind of indecision came over me. I was inclined to remain some days longer at Berlin. Had I done so, my presence would most indubitably have been of great advantage to my children. Alas! ever under the guidance of my evil genius, I began my journey. The clear prospect of futurity was instantly overclouded; the principal purpose for which I came to Berlin

\* This princess is supposed to be the lady so often alluded to in the first volume. T.

Berlin frustrated; for, five days after my departure, the princess Amelia died!

Is not this a new proof that my implacable destiny will never quit pursuing me, even to the grave? He, who reads my history attentively, will see that a thousand times have I beheld the shores of happiness, and that, the very moment I imagined I was about to cast anchor in the haven of tranquillity, again has an unforeseen hurricane driven me into the very midst of the wild and angry ocean.—Yes, yes,—so it has been, so it shall be.

In vain would the benevolent friends of man offer petitions to Heaven that my latter days might be spent in peace. Their prayers rise not; they reach not the seat of mercy! Never has Heaven inspired the hearts of princes to act effectually in my favour. Even when my friends have seriously intended to assist me, or in their wills to bequeath me generous legacies, either they have been persuaded to the contrary, by my enemies, or prevented, by death, from fulfilling their good intentions. Many facts of this kind might I cite, particularly some that have been occasioned by father confessors.

This last unfortunate accident befel me through my own fault; I ought better to have employed the favourable moment. The more critical it was, the more ardent should I have been not to have let it escape. But I imagined myself too certain. I was too timid, had too much sensibility, or rather, indeed, too much pride to let interested views be seen, at such a moment.

“ Well, well—who can recall the past?—It is the will of Providence, thus to restrict your happiness.”

Such are the apophthegms in which the credulous find consolation: for my own part, I am of the sect of the Sceptics. I am convinced that, by ill-timed delicacy, I have neglected many opportunities



ties of making my fortune. Neither shall Satan be accused of interfering, for he has had too many proofs it is not in his power to make me despair; therefore, so he shall not entrap my soul, which is but rather inspired, by disappointment, with new fortitude, to encounter new misfortune. If it be the will of heaven, that I am not to enjoy happiness here, on earth, but that my Christian spirit must content itself with court compliments, reputation acquired, and the world's compassion, without expecting any thing from the magnanimity of the best of sovereigns; then will I live, satisfied, in my confined circle, and comfort myself with the reflection that I have deserved better.

If wealth be necessary to happiness, so indeed must my happiness be small. It is now winter with me, and never more can it be spring. I will no more be the dupe of vague and silly hopes. Plans of aggrandizement I am too old to form; too proud am I for the precincts of a court, too obstinate and headstrong.

Peace be to thy ashes, noble princess! Thy will was good, and be that sufficient. I shall not want materials to write a commentary on the history of Frederic, when, in company with thee, I shall wander on the banks of Styx; there, the events that have happened on this poor earth may be written, without scruple or danger. Till when, it is most probable, I shall give repose to my pen, unless some extraordinary incidents should once more reanimate my self-love, and, by the publication of new truths, I should be induced to expose myself to new persecutions; from which, however, may the good God preserve me! He can have no pleasure in seeing his creatures unhappy. He yet may inspire the hearts of kings, to think of what I have been deprived, and of what is my due.

So

So proceed we with our story.

On the 22d of March I departed from Berlin, and pursued my journey to Königsberg, but remained two days at the court of the Margrave of Brandenburg Schwedt, where I was received with kindness and esteem. The Margrave had bestowed favours on me, during my imprisonment at Magdeburg.

I departed thence through Soldin to Schildberg, there to visit my relation Sidau, who had married the daughter of my sister, which daughter my sister had by her first husband, Waldow, of whom I have so often spoken in my first volume. I found my kinsman a worthy and honourable man, and one who made the daughter of an unfortunate sister happy. I was received at his house with open arms; and, for the first time during an interval of two and forty years, beheld one of my own relations.

On my journey thither, I had the unexpected pleasure to meet with Lieutenant-general Kowalsky. This good gentleman was a lieutenant in the garrison of Glatz, in the year 1746, and was an ocular witness when I leaped from the wall of the rampart. He had read my history with some of the principal facts of which he was previously acquainted. Should any one, therefore, doubt concerning those incidents which I have related, of my escape from Glatz, and which, because of the difficulties attending their execution, have been, by some, incapable themselves of a like enterprize, supposed incredible, I may refer them to him, whose testimony cannot be suspected.

From Schildberg I proceeded to Landberg, on the Warta. Here I found my brother-in-law, Colonel Pape, commander of the Gotz dragoons, and the second husband of my deceased sister; and here passed a happy and a joyous day. Every body congratulated

congratulated me on my glorious return into my country, and offered up their ardent prayers for my future felicity.

I found relations in almost every garrison, and was almost every where detained. Never did man receive more honourable marks of esteem throughout a kingdom. The general knowledge of my unmerited calamities procured me this sweet consolation; and I were insensible indeed, and ungrateful, did my heart remain unmoved on occasions like these.

Yes, this is my delectable reward; a reward not conferred by princes; a reward to which virtue only can aspire; and which has been bestowed upon me with profusion; a reward which the hatred of the puissant Frederic could retard, but could not prevent; Nature had given me too robust a body: a reward so great, so delightful, so dear to remembrance, that, when put as a counterpoise to the afflictions I have suffered for the space of two and forty years, I hold it more than equivalent, and feel it overbalances them all! My heart glories in its past groans, all my wounds are healed, and, though the scars remain, they remain but the honourable proofs of victory.

Raised by misfortune, I live my country's monument, where many instructive, many exemplary lessons may be read. Remember me, O my friends, in the hour of sorrow; relate my story to your children; publish aloud that my bones have deserved to be laid in the sepulchre of my forefathers; and, though I am not permitted to rest my white locks on the pillow of repose in my own country, though it be my destiny to die in the land to which envy, imposture, imbecility, and a thirst of ill-gotten gain have banished me, still let my memory live among you; still let me hope my name shall be held in veneration! To you I leave my children:



children ; in them may you behold their father's probity revive ; them may you distinguish from the children of those who have suffered nothing for, lost nothing in, their country.

In Austria I never can expect a like reception ; I am there mistaken, and I feel little inclination to labour at removing mistakes so rooted. Yet, even there, as in Prussia, am I, by the general voice, approved. Yes, I am admired, but not known ; pitied, but not supported ; honoured, but not rewarded. The powerful are wilfully blind. Yet blind may they remain, I will not grieve. " Who," saith Gellert, " is the great man by whom thou art " honoured ? Say, doth he truly know to estimate " merit ? Imagine him deprived of titles, his riches " lost, his badges of honour gone, and perhaps " thou wouldst then contemn his applause, for thou " wouldst despise his person."

When at Berlin, I discovered an error I had committed in the first volume of my life. At the time I wrote, having been wrong informed, I believed that the postmaster-general of Berlin, M. Derschau, was my mother's brother, and the same person who, in 1742, was, first, grand counsellor at Glogau, and, afterward, president in East Friesland. I was deceived : the Derschau, who is my mother's brother, is still living, and president at Aurich in East Friesland.—The postmaster was the son of the old Derschau who died a general, and who was only distantly related to my mother. Neither is the younger Derschau, who is the colonel of a regiment at Burg, the brother of my mother, but only her first-cousin ; one of their sisters married Lieutenant-colonel Ostau, whose son, the President Ostau, now lives on his own estate, at Lablack, in Prussia.

I mention this at present for the information of a person who, because I had committed this trifling

fling error, which was caused by my having been absent from my country above five and forty years, thence took occasion to persuade the world my history was all false : having corrected the mistake, I may add, I do not suppose any Derschau has reason to be ashamed of being allied to the family of Trenck, which, for three hundred years past, has intermarried with the most ancient families in Prussia, and which, in the history of the country, has given incontestable proofs of real nobility of heart.

I was, likewise, deceived in having suspected a lieutenant, whose name is Mollinie, in the narrative I gave of my flight from Glatz, of having acted as a spy upon me at Braunau, and of having sent information to General Fouquet. I am sorry. This honest man is still alive, a captain in Brandenburg. He was affected at my suspicion, fully justified himself, and here I publicly apologize. He then was, and again is become, my friend. The person who really gave information, to General Fouquet, was Captain Nimschofsky, my own cousin, who came to visit me at Braunau, and, under the mask of friendship concealed the traitor.

I have also received a singular letter from one Lieutenant Brodowsky. This extraordinary gentleman is offended at finding his mother's name in my narrative, and demands I should retract my words. Alas ! how can I retract the truth : and truth too which cannot be offensive to any person ? Menaces never yet could induce me to commit such an action.

My readers certainly will allow the virtue of Madam Brodowsky, at Elbing, is not impeached. Although I have said I had the fortune to be beloved by her, I have nowhere intimated that I asked, or that she granted improper favours.

Certainly I had no intention to injure my preceptor Brodowsky, who had lived in my father's house,

house, and who afterward journeyed to my mother, purposely to procure me speedy succour. I never meant to injure his honour living, nor his memory dead.

The parents having been my friends, I certainly wish I could oblige the son; but I never can write that facts, inserted in the history of my life, which have happened to myself, are false or imaginary. A man of understanding will not be angry should another say to him, "Your mother once loved me." M. Brodowsky, the father, never was jealous; and it is strange, indeed, that his son should be. I here declare that, with respect to myself, Madam Brodowsky was certainly chaste; but I also here declare I have a right to assume some merit to myself. This I think a sufficient answer to the letter of the lieutenant.

By the express desire of a person of distinction I shall insert an incident, in this place, which I omitted in the first volume, lest I should have fatigued my readers by a too circumstantial recital of my various attempts to escape from prison. This honourable person was himself an eye-witness of the incident I am about to relate, at Magdeburg, and reminded me of the affair. It was my last attempt but one at flight. The circumstances were these:

As I found myself unable to get rid of more sand, after having once again cut through the planking, and mined the foundation, I made a hole toward the fosse, or ditch, in which three centinels were stationed. This I executed one stormy night, it being easy, from the lightness of the sand, to perform the work in two hours.

No sooner had I broken through, than I silently drew back the sand within the hole, and threw one of my slippers beside the palisadoes, that it might be supposed I had lost it when climbing over them.

These



These palisadoes, twelve feet in height, were situated in the front of the principal fosse, and my centinels stood within. There was no centry-box at the place where I had broken through.

This done, I returned into my prison, made another hole under the planking, where I could hide myself, and stopped up the passage behind me, so that it was not probable I could be seen or found.

When day-light came, the centinel saw the hole, gave the alarm, the officer ran terrified, the slipper was found, and it was concluded that Trenck had fortunately escaped over the pallisadoes, and was no longer in prison.

Immediately the sub-governor came from Magdeburg, the alarm guns were fired, the horse scourged the country, and the fortification and subterranean passages were all visited; no tidings came; no discovery was made, and the conclusion was, I had certainly escaped. That I should fly without the knowledge of the centinels was deemed impossible; the officer, and all the guard, were put under arrest, and every body was struck dumb with surprise.

I, in the mean time, sat quiet in my hole, where I heard their searches, and suppositions that I certainly was gone. My heart bounded with joy, and I held escape to be indubitable. They most undoubtedly would not have placed centinels over the prison the following night, and I then really should have left my place of concealment, and, most probably, have safely arrived in Saxony. My cruel destiny, however, robbed me of all hope at the very moment when I supposed the greatest of my difficulties conquered.

Every thing seemed to happen as I could wish. The whole garrison came, and visited the casemates, and all stood astonished at the miracle they beheld. In this state things remained till four o'clock in the afternoon.

afternoon. At length an ensign of the militia came, a boy of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, a very chicken in appearance, but who had more wit than any or all of them. He approached the hole, examined the aperture next the fosse, thought it appeared very small, endeavoured to enter it himself, found he could not, therefore concluded it was impossible a man of my size could have passed through, and, accordingly, called for a light.

This was an accident I had not foreseen. Half stifled in my hole, I had opened the canal under the planking. No sooner had the youth procured a light, than he perceived my white shirt, examined nearer, felt about, and laid hold of me by the arm.

The fox was caught, and the laugh was universal. My chagrin and confusion may easily be imagined. They all came round me, paid me their compliments, and, finding nothing better was to be done, I laughed in company with them, and, thus laughing, was led back, with an aching, a distracted heart, to be sorrowfully enchained in my dungeon.

The contrivance was highly applauded by all those who wished I might effect my escape, among whom was the honourable person who desired I would here insert this anecdote.



I continued my journey, and arrived, on the fourth of April, at Königsberg, where my brother impatiently expected my arrival. We embraced as brothers must, after an absence of two and forty years. Of all my brothers and sisters I had left in this city, he only remained. He lived a retired and peaceable life on his own estates, fulfilling all the duties

duties of a man. He had no children living. I continued a fortnight in company with him, and his worthy wife, at Konigsberg, with infinite satisfaction of heart, and afterwards went with him to his country seat, where I staid six weeks.

Happy days! numbered among the most happy of my life? In the midst of relations, nephews, nephews' children, cousins and kinsmen of all degrees, who came to compliment me on my return to revisit the place of my nativity, I imagined myself the father of the family: I enjoyed that happiness which a fire enjoys, whose name is one of the most respectable of the land, and who is related, by ties of blood, to most of the neighbouring families. Man, at a certain time of life, is nowhere so happy as at home, especially if, like me, he has wandered into foreign lands, seen their manners and customs, and been received by their inhabitants with cordiality and friendship.

Here I, for the first time, learnt what had happened to my relations, during my absence. The wrath of the great Frederic extended itself to all my family. My second brother was an ensign in the regiment of cuirassiers at Kiow, in the year 1746, when I first incurred disgrace from the king. Six years he served, fought at three battles, but, because his name was Trenck, never was promoted. Weary of expectation, he at length quitted the army, married, and lived on his estate at Meicken, where he died, about three years ago, and left two sons, who are an honour to the family of the Trencks.

Common sense spoke him a person capable of rendering the state essential service, as a military man, the profession he had chosen; but he was my brother, and the king would never suffer his name to be mentioned.

My



My youngest brother applied himself to the sciences ; it was proposed that he should receive some civil employment, as an intelligent and well informed man : but the King answered in the margin of the petition,

“ No Trenck is good for any thing.”

Thus has all my family suffered, because of my unjust condemnation. My last-mentioned brother chose the life of a private man, and lived at his ease, in estimation and independence, among the first people of the kingdom.

The hatred of the monarch extended itself to my sister, who had married the son of General Waldow, and lived in widowhood from the year 1749, to her second marriage. The misfortunes of this excellent woman, in consequence of the treachery of Weingarten, and the aid she sent to me in my prison at Magdeburg, I have before related. She was possessed of the fine estate of Hammer, near Landsberg on the Warta. The Russian army changed the whole face of the country, and laid it desert. She fled, with what effects she could, to Custrin, where every thing likewise was burnt and destroyed during the siege. The Prussian army itself demolished the fine forests.

After the war, the King assisted all the ruined families of Brandenburg : she alone obtained nothing, because she was my sister. She petitioned the King, who replied she must seek for redress from her dear brother.

She died, in the flower of her age, a short time after she had married her second husband, the present colonel Pape : her son, also, died last year. He was captain in the regiment of the Gotz dragoons.

Thus were all my brothers and sisters punished because they were mine. Who is he that shall afford retribution for so many tragical events? Could

it ever be believed that the great Frederic, like the great Zabaoth, would revenge himself on the children, and the children's children? Was it not sufficient that he should wreak his wrath on my head alone? Why has the name of Trenck been hateful to him, to the very hour of his death? This must ever remain an incomprehensible enigma.

I never would basely kiss the foot that spurned me. When innocent, I sought to avoid being spurned, and know myself guilty of no other crime.

One Derschau, captain of horse and uterine brother of my mother, secretly addressed himself to the King, in 1753, alledged he was my nearest relation, and feudal heir, and petitioned that he would bestow on him my confiscated estate of Great Scharlack.

The King demanded that the necessary proofs should be sent from the chamber at Konigsberg. He was informed that I had two brothers living, that Great Scharlack was an ancient family inheritance, and that it appertained to my brothers, and not to Derschau.

My brothers then announced themselves as the immediate successors to this fief, and the King bestowed on them the estate of Great Scharlack, conformable to the feudal laws. That it might be properly divided, it was put up to auction, and bought by the youngest of my brothers, who paid the surplus to the other, and to my sister. He, likewise, paid debts, charged upon it according to the express orders of the court. The persons, who called themselves my creditors were impostors; for I had no creditors; I was but nineteen when my estates were confiscated, consequently was not of age. By what right, therefore, could such debts be demanded, or paid? Let them explain this who can. Any man might say  
what-

whatever he pleased for I was not present to contradict.

The same thing happened, when an account was given in to the Fiscus of the guardianship, although I acknowledge my guardians were men of probity. One of them, however, was eight years in possession, and, when he gave it up to my brothers, he did not account with them for a single shilling.

At present, therefore, the affair stands thus : Frederic William has taken off the sentence of confiscation, and ordered me to be put in possession of my estates by a gracious rescript : empowered by this, I come and demand restitution ; my brother answers, " I have bought and paid for " the estate, am the legal possessor, have improved " it so much that Great Scharlack, at present, is " worth three or four times the sum it was at the " time of confiscation. Let the Fiscus pay me its " actual value, and then let them bestow it on " whom they please. If the reigning King gives " what his predecessor sold to me, I ought not " thereby to be a loser."

This is a problem which the people of Berlin must resolve. My brother has no children, and, without going to law, will bequeath Great Scharlack to mine, when he shall happen to die. If he is forced in effect to restore it, without being reimbursed, the King, instead of granting a favour, has not done justice. I do not request any restitution like this, since such restitution would be made without asking it, as a favour of the King. If his Majesty takes off the confiscation, because he is convinced it was originally violent and unjust, then have I right to demand the rents of two and forty years. This I am to require from the Fiscus, not from my brother.

L 2

And,



And, should the Fiscus only restore me the price for which it then sold, it would commit a manifest injustice, since all estates in the province of Prussia have, since the year 1746, tripled and quadrupled their value.

If the estate descends only to my children after my death, I receive neither right nor favour, for, in this case, I obtain nothing for myself, and shall remain deprived of the rents, which, as the estate is at present farmed, by my brother, amount to four thousand rix-dollars per annum. The estate cannot be taken from him legally, since he enjoys it by right of purchase. It will not be the King, who, when I am dead, will bestow it upon my children; but my brother, who will bequeath it them by will.

Such is the present state of the business. How the benevolent monarch shall think proper to decide, will be seen hereafter. I have demanded, of the Fiscus, that it shall make a fair valuation of Great Scharlack, reimburse my brother, and restore it to me. My brother has other estates. These he will dispose of by testament, according to his good pleasure.

Be these things as they may, the purpose of my journey is accomplished. My brother is my friend, and the father of my children. My son is in his Majesty's service, and my honour justified in my own country. In Prussia, at least, I am victorious over fate.

Reader, if thou hast noble thoughts, rejoice with me, and from my history, learn that evil itself may convert to good. In the nineteenth year of my age, I lost my fortune, my liberty, my all, honour and fortitude excepted, and these it was not in the power of the despot to take. Two and forty years have I lived deprived of my property, ~~two~~ and forty years endured poverty, and even  
excessive

excessive indigence, with the exception of some few intervals, without ever being guilty of meanness, and, in the moment of good fortune, I have been liberal even to prodigality. I often have been deceived, but never was a deceiver. Those who plundered me blush at my name. I walk proudly even in the presence of kings. I write truths without disguise, and my writings find toleration, and privilege. I was despised, condemned, and rejected, yet obtained, even in the dungeon's depths, than which no man could descend lower, the general esteem and approbation of the worthy.

Thou, great God, hast preserved me amidst my trouble. The purest gratitude penetrates my heart. Oh that it might please thee never to let mortal endure what I have endured, or, if so it cannot be, that thou wouldst grant him equal strength to wrestle with woe. Oh that thou wouldst shield man from arbitrary power, and banish despotism from the earth. Dishonour cast headlong down, and exterminate the enemy of man, and let all prevaricating judges be, like mine, reduced to cleanse the streets of filth. Suffer not the hypocritical knave to injure and insult the virtuous. May this my tragical narration be a lesson to the afflicted, afford hope to the despairing, fortitude to the wavering, and shake and humanize the hearts of kings.

Joyfully now do I journey to the shores of death. My duty fulfilled, my end attained, tranquillity deserved. My conscience is void of reproach, posterity shall bless my memory, and only the unfeeling, the wicked, the confessor of princes, and the pious impostor, shall vent their rage against my writings. My few remaining hours of life shall still be dedicated to the love of men. For my own part, my wants are few. My mind is desirous of repose;  
and,

and, should this be denied me, still will I not murmur. I now wish to steal gently, though not wholly unknown, toward that last asylum, whither in my youth, if thither I went, it must be with colours flying. Grant, Almighty God, that the prayer I this day make may be heard, and that such may be the conclusion of my eventful life.





THE  
H I S T O R Y  
OF  
FRANCIS BARON TRENCK,

A PARTISAN COLONEL, AND COMMANDER IN  
CHIEF OF THE PANDOURS, IN THE SERVICE  
OF HER MAJESTY THE EMPRESS-QUEEN.

WRITTEN BY

FREDERIC BARON TRENCK,

AS A NECESSARY SUPPLEMENT TO HIS OWN  
HISTORY.



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T H E  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
FRANCIS BARON TRENCK.

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FRANCIS Baron Trenck was born in 1714, in Calabria, a province of Sicily. His father was then a governor, and lieutenant-colonel there, and died, possessed of these honours, in 1743, at Leit-schau, in Hungary, lord of the rich manors of Pres-towacz, Pleternitz, and Pakratz, in Sclavonia, and other considerable estates in Hungary. His christian name was John; he was my father's brother, and born in Konigsberg, in Prussia, where the family is well known, and where it has possessed estates ever since the times of the Teutonic knights.

The name of his mother was Kettler; she was born in Courland, but I am unacquainted with her family.

Suffice it to say that Trenck, whose history I write, was, both by father and mother, a gentleman of ancient family; and that his grandfather  
and



and mine was of Prussia. He was not, as his enemies propagated at Vienna, the son of a Slavonian robber. His father, who served Austria, with honour, till the age of sixty-eight, died, as I have said, at Leitschau, with the rank of colonel, and bore those wounds to his grave which attested his warlike valour.

Francis Baron Trenck was his only son; he had attained the rank of colonel during his father's life, and served with distinction in the army of Maria Teresa.

I shall say nothing of his early youth. The history of his life, which he published in 1747, when he was under confinement at Vienna, is so full of minute circumstances, and so poorly written, that I shall make but little use of it. Here I shall relate only what I have heard from the most creditable persons, from his enemies themselves, and what I have myself seen.

His ancient father, a bold and daring foldier, idolizing his only son, and superlatively avaricious, wholly neglected his education, so that the passions of this son were most unbridled. Endowed by nature, with very extraordinary talents, the heir of a rich father, this ardent youth was early his own master, and allowed to indulge the impetuous fire of his constitution. Moderation was ever utterly unknown to him, and good fortune most remarkably favoured all his enterprises. These were numerous, undertaken from no principle of virtue, nor actuated by any motives of humanity. The love of money, and the desire of fame, were the passions of his soul. All his wishes were successful, therefore were all his wishes indulged. To his warlike inclination was added the insensibility of a heart natively wicked; and he found himself an actor, on the great scene of life at a time when the earth was drenched with human gore, and when the

the sword decided the fate of nations ; hence this chief of pandours, this scourge of the unprotected, naturally became an iron-hearted enemy, a ferocious foe of the human race, a formidable enemy in private life, and a perfidious friend.

Constitutionally choleric and sanguinary, addicted to voluptuous pleasures, sensual, and brave ; he was unappeasable when affronted, prompt to act, in the moment of danger circumspect, and, when under the dominion of anger, inhuman and cruel even to fury ; irreconcilable, artful, fertile in invention, and ever intent on great projects.

When youth and beauty inspired love, he then became supple, insinuating, amiable, gentle, respectful, yet, ever excited by pride, unceasingly to pursue his purpose, each conquest gave but new desires of adding another slave over whom he might domineer ; and, whenever he encountered unshaken resistance, he even then ceased to be avaricious. A prudent and intelligent woman, turning this part of his character to advantage, might have formed this very singular man to virtue, probity, and the love of the human race ; but, from his most tender infancy, his will had never suffered restraint, and he thought nothing impossible. As a soldier, he was bold even to temerity ; capable of the most hazardous enterprize, and of laughing at the danger himself provoked. His ambitious projects were the more elevated because that the end of all his actions was the acquirement of renown. In council he was dangerous ; every thing must cede to his views. To him the means, by which his end was to be obtained, were indifferent. Woe to the wretch who hoped to excite his compassion, by submission and prayer !

The Croats at this time were undisciplined, prone to rapine, thirsting for human blood, and only taught obedience by violence and blows ; these had  
been

been the companions of his infancy ; these he undertook to subject, by servitude and fear, to military subordination, and, from banditti, to make them soldiers. His habitual intercourse with such a species of men gave him that fierceness of character, which has been so often remarked in tyrants.

With respect to his exterior, Nature had been prodigal of her favours. His height was six feet three inches, and, though his stature was gigantic, the symmetry of his limbs was exact ; his form was upright, his countenance agreeable, yet masculine, and his strength almost incredible. He could sever the head from the body of the largest ox, with one stroke of his sabre, and he was so adroit at this Turkish practice that he at length could behead men as if he were cleaving turnips. In the latter years of his life, his aspect was become terrible, because that, during the Bavarian war, he had been scorched by the explosion of a powder-barrel, and his face remained scarred and impregnated with black spots.

In company he rendered himself exceedingly agreeable, spoke seven languages fluently, was jocular, possessed wit, and in serious conversation understanding ; had learned music, sung with taste, and had a good voice, so that he might have been well paid as an actor, had that been his fate. He could even, when so disposed, become gentle and complaisant ; but, wherever he could command, he was a monster.

His look told the man of observation that he was cunning and choleric ; and his wrath was terrible. He was ever suspicious, because he judged others by himself. Self-interest and avarice ever constituted his ruling passion, and, whenever he had an opportunity of increasing his wealth, he equally disregarded the duties of religion, the ties of honour, and human pity. In the thirty-first year of his



his age, when he was possessed of nearly two millions, he did not expend a florin per day, so that he even denied himself necessaries.

As he and his pandours always led the van, and as he thence had opportunity to ravage the enemy's country, at the head of troops so addicted to rapine, we must not wonder that Bavaria, Silesia, and Alsatia, were so plundered. He alone purchased the booty from his troops, at a low price, and this he sent by water to his own estates. If any one of his officers had made a rich capture, Trenck instantly became his enemy. He was sent on every dangerous expedition, till he fell, and the colonel became his universal heir, for Trenck appropriated all he could to himself.

He was reputed to be a man most expert in military science, an excellent engineer, and to possess an exact eye in estimating heights and distances. Hence had he the first advantages that a partisan leader can enjoy, that of being perfectly acquainted with the country in which the war is carried on. In all enterprizes he was the first; inured to fatigue, his iron body could support it without inconvenience. Nothing escaped his vigilance, all was turned to account, and what valour could not accomplish cunning supplied. His pride suffered him not to incur an obligation, and thus was he by principle unthankful; his actions all centred in self, and, as he was remarkably fortunate in whatever he undertook, he ascribed even that which accident gave to foresight and genius. Depending thus on himself, he was incapable of seeking, valuing, or maintaining friendship, therefore was abandoned when he most needed the firm support of friendship.

Yet was he, ever, as an officer, a most useful and inestimable man to the state. His love and respect for his sovereign, and his zeal in her service, were

were unbounded: wherever her glory was at stake, he would willingly have devoted himself her victim. This I assert to be truth: I probed his heart, and knew him well. Of little consequence is it to me, whether the historians of Maria Teresa have, or have not, misrepresented his talents, and the fame he deserved. I am one of those biographers who do not stop to relate trifles. I hold it most essential, first, to describe the true character of the man whose life I write; his virtues, his vices, and his passions, without disguise; and afterward to support what I have affirmed, by the relation of facts, the veracity of which the reader will judge of, comparing them with what he has before learned concerning the character of the man, of whom such facts are related.

According to principles like these ought all the histories of our heroes and monarchs to be written; their virtues and vices ought so to be portrayed that their successors may not be deceived, but may determine for themselves according to the characteristic traits laid before their eyes, and amend their own errors. The parasite, the self-interested and the timid historian, alike, are the friends of falsehood. I write not romances, to disguise the failings or the crimes, to palliate the detestable acts or to magnify the virtues, of king, or hero. I write truth, for the information and improvement of man.

The life of Trenck I write for the following reasons. He had the honour first to form, and command, regular troops, raised in Sclavonia. The foldiers acquired glory under their leader, and sustained the tottering power of Austria: they made libations of their blood in its defence, as did Trenck, in various battles. He served like a brave warrior, with zeal, loyalty, and effect.

The

The vile persecutions of his enemies, at Vienna, with whom he refused to share the plunder he had made, lost him honour, liberty, and, not only the personal property he had acquired, but, likewise, the family patrimony, in Hungary. He died, like a malefactor, illegally sentenced, in imprisonment; and knaves have affirmed, and fools have believed, and believe still, he took the King of Prussia prisoner, and that he granted him freedom, in consequence of a bribe. So have the loyal Hungarians been led to suppose that a Hungarian had really been a traitor.

By my writings, I wish to prove to this noble nation that Trenck, for his loyalty, on the contrary, deserved compassion, esteem, and honour, in his country. This I have already done in the former part of my history. The truth of this no man denies; for I have offered to bring the legal acts in testimony of what I have asserted, should the monarch be inclined to examine this truth, and events so dishonourable to justice, or to act, in this case, as Frederic William has acted, at Berlin, where I have been heard in my own justification. The dead Trenck can speak no more; but it is the duty of the living ever to speak in defence of right.

Trenck wrote his own history, during the suits carried on against him, while he was confined in the arsenal at Vienna; and, in the last two sheets, he openly related the manner in which he had been treated by the council of war, of which Count Lowenwalde, his greatest enemy, was president. The count, however, found supporters too powerful, and these sheets were torn from the book, and publicly burnt by the hangman at Vienna. Defence after this became impossible: he groaned under the gripe of his adversaries.

I have given a literal copy of these sheets in the first volume of my life; and I again repeat, I am  
able



able to prove the truth of what is there asserted, by the acts, proceedings, and judicial registers, which are in my possession. He was confined in the Spielberg, because much was to be dreaded from an injured man, whom they knew capable of the most desperate enterprizes. He died defenceless, the sacrifice of iniquity and unjust judges. He died, and his honour remained unprotected.

I am, by duty, his defender; although he expired my personal enemy, the author of all the ills I have suffered. I came to the knowledge of his persecutors too late for the unfortunate Trenck. And who are those who have divided his spoils; who slew him that they might fatten themselves! Who has seen any one of their families render a Trenck to the state? Who ever discovered a man of noble heart amid their offspring? Prosperity be to your excellencies, now, by the grace of Heaven and the Empress, the nobles of the land! Your titles have been paid for from the coffers of Trenck! Yet can neither these your cabals, your wealthy protectors, your own riches, or your credit at court, deprive me of the right of vindicating his fame.

I have boldly written, have openly shewn, that Trenck was pillaged by you; that he served the house of Austria as a worthy man, with fidelity and zeal; not by coming powdered upon the parade; not in court-martials and committees of enquiry; but sword in hand, fighting for his country, sharing the soldier's glory, yet afterward, falling the victim of envy and power; falling by the hands of those who are unworthy, incapable, of judging merit and probity. He took the King of Prussia! He took the Emperor of Morocco.

Yes he is dead—But should any man on earth dare openly affirm that the Hungarian or the Prussian Trenck were either of them capable of trea-  
son

ion, that either of them merited punishment at Vienna or at Berlin, for having betrayed their country, he will not have long to seek before he will be informed that he has done us both injustice. After this preface, I shall continue my narrative according to the plan I proposed.

Trenck, the father, was a miser, past service, yet a well meaning man. Trenck, the son, on the contrary, was a youthful soldier, turbulent and hot, who stood in need of money to indulge his pleasures. Many curious pranks he played, when an ensign in I know not what regiment of foot.

He went to one of the collectors of his father's rents and demanded money; the collector refused to give him any, and Trenck cleaved his skull with his sabre. A prosecution was commenced against him\*, but war breaking out in 1736, between the Russians and the Turks, he, with the permission of the court of Vienna, raised a squadron of Hussars, and went with it into the Russian service, contrary to the will of his father.

In this war he distinguished himself highly, and acquired the protection of Field-marshal Munich. He was so successful, and so daring, as a partisan leader against the Tartars, that he became very famous in the army, and, at the end of the campaign, was appointed major.

It happened, on some occasion, that flying parties of the Turks approached the front of his regiment, when on march, and Trenck, seeing a favourable moment for attacking them, went to Colonel Rumin, desiring that the regiment might be led to the charge, and that they might profit by so fair an opportunity. The timid colonel answered, "I have

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"no

\* The state of vassalage in these countries is most melancholily depicted by this and similar anecdotes.

“no such orders.” Trenck then demanded permission to charge the Turks only with his own squadron; but this was refused.—He immediately became furious, for he had never been acquainted with contradiction or subordination, and cried aloud to the soldiers—“If there be one brave man among you, let him follow me.” About two hundred immediately stepped from the ranks; he put himself at their head, routed the enemy, made a horrible carnage, and returned intoxicated with joy, accompanied by prisoners, and loaded with severed heads.

Once more arrived in presence of the regiment, he attacked the colonel, treated him like the rankest coward, called him opprobrious names, and beat him, without the other daring to make the least resistance.

The adventure, however, became known; Trenck was arrested, and ordered to be tried.

His judges condemned him to be shot—and the day was appointed—but, the evening before execution, Field-marshal Munich passed, either by chance or design, near the tent in which he was confined.—Trenck saw him, came forward, and said,—“Certainly your excellency will not suffer a foreign cavalier to die an ignominious death, because he has chastised a cowardly Russian? If I must die, at least give me permission to saddle my horse, and, with my sabre in my hand, let me fall, surrounded by the enemy.”

The Tartars happened to be at this time harassing the advanced posts; the field-marshal shrugged his shoulders, and was silent.—Trenck, still, not discouraged, added—“I will undertake to bring your excellency three heads, or lose my own. Will you, if I do, be pleased to grant me my pardon?”—The field-marshal replied,—“Yes.” The horse of Trenck was immediately brought; he galloped



galloped to the enemy, and returned singly, with four heads knotted to his horse's mane, himself only slightly wounded in the shoulder.

Munich embraced him; and immediately appointed him to be a major in another regiment.

Various, and almost incredible, were his feats;—among others, a Tartar ran him through the belly with his lance: Trenck grasped the projecting end with his hands, exerted his prodigious strength, broke the lance, set spurs to his horse, and happily escaped. Of this wound, dreadful as it was, he was soon cured.

I myself have seen the two scars, and that far may affirm the truth of the fact. I also learned this, and many others, in 1746, from officers who had served in the same army, and who had been eye-witnesses of what they related.

During this campaign he behaved with great honour, was wounded by an arrow in the calf of the leg, and gained the affection of the field-marshal Munich, but excited the envy of the Russians. Toward the conclusion of the war, he had a new misfortune; his regiment was on the march, and incommoded on all sides by the enemy: he intreated his colonel, for the love of God, to permit him to attack them. The colonel was once more a Russian, and he refused. Trenck gave him a blow, and called aloud to the foldiers to follow him. They, however, being Russians, remained motionless—and he was put under arrest.

The court-martial sentenced him to death—and all hope of reprieve seemed over. The general would willingly have granted his pardon, but, as he was himself a foreigner, he was fearful of offending the Russians by such partiality, they having begun to murmur.

The day of execution came, and he was led to the place of death.—Munich, however, so contrived it that field-marshal Lowenthal should pass

by, at this moment, in company with his lady. Trenck profited by the opportunity, spoke boldly, and prevailed. A reprieve was requested, and the sentence was changed into banishment and labour in Siberia.

Trenck protested against this sentence. The field-marshal wrote to Petersburg, and an order came that he should be broken, and conducted out of the Russian territories. This order was accordingly executed, and he returned into Hungary to his father.

At this period he espoused the daughter of the Field-marshal Baron Tillier, of one of the first families in Switzerland.

The two brothers of his wife, each, became lieutenant-general, one of whom died honourably, during the seven years war, and particularly favoured by his sovereign. The other was made commander general in Croatia, where he is still living, and at the head of a regiment of infantry that bears his name.

Trenck did not live long with his lady. She was pregnant, and, his diversions being ever consonant to his unruly temperament, he took her to hunt with him in a marsh, whence she returned ill, being unaccustomed to such exercise, and died, without leaving him any heir.

Warlike inclinations would not long permit him to remain idle.—Having no opportunity to indulge these, because of the general peace, he conceived the project of extirpating the Sclavonian banditti.

Before I proceed, it will be proper to describe this race of men, whom no person before him had dared to attack, although they laid the whole country under contribution, and exercised the utmost cruelties.

The

The title of their chiefs was Harum-Bashaw; and they were elected from among the strongest, the most intelligent, and the boldest men of the nation. So severe were their laws, that the smallest fault was punished by strangling the culprit.

If any one of their comrades had been betrayed, there is no example that they ever so much as spared the infant, even in its mother's womb.

Their vengeance was unlimited; and if, by chance, the whole band were defeated with slaughter, in such kind of attempts, the new Harum-Bashaw of their successors was bound to carry fire and sword, there where his predecessor had fallen.

In effect, they were true partisans; maintained spies in Turkey, and occasionally fell upon the Turkish banditti, taking from them their booty, and plundering and assassinating the caravans of merchants.—Therefore, they spread universal terror throughout the country: no one durst expose himself to their enmity; and all the landholders paid them a small contribution, that they might protect them from the incursions of the Turkish banditti. These their tributaries, and their vassals under them, lived tranquil and in full security, for it was a law, among the Slavonian banditti, never to forfeit their word.

Each Harum-Bashaw had a stipulated number of men, and, when any one of them died, all the youths, most adroit and renowned for their feats, became candidates for the vacant place, because that these banditti lived in abundance, and were not obliged to work.

They freely traversed all the country, armed, and were well known by their large rings and buttons of silver. When government thought proper to pursue and attack them, and they were obliged to encounter the regulars, they generally had the advantage, and could take shelter, when  
 attacked,



attacked, in their vast forests, with the paths and thickets of which they were well acquainted. At such times, they became a great nuisance to the neighbouring hamlets, which they pillaged at pleasure.

Trenck, therefore, began his military exploits anew against this singular race of men. To execute this enterprize, he employed his own vassals and pandours. He was afterward assisted by a detachment of régulars, having promised the court of Vienna that he would totally destroy these banditti. The bloody contest now commenced—men were racked and impaled, and it may, perhaps, be safely affirmed that more activity, precaution, and courage, were necessary to insure success in such a kind of war, than to lead a great army to the field of battle.

Trenck seemed born for this murderous trade. Day and night on the watch, he chased them, like wild beasts, by tracing their foot-steps; killing now one, then another, and treating them undistinguishedly with the utmost barbarity. Father and son alike must bleed: nor was he himself a moment certain he should not fall into their hands, or be betrayed by his own soldiers.

Two incidents, which I shall here relate, will sufficiently paint the character of this unaccountable man.—He had impaled alive the father of a Harum-Bashaw. One evening he was going on patrol, along the banks of a brook which separated two provinces. On the opposite shore was the son of this impaled father, with his Croats.—It was moon-light, and the latter called aloud——

“ I hear thy voice, Trenck!—Thou hast impaled my father!—Thou persecutest us like a  
 “ rascal, with craft and cruelty. If thou hast a  
 “ heart in thy body, come hither, over the bridge  
 “ —I will send away my followers; leave thy fire-  
 “ arms,

“ arms, come only with thy sabre, and we will  
 “ then see who shall remain the victor.”

The agreement was made—and the Harum-Bashaw sent away his Croats, and laid down his musket. Trenck passed the wooden bridge; both drew their sabres; but Trenck treacherously killed his adversary with a pistol, that he had concealed, after which he severed his head from his body, took it with him, and stuck it upon a pole.

The reader will determine concerning the heroism of this action toward a thief, who, although a thief, behaved so nobly.

Be this as it may, he continued to ensnare them by every kind of artifice, and to pursue them with unrelenting vengeance. Thus he became the terror and the scourge of that pernicious race.

One day, when he was hunting, he heard music in a lone house which belonged to one of his vassals. He was thirsty, entered, and found the guests seated at table. He sat himself down, and ate with them, not knowing that this very house was a place of rendezvous for the banditti.

As he was seated opposite the door, at a long narrow table, he saw two Harum-Bashaws, armed, and of a gigantic stature, enter. His musket stood in a corner; he was struck with terror; but one of the banditti addressed him thus :

“ Neither thee, nor thy vassals, Trenck, have  
 “ we ever injured, yet dost thou pursue us with  
 “ unexampled cruelty. We think more nobly.  
 “ Eat thy fill; we could nail thee to the wall;  
 “ but fear nothing. When thou hast satisfied thy  
 “ hunger, we will then, sabre in hand, see who  
 “ has most justice on his side, and whether thou  
 “ art as courageous and as invincible as men speak  
 “ thee.”

Hereupon they sat themselves down opposite him at the table, and began to eat and drink  
 and

and make merry. The situation of Trenck could not be very pleasant. He recollected that, beside these two giants, there might be more of their companions without, ready to fall upon him; he, therefore, privately drew his pistols from his pocket, held them under the table while he cocked them, presented each hand to the body of a Harum-Bashaw, fired them both at the same instant, overset the table on the other guests, and safely escaped from the house. As he went he had time enough to seize on one of their muskets, which was standing at the door. One of the Croats was left weltering in his blood; the other disengaged himself from the table, and ran like a man frantic after Trenck, who suffered him to approach, killed him with his own gun, struck off his head, and brought it home in triumph.

By this action the banditti were deprived of their two most valorous chiefs, and, likewise, of their courage, so that, cut off on every side, numbers of them took refuge in the Turkish states.

War broke out about this time, in the year 1740, when all the Hungarians took up arms in defence of their lovely and beloved queen. Trenck wrote to Vienna, offered to raise a free corps of pandours, and requested a general amnesty for all the banditti who should join his troops. His request was granted, he published the amnesty, and began to raise recruits: few, however, of the banditti came to join his colours; he, therefore, enrolled his own vassals, formed a corps of about five hundred men, went in search of the robbers, drove them into a strait between the Save and Sarfawa, where they at length capitulated, and about three hundred of them inrolled themselves with his pandours.

Most of these men were six feet in height, upright, determined, and experienced foldiers, that could



could swim, and were accustomed to run, like roebucks, for miles through the forests. These were necessary requisites before they could be admitted among the banditti.

It is not to be wondered at that an able leader of men like these found nothing impossible, or that he should perform, brave and daring as he was, even to rashness, feats that almost appear miraculous. So long as any of these banditti remained, the name of the pandours was terrible ; but a man like himself only was capable of establishing discipline, order, and subordination among them. To indulge them, on certain occasions, in their riots and their thirst of pillage, were means which he often successfully employed to lead them where he pleased, and to render them victorious. To be dauntless in the midst of danger, to be ever at their head, to speak only of plunder and good cheer, are the requisites for an officer of such troops, and without which he will find it difficult to lead them to the attack. Should they perceive timidity in him, they become inactive, mutinous, and desert. To render them effective he must treat them with severity, and must wink at that excess of barbarity to which they often abandon themselves.

By means like these, Trenck accomplished his purposes, became the terror of the enemies of Austria, and rendered most signal services to his Empress.

The event I am going to relate happened in 1741, when his soldiers were yet undisciplined.

While he was exercising his regiment, a company fired upon Trenck with ball, and killed his horse under him, and his servant that stood by his side. He ran, furious, to the company, counted one, two, three, and beheaded the fourth. He was continuing this when a Harum Bashaw left the ranks, drew his sabre, and called aloud,—“ It was  
“ I who

“ I who fired upon thee, defend thyself.” The soldiers stood motionless spectators. Trenck attacked him, and had the good fortune to hew him down.

He was then proceeding to continue the execution of the fourth man, but the whole regiment presented their arms. The revolt became general, and Trenck still holding his drawn sabre, ran like a lion amidst them, hacking about him on all sides. The excess of his rage was terrific : the soldiers all called hold, each fell on his knees, and promised obedience. After this, he cordially embraced some of them, remonstrated and harangued to them in language suitable to their character, and, from that time, they became invincible soldiers, whenever they were headed by himself.

It may well be asked whether a man, who in like peril is capable of acting with like intrepidity, ought to be judged by common rules. Trenck, however, was condemned by the decision of some pacific court-martial judges, who had grown old in a soldier's uniform, without having ever stained it with their own blood. Let the situation of Trenck be considered : be it remembered that he was the chief of a band of robbers, accustomed to rapine, and who supposed they were authorised to take whatever they pleased, in an enemy's country : a banditti that had so often defied the gallows, that had never known military subordination. Let such men be suddenly led to the field, and opposed to regular troops. That they are never acted upon by a principle of honour is evident ; their leader, therefore, is obliged to excite their avidity by the hope of plunder, thus to engage them in action ; for, if they perceive no personal advantage, the command of the chief, or the interest of the sovereign, are wholly insufficient to make them act. Turks may be led to battle from such motives, but  
not



not the artful Slavonian, who flies danger where nothing is to be gained.

Trenck had, likewise, need of a particular species of officers. They, like their chief, must at once be daring, yet cautious. They were partisans, and must, therefore, be more capable of supporting fatigue, than any regular troops; more desirous of daily seeking the enemy, and hazarding their lives. Few are to be found who have the inclination and the qualities requisite for so dangerous a trade; and, when such forces first are raised, the first who present themselves are necessarily accepted.

As he was himself never absent at the time of action, he soon became acquainted with the character of those whom he called old women, and sent them from his regiment, without any other process than his own command, when he learned that any one among them had hidden himself in a ditch, or had not run to the assault, at the head of his pandours. The number of officers so discharged increased, they all repaired to Vienna, vented their complaints, and were heard.

Envious of his good fortune, the enemies of Trenck were on the watch. His own avarice prevented him making any division of his rich booty with those gentlemen who constituted the military courts, thereby neglecting what was customary at Vienna: hence originated the prosecution to which he fell a victim.

Scarcely had he entered Austria, with his Slavonian troops, before he found an opportunity of gathering laurels. The French army was defeated at Lintz. Trenck every where pursued them, treated his prisoners with barbarity, and, never granting quarter in battle, the very appearance of his pandours inspired terror. Their cruelties, their irresistible attacks, and the artful stratagems they had learnt



learnt in their thievish apprenticeship, were productive of effects equally dreadful and unforeseen.

Trenck was prudent, vigilant, a great warrior, and knew how to profit by the slightest advantage. From this time he became known and renowned, gained the confidence of Prince Charles, and the particular esteem of the Field-marshal Count Kevenhuller, who had penetration to discover the worth of the man, and to turn the talents he possessed to advantage. No partizan had ever before obtained so much power as Trenck ; he every where preceded the army, and pursued the enemy as far as Bavaria, carrying fire and sword wherever he went. The state reaped the advantages of conquest, and the pandours of plunder, by the hope of which alone they were actuated, and, under a leader so proper for themselves, enacted wonders.

Bavaria was laid waste. Prince Charles granted Trenck a *carte blanche*, and, as it was known Trenck gave no quarter, the Bavarians, and the French, flew at the sight of a red mantle. Pillage and murder attended the pandours wherever they went, and their colonel bought up all the booty they acquired.

Chamb, in particular, was a scene of dreadful and savage massacre. The city was set on fire at every corner, and the inhabitants miserably perished in the flames ; those women and children, who endeavoured to fly, were obliged to pass over a bridge, where they were first stripped, and afterwards thrown into the water. This action was one of the accusations brought against Trenck, when he was prosecuted ; but he alledged in his justification.

First, That the citizens of Chamb had cut off the hands of six pandour prisoners, and had led them in triumph through the town.

Secondly,

Secondly, That the place had been taken by assault.

Thirdly, That Prince Charles had given him orders thus to act.

The banks of the Iser at this day reverberate groans for the barbarities of Trenck. Deckendorf and Fitzholfen felt all his fury. In the first of these towns, six hundred French prisoners capitulated, although his forces were four miles distant; but he formed a kind of straw men, on which he put pandour caps and cloaks, set them up as centinels, and the garrison, intimidated and deceived by this stratagem, signed the capitulation, in company only of himself, his adjutant, and some officers.

The important services he rendered the army during the Bavarian war are well known in the history of Maria Teresa, though his actions have ever been represented with a face the least favourable. The good he has done has been purposely passed over in silence, because he died under misfortunes, and did not leave his historian a legacy.

He was informed by a spy that, either at Deckendorf or Fitzholfen, I do not exactly remember which, there was a barrel, containing twenty thousand florins, concealed at the house of an apothecary. Impelled by the desire of booty, Trenck hastened to the place indicated, with a candle in his hand, searching every where, and, in his hurry, dropt a spark into a quantity of gun-powder which happened to be there, by the explosion of which he was dashed against the ground, and dreadfully scorched. They carried him off; but the scars, and the gun-powder with which his skin was blackened, in consequence of this accident, rendered his countenance remarkably terrific.

The present Field-marshal Laudohn was at that time a lieutenant in his regiment, and happened to be at the door when his colonel was burnt. Scarcely  
was

was Trenck cured before his spies informed him that Laudohn had plenty of money, and that he and his friends lived merrily. Immediately he suspected that Laudohn had indubitably found the barrel of florins, and from that moment he persecuted this worthy man, by all imaginable arts. Wherever there was danger he sent him, at the head of some thirty men, against three hundred, hoping to have him cut off, and to make himself his heir.

This was so often repeated that Laudohn began to be weary, quitted the corps, and retreated to Vienna, where joining the crowd of accusers and enemies of Trenck, he became instrumental in his destruction. Yet is it certain that, in the beginning, Trenck had shewn a friendship for Laudohn, had given him a commission, and that this, at present, really great man learned, in the society and under the command of Trenck, his military principles.

General Tillier, whose warlike ardour is well known to the whole army, was likewise formed in this nursery of soldiers, where officers were taught activity, stratagem, and enterprize. And who are now more capable of commanding a Hungarian army than Tillier and Laudohn?

I one day said to Trenck, when he was in Vienna, embarrassed by all the difficulties of his prosecution, and when he had published a defamatory writing against all his accusers, excepting no man, —“ You have always told me that Laudohn was  
“ one of the most capable of your officers, and  
“ likewise a worthy man. Wherefore then do  
“ you class him among such wretches?”

He replied, “ What! would you have me praise  
“ a man, who labours, at the very head of my  
“ enemies, to rob me of honour, property and life!”

I have related this incident only to prove, by the public testimony of so honourable a man, that  
Trenck



Trenck was a great soldier, and a zealous patriot, and that he never took the King of Prussia prisoner, as has been meanly, because falsely, affirmed and as is still believed by the silly multitude. Had such a thing happened, Laudohn must have been present, and certainly would have supported this charge. That he did not is the best proof of my assertion, by which I vindicate the honour of the family, as in duty bound to my children.

Bavaria was totally plundered by Trenck, as has been said : barges were loaded with gold, silver, and effects, which he sent to his estates in Slavonia ; Prince Charles and Count Kevenhuller countenanced his proceedings ; but when Field-marshal Neupreg was at the head of the army, he had other principles. He was connected with Baron Tiebes, a counsellor of the Hofkriegsrath, who was all puissant over military men, and consequently was the enemy of Trenck.

Persecution proceeded so far that a suit was at that time instituted against him, and Trenck was imprisoned ; but he defended himself so powerfully, that in a month's time he was set at liberty.

Mentzel, mean while, had the command of the pandours, and this man, who was the son of a butcher, and who had none of the principles of a soldier, appropriated to himself all the fame that Trenck had acquired by the valour of warriors he himself had formed.

Mentzel attained the reputation of an excellent partisan, but it was well known to the army he never was the equal of Trenck, nor will so be called in history. Trenck now increased the number of his Croats to four thousand, from whom, in 1743, a regiment of Hungarian regulars was formed, but that still retained the name of Pandours. It was a regiment of infantry.

Trenck

Trenck also had six hundred hussars, and one hundred and fifty chasseurs, whom he raised and equipped at his own expence. Yet, when this corps was reduced, all was sold for the profit of the imperial treasury, or in some manner embezzled, without ever bringing a shilling to account.

With a corps so numerous, he was capable of undertaking great enterprizes. The enemy fled wherever he was named. He continually led the van, raised contributions which amounted to several millions, carried various places by assault, delivered into the hands of his Empress, during the space of five years, seven thousand prisoners, French and Bavarian, and more than three thousand Prussians, having slaughtered at least as many, which no other partisan can boast.

A circumstance most remarkable is, he never was defeated. His projects were all successful, he, therefore, gained esteem and confidence among his troops, and will eternally remain in the page of history, the first man who rendered the rude and savage Croats efficient soldiers.

This it was impossible to perform among a stupid and blood-thirsty people, without being guilty himself of extravagant and cruel acts. The necessity of the excesses he committed, at a time when the army was every where in want of forage, was so evident that he received the unlimited permission of Prince Charles, though for this he was afterward prosecuted; while, on the contrary, the plunders of Barenklau, Mentzel, and the whole army, were never once questioned.

That Trenck advanced more than a hundred thousand florins, to his regiment, I clearly proved in the year 1750. This proof also came too late. He was dead. The evidence I brought, however, occasioned the quarter-master Frederici to be eight months imprisoned. He confessed the embezzle-  
ment

ment of this money, yet he found so many friends among the enemies of Trenck that he refunded nothing, but was released in the year 1754, when I was thrown into the dungeon of Magdeburg.

I was not an eye-witness, therefore cannot recapitulate all the services my cousin rendered the house of Austria. The greater part of what he himself told me has escaped my memory. Many of his acts, however, are well known to history, and would indeed have been unceasingly extolled in the annals of Maria Tereza, had not he been thus persecuted.

Nothing can be more astonishing than that this same man, who had possessed so many opportunities of amassing exorbitant wealth, in Bavaria, Silesia, and Alsatia, and who lived like a miser, that so he might amass, did not at his death leave the half of the property he had inherited from his father, and which legally descended to me, although it was torn from me by violence.

In 1744 he obliged the French to retire beyond the Rhine, seized on a fort near Phillipsburg, swam across the river with seventy pandours, attacked the fortifications, slew the Marquis de Crevecoeur with his own hand, a death he merited by his negligence, manned the post, afterward traversed the other arm of the Rhine, surprised two Bavarian regiments of cavalry in their camp, and, by this daring manœuvre, secured the passage of the Rhine to the whole army, which, but for him, would not have been effected.

His valour then spread terror and fear throughout Alsatia. Wherever he came, he laid the country under contribution, and, at this moment of triumph for the Austrian arms, opened himself a passage on what side he pleased, to enter the territories of France.



In September 1744, war having once more broken out between Austria and Prussia, the imperial army was obliged precipitately to return, abandon Allatia, and hasten to the succour of the Austrian states. Trenck, who had so happily opened the passage of the Rhine for the army, as gloriously succeeded in covering its retreat.

The history of Maria Teresa declares what were the damages he did the enemy, during the campaign of this memorable year. He gave very signal proofs of his capacity and zeal at Tabor and Budweis. With three hundred men only, he had the boldness to attack one of those towns, which was defended by the two Prussian regiments of Walrabe, and Kreutz. An enterprize like this, against Prussian soldiers, sufficiently speaks the man.

He found, however, that the water in the moats of the town, was deeper than his spies had declared it to be, and the scaling ladders too short: most of those led to the attack were drowned or killed in the water, and the small number that crossed the moats were made prisoners. The garrisons of Tabor, of Budweis, and that of the castle of Frauenberg, were, nevertheless, induced to capitulate, and yield themselves prisoners of war, although the main body under Trenck was still more than five miles distant.

His corps did not come up till the morrow, and it was ridiculous enough to see the pandours dressed in the caps of the Prussian fusileers and pioneers, which they wore instead of their own, and which they afterward continued to wear.

Unprejudiced persons will determine whether these were real services rendered to his Empress.

The campaign to him was uninterruptedly glorious, and the enemy's want of light troops gave free scope to his enterprizes, highly to their prejudice. His activity was incessant, and he never returned

turned without prisoners. He passed the Elbe near Pardubitz, took the magazines, and was himself the cause of the great dearth, and unheard-of desertion among the Prussians, and of that hasty retreat, to which they were forced.

The King was at Colin with his head quarters, where I myself was with him, when Trenck attacked the town, which, I presume, he must have carried, had he not, on the first assault, been wounded by a cannon-ball, which shattered his right-foot. He was, therefore, taken away, and the attack did not succeed. His wound was very dangerous. The Empress-Queen thought proper to send him a surgeon from Vienna. The foot was obliged to be all laid open; he lost the ankle-bone, and even a part of the tibia, and remained four months confined to his bed, like a furious madman at being so long unable to assault the enemy, while his men, without him, remained but so many cyphers.

In 1745 he went to Vienna, where his entrance into the city resembled a triumph. Every body ran to see, and wonder at, the Pandour Trenck, and this universal applause did but the more increase the envy of his enemies. The Empress-Queen received him with the most honourable distinction. He appeared in her presence with crutches; she obliged him to be seated, and, by her condescending speech, inflamed his zeal even to extravagance.

Who would, in this moment, have supposed that the favourite of the people, the most loyal and ardent of the soldiers of her Majesty, should, that very same year, be enchained at Vienna; and that he there should vent his groans, abandoned to the unlimited power of his enemies; who, collectively, had not rendered, during their whole lives, so much essential service to the state, as

Trenck had done in a single day? Thus does destiny sport with the lives and fortunes of men!

Intoxicated as he was with joy, he returned to his estate, and raised eight hundred new recruits, that he might, in the following campaign, gather new laurels. He rejoined the army, obtained whatever he asked at court, and was continually active, during the whole summer, in the executing of incessant and laborious projects.

At the battle of Sorau, which was fought in September, he fell upon the Prussian camp, and, as I have before related, seized on the tent of the King, and his service of plate; but he came an hour too late to attack the rear, as had been preconcerted. The politic Frederic willingly gave up his camp to be plundered, for the rude Croats, engaged in this business, could not easily be drawn off to attack the army, and the King was prepared to receive them, even if they should. In the mean time, the imperial army was defeated.

Here was an open field for the enemies of Trenck to incite the people against him, and render him suspected by the court. They publicly accused him of having made the King of Prussia a prisoner in his tent, and of afterward restoring him to liberty; that he also remained pillaging the camp, instead of attacking the rear of the army, and that he alone thus occasioned the loss of the battle. His friends informed him of what was going forward, and that the storm was gathering.

After having gloriously ended the campaign, he returned to Vienna to defend himself. Here he found already assembled, three and twenty of his officers, whom he had cashiered, and expelled his regiment; most of them either for cowardice or mean actions. Perhaps, among them, there might be three or four, who had just cause of complaint; but these were poor, and without protection. There  
were



were, however, wicked men enough to be found, who suffered themselves to be seduced by the enemies of Trenck, to bear false testimony. The military counsellor Weber, and General Loewenwalde, had sworn his downfall, which they effected. Their principal view was the sequestration of his property, that they might securely fish in troubled waters.

Trenck, who was innocent of any state crime, despised their attacks. While things remained thus, they posted one of the Empress's female attendants, with instructions to profit by every favourable opportunity to deprive him of her confidence. Than this, nothing could be more easy. It was presently affirmed, Trenck is an atheist! A libertine! Who never tells his beads! Who never prays to the holy virgin! Who never buys indulgences!

His debauched life was the next topic; his barbarities committed in the enemy's country; the unbridled excess of his pandours; his robberies in the churches of Bavaria; his plunderings, and the vast riches he had accumulated; all which had been performed, with an evident intention of becoming a dangerous rebel in Sclavonia!

The officers, whom he had broken, whispered it, in tap-rooms and coffee-houses, That Trenck had taken and set free the king of Prussia. This was sufficient to raise the cry among the silly and fanatic mob of Vienna. Teazed by their complaints, and at the requisition of Trenck himself, the Empress-Queen commanded that a legal examination should be undertaken of these accusations. Field-marshal Cordova, a man of merit and probity, was chosen to preside over this committee of enquiry. He acquitted himself with impartiality, spoke the truth, and drew up a state of the case, which he presented to the court, and which I shall here cite:

“ The

“ The complaints brought against him were all  
 “ of a nature not to require a court-martial.  
 “ Trenck had, occasionally, behaved improperly  
 “ to some officers, whom he had broken by his  
 “ own proper authority; therefore, their demands  
 “ ought to be satisfied, by the payment of twelve  
 “ thousand florins. The remaining accusations  
 “ were all the vile attempts of revenge and calum-  
 “ ny, and were totally insufficient to detain, at  
 “ Vienna, entangled in law-suits, a man so neces-  
 “ sary to the army. Moreover, it would be pru-  
 “ dent not to enquire too minutely into trifles, in  
 “ consideration of his important services.”

Trenck, dissatisfied by this sentence, and animated by avarice and pride, refused to pay a single florin, took post, and retired to his estates in Sclavonia.

His presence was necessary at Vienna, to obtain other advantages against his enemies, whom he despised too much, and whom he already supposed conquered. They, on the contrary, profiting by every occasion, gave the Empress-Queen to understand, through a third person, that being a man excessively dangerous, whenever he supposed himself injured, Trenck had, perhaps, very pernicious views in Sclavonia, where all were dependent on his power.

Yet what did my cousin on his estates?—He raised six hundred more men, with whom he made a glorious campaign in the Netherlands, and, in October 1746, returned to Vienna. It is well known that, after the peace of Dresden, his regiment was incorporated among the regulars, and served against France.

Scarcely had he arrived at Vienna before an express order came, from the Empress-Queen, that he must remain under arrest in his chamber.

Here

Here he rendered himself guilty by the most imprudent action of his whole life, which every man in his senses must disapprove, but yet which marks the intractability of his character, though it afforded new arms to his enemies.

He ordered his most sumptuous carriages and best horses, left his chamber by his own private authority, and, despising the imperial mandate, went publicly to the theatre, where the Empress-Queen was present.

In one of the boxes he saw Count Gossau, in company with a quondam comrade of his own, whom he had cashiered: these honourable persons were among the foremost of his accusers. Enflamed with anger and the desire of revenge, he entered the box like a madman, seized Count Gossau, and would have thrown him into the pit, in the presence of the sovereign herself. Gossau drew his sword, and endeavoured to run him through, but the latter seized it, wounding himself in the hand. Every body ran to save Gossau, who was unable to defend himself against so savage a giant. After this exploit, the grim colonel of pandours returned foaming home.

Such an action rendered it impossible for Maria Teresa to declare herself the protectress of a man so rash. Centinels, therefore, were placed over him, and his enemies so well profited by his imprudence and passion, that, in a few days, he was ordered to be tried by a court-martial.

General Loewenwalde intrigued so successfully that he procured himself to be named, by the Hofkriegsrath, president of the court-martial, and of the committee of enquiry, and to be charged with the sequestration of the property of Trenck. In vain did the latter protest against his judge. The very man, whom, the year before, he had kicked out



out of the anti-chamber of Prince Charles, received full powers to denounce him guilty.

Then was it that, as I have before said, public notice was given that all those who would come and prefer complaints, or bear witness against Colonel Baron Trenck, should receive a ducat per day, while the council continued to sit. How quickly complainants would increase may easily be imagined. They soon amounted to fifty-four, the major part of whom had merited the pillory, and who, in the space of four months, received fifteen thousand florins, deducted from the property of Trenck.

The judge himself purchased the depositions of false witnesses; and I here declare, upon my honour, that Count Loewenwalde offered me a thousand ducats, if I would betray the secrets of my cousin; and that he farther promised me I should very soon be put in possession of my confiscated estates in Prussia, and have a company in a regiment.

A prosecution, managed by such judges, supported by such witnesses, must, of necessity, be for the righteous purpose of obtaining justice!

I am convinced, and the acts of the revision of the process of Trenck will prove, that more than forty manifestly false oaths were, on this occasion, sworn.

Trenck was accused, on the tenth sitting, that the battle of Sorau had been lost through his negligence. This accusation he proved to be false, by a written testimony under the hand of Prince Charles himself, who declared that the officer of artillery, sent with the order for Trenck to march to the attack, had lost himself, and that he did not arrive till a few moments before the battle began. This proof so highly irritated Count Loewenwalde, that he broke out into injurious expressions against Prince Charles. Trenck, who loved and honoured his benefactor, became so furious, that he instantly seized

seized the president by the throat, tossed him up as a tiger would a cat, carried him to the window, which he opened, and would certainly have dashed him headlong from the fourth story, had not the persons present flew to his aid.

The guard entered, Trenck was immediately conducted to the military house of correction, and chained hand and foot, as a malefactor; chained by that very foot which, so short a time before, had been shattered in the service of his sovereign, and which was not then entirely cured. His behaviour was unfaithfully related at court; this sentence of imprisonment was confirmed, and, from that time, Trenck was obliged to appear fettered, like a criminal, before his enemies, to answer false accusations.

That the indictment, and the examinations of the witnesses, were falsified, has already been legally proved in the revision of the cause; but, as the indictment did not contain one single article that could affect his life, they invented the following stratagem, as I here pledge my honour to prove.

A public courtesan, the mistress of Baron Ripenda, who was a member of the court-martial, was bribed, and made oath she was the daughter of Count Schwerin, field-marshal in the Prussian service, and that she was in bed with the King of Prussia, when Trenck surprised the camp, at Sorau, made her and the King prisoners, and restored them their freedom. She even ventured to name Baron Hilaire, aid-de-camp to Frederick, who she affirmed was then present.

Hilaire, who afterward married the Baroness Tillier, and who consequently was brother-in-law to Trenck, fortunately happened to be in Vienna. He was confronted with this woman, and her falsehood became evident. That worthy gentleman was, nevertheless, obliged to remain in prison, where

where they secretly offered him bribes, which he refused to accept; and, as it was necessary to prevent his speaking, he continued in prison some weeks, and was not released, till, by a revision of the suit, this shameful proceeding was made public.

Notwithstanding my having related the adventure of this fine lady, in the history of my own life, yet I shall be pardoned the repetition, in this brief life of Francis Baron Trenck, to which it properly belongs: it is necessary. The greater part of the nobility of Vienna continue in the erroneous belief that Trenck was justly condemned, for offences against the state, to the Spielberg, and that his estates were legally confiscated. As this is absolutely false, and is no where on record, I am obliged here to be somewhat more diffuse, and to repeat circumstances that have been told before.

The stupid people, nevertheless, continued to exclaim that Trenck was a traitor to his country; and I myself, although he has been dead these forty years, have been obliged to hear this dishonourable reproach repeated various times in companies, in Vienna.

Count Loewenwalde invented another infernal artifice; he drew up a false indictment, having taken care to give orders that none of Trenck's friends should have admission to him; and, that he might be prevented all means of justification, or of discovering the deceit, he chose a day, to put it in practice, when the Emperor and Prince Charles were gone to hunt at Holitzsch. Loewenwalde's court-martial had already signed a sentence of death, and every preparation for the immediate erecting of a scaffold was made. His intention was then to go to the Empress-Queen, and induce her to sign the sentence, under a pretence that there was some imminent peril at hand, if a man so dangerous to the state was not immediately put out of the way, and that



that it would be necessary to execute the sentence of death during night, before the Emperor could return. He well knew the Emperor was better acquainted with Trenck, and had ever been his protector.

Had this diabolical plan succeeded, Trenck would have died like a traitor; the most noble Miss Schwerin would have espoused the aid-du-camp of Count Loewenwalde, with a portion of fifty thousand florins, taken from the funds of Trenck, and his property would undoubtedly have been divided between his judges and his accusers.

As it happened, however, the valet-de-chambre of Count Loewenwalde, who, on some occasions, was an honest man, and who had an intimacy with a former mistress of Trenck, confided the whole secret to her. She immediately flew to Colonel Baron Lopresti, who was the sincere friend of my kinsman, and, being then rich, and powerful at court, was, on that occasion, his deliverer. The Emperor and Prince Charles were informed of what was in agitation, but they thought proper to keep the secret. The hunting at Holitzsch took place on the appointed day. Count Loewenwalde made his appearance before the Empress-Queen, and solicited her to sign the sentence. She, however, had been pre-informed, the Emperor unexpectedly returned on the same day, and their abominable project proved abortive. The fraud was clearly demonstrated to Maria Teresa; the self-called Miss Schwerin was imprisoned; Loewenwalde was deprived of his power, as well as of the sequestration of the effects of Trenck; a total revision of the proceedings of the court-martial, and of the prosecution of my cousin, was ordered, which was an event that, till then, was unexampled at Vienna.

His affairs, after this, took another turn: Trenck was freed from his fetters, and was removed to the arsenal

arsenal, where he was allowed four chambers, an officer to guard him, and every convenience he could wish. He was also permitted the use of a counsellor, and to defend his cause. I obtained, myself, by the influence of the Emperor, leave to visit him at all times, and to aid him in all things.

It was at this epocha that I, having recently escaped from the prison of Glatz, arrived at Vienna, and at this very instant, when the revision of the prosecution was commanded, and determined on, Count Loewenwalde, supposing me a needy, thoughtless youth, endeavoured to bribe me, and prevail on me to betray my kinsman.

Prince Charles of Lorrain then desired me seriously to represent to Trenck that his avarice had been the cause of all these troubles, he having refused to pay the paltry sum of twelve thousand florins, by which he might easily have silenced all his accusers ; but that, at present, affairs had become so very serious, he ought himself to secure his judges for the revision of the suit ; to spare no money, and then he might be certain of every protection the prince could afford.

The respectable Field-marshal Konigseck, governor of Vienna, was appointed president ; but being an old man, almost superannuated, and tormented by the gout, he was unable to preside at any one sitting of the court. Count S—— was the vice-president, a subtle, insatiable judge, who never thought he had money enough. I myself took three thousand ducats, which Baron Lopresti gave me, agreeably to the desire of Trenck, to this most worthy counsellor.

The two counsellors, Komerkansquy and Zetto, each received four thousand rixdollars, in advance, with a promise of double the sum were Trenck acquitted, and his accusers banished Austria.

The

The other members appointed for this revision were of small importance ; they were merely the echoes of whatever the three first pronounced.

In consequence, there was a formal contract drawn up, which a certain noble lord secretly signed.

The reader will well suppose that the affairs of Trenck began to wear a much more favourable aspect. He was defended, on the criminal part of the prosecution, by the advocate Gethauser, and, on the civil, by Berger.

They began with the self-appointed daughter of Marshal Schwerin ; and, to conceal the iniquitous proceedings of the late court-martial, it was thought proper that she should act insanity, and return incoherent answers to the questions put by the examiner. Trenck insisted that a more severe enquiry should be instituted ; and they affirmed that she had been conducted out of the Austrian territories.

Six years after this event, I met with her at Brunn, when Trenck was dead. She had married a menial person, and owned she had been induced to play this part by the valet de chambre of Count Loewenwalde, from whom she had received a bribe of five hundred florins.

My intention was, on my return to Brunn, to oblige her to make legal oath of this ; but her husband had been guilty of a theft, and they had both absconded.

I am now grieved at my own negligence : I might have vindicated the honour of Trenck, and have convinced the Empress of the truth. However Loewenwalde was dead, and, therefore, it was of the less consequence. It is a fact, well worthy remark, that, neither in the records of the court-martial, nor in those of this revision of the cause,  
is



is there one word to be found concerning the noble lady, Miss Schwerin.

Rascality and wickedness, so manifest in a judge, ought to have been proclaimed aloud by the herald at arms, and published in all the gazettes of Vienna ; and the self-created mistress of the great Frederic, chained to her suborner, ought to have been exhibited on a public scaffold. Her pretended insanity was no justification of the court-martial. Trenck required she should be produced before the court of revision, but ineffectually.

Oh shame upon that christian monarchy, where men, who have rendered services so great to their country, as those my kinsman had rendered, are liable to treatment like this ! What are the means an upright man must pursue, in such states to obtain justice ?

I shall now insert another of the articles of this criminal process.

Trenck was accused that he had ordered a certain pandour, named Paul Diack, to suffer the bastinado of a thousand blows, and that he had died under the punishment. This was sworn by two officers, then his accusers, now great men in the army, who, in their depositions, said they were eye-witnesses of the fact.

Although many men in the regulars have died under these kind of military punishments, and no accusation was ever brought against the inflictors, I will, yet, relate what was, in this instance, the truth.

When the revision of the suit began, Trenck sent me into Sclavonia, where I found the dead Paul Diack alive and merry, and brought him to Vienna. He was examined by the court, where it appeared that the two officers who had sworn they were present when he expired, and had seen him buried, were, at that time, a hundred and sixty

sixty miles from the regiment, and recruiting in Slavonia. Paul Diack had been engaged in plots, and had mutinied three times. Trenck had pardoned him, as he was an extremely useful soldier, one of the banditti; but, afterward mutinying once more with forty others, he was condemned to death. At the place of execution he called to his colonel, "Father, if I receive a thousand blows, will you pardon me?" Trenck replied in the affirmative. He received the punishment, was taken to the hospital, cured; and on this occasion, proved the perjury of the accusers of Trenck.

I brought with me fourteen more witnesses from Slavonia, who attested the falsity of other articles of accusation, which in themselves were little worthy of attention. The cause wore a new aspect; it was impossible to substantiate any one of the criminal charges, and the wickedness of those, who were so desirous to have seen him executed, became apparent.

They also accused him of having robbed and murdered a dealer in second hand trinkets and laces, in Vienna, who was found strangled; and, soon afterward, the man who had committed the crime was discovered, and broken upon the wheel.

Such was the treatment of a man who had endured all hardships, suffered all pains, had watched day and night, been in the field winter and summer, and, with unshaken zeal, and incredible labour, had supported, fought for, bled for, the house of Austria.

I appeal to all the noble nation of Hungary; I appeal to the whole world, whether the pandours of Trenck behaved, in the wars in which they were engaged, like that paltry corps which they have been represented to be at Vienna. Since the time that they have been on the establishment of the regulars of the Hungarian infantry, it is certain that,  
in

in thirty years, they have not destroyed so many enemies, taken so many towns, levied so many contributions, or made so many prisoners, as they did, when commanded by Trenck, in one year. Past services are ever forgotten, and, as to future, they are ever uncertain. The tactics of Trenck were very different from those of the present day. Some one of our modern holiday generals will say, when they are forming imaginary trenches at a review—“What was Trenck? He was but a pandour! His “regiment could not be capable of any essential “service, except it had been taught our present “tactics.” So let them say; for my part, I am persuaded Trenck was much wanted during the seven years war, and certainly the pandours were much less spoken of, than when the man, who formed them, wielded at their head his patriotic sabre for the glory of the house of Austria, and manœuvred, on the field of battle, according to his practical tactics.

May every insulted country find many Trencks as defenders! Certain it is that the tottering throne of Maria Teresa was most ably supported by the present despised pandours.

One of the most capital articles in the prosecution, and which for ever deprived him of favour or commiseration from his virtuous and apostolic mistress, and for which alone he was condemned to the Spielberg, was that he had ravished the daughter of a miller in Silesia. This was made oath of, and he was not entirely cleared of the charge in the reversion, because his accusers had excluded all means of justification. Two years, however, after his death, I likewise discovered the truth of this affair. The author of this wicked artifice was Major Manstein, one of our first cousins, on whom he had heaped favours, whom he had relieved from the deepest distress, and raised to the rank of major



major in his regiment, when he had only been four years in the service. This Manstein was vile enough to accuse him of such a crime that he might prevent his return to the regiment ; his motive was, because that he, in conjunction with the quartermaster, Frederici, had appropriated to their own purposes, eighty-four thousand florins of the regimental money.

No sooner should Trenck be dead than he might be accused of this embezzlement. Yet it is certain that this miller's virgin was the mistress of Manstein, before she had ever been seen by Trenck. The virtuous Teresa, however, would never forgive him ; and, in order to satisfy the honour of this distressed damsel, he was condemned to pay eight thousand florins to her, and fifteen thousand to the chest of invalids, and, moreover, to perpetual imprisonment.

Sixty and three civil suits had I to defend, and all the appeals of his accusers to terminate, after his death. I gained them all, and his worthy accusers were condemned in costs, as well as to refund the so much per day, which had been paid them by General Loewenwalde, but they were all poor, and I might seek the money where I could. In justice Loewenwalde ought to have reimbursed me. The total of the sum they received amounted to about fifteen thousand florins, to me for ever lost.

Never had it before been heard of that any judge decreed payment to a plaintiff before it was allowed by the court that his demand was legal. So it was, however, in the Trenck cause ; nor was any judge punished, any retribution made, after the illegality of the act had been demonstrated.

What reader but must shudder at such practices ? What must be his thoughts concerning the administration of justice at Vienna ? I should for ever

have concealed this shameful story, had not the honour of my deceased kinsman required the world should be informed of the treatment we mutually received. 'Tis now forty years since this happened. and no remuneration has been made ; but, should any one read this, who has access to the reigning Emperor, it may be *possible* he will do my children justice. The possessors of the Trenck estates may, perhaps, be no longer authorised to enjoy what they cannot be justified in keeping by the laws of Hungary.

Most of the other criminal articles of accusation consisted in Trenck's having beheaded some mutinous pandours, and broken his officers without a court-martial ; that he had bought of his soldiers, and melted down the holy vessels of the church, chalices and rosaries ; had bastinadoed some priests ; had not heard mass every Sunday, and had violently dragged malefactors from certain convents, in which they had taken refuge.

A partizan commander, of an undisciplined corps, might well be exculpated from similar complaints, and the officers, whom he had caned when they retreated to the rear, and skulked from the fire of the enemy, were soon all silent when the witnesses of Trenck were allowed to appear before the court.—When they were no longer protected, either by Loewenwalde, or Weber, they decamped without beat of drum. They, nevertheless, did not cease to labour, under the auspices of one more powerful than themselves, to pursue their purpose, which they attained by the aid of the court confessor. This holy monk found means to render the holy Maria Teresa insensible of pity, toward a man who had been so prodigal of his blood in her defence.

Trenck was guilty of another capital error. Elated at the expectation of certain victory, and  
affured,

assured, by his friends among the judges, of being acquitted about Easter, 1748, he caused the history of his life to be printed at Franckfort, in which he not only exposed his former judges, but, by certain phrases, gave those, who were his partisans in the court of reversion, reason to suspect they also should be betrayed, when they were no longer useful. Gerhauer, his advocate, had, in such case, every thing to fear, he having been made the instrument of bribing the members. Gerhauer required the payment of two thousand ducats before the instrument of acquittal should be executed; and the avaricious Trenck, who supposed himself secure, offered him only one hundred. Judgment was, in consequence delayed. Loewenwalde knew well to profit by the opportunity. Gerhauer discovered the whole secret proceedings; and Loewenwalde, deeply interested in the ruin of Trenck, went to the Empress, related the manner in which the judges had been bribed, and threatened that, should he, through the protection of the Emperor, and Prince Charles, be declared innocent, he would then publicly vindicate the honour of the late court-martial. On this occasion he attempted to bribe me, to discover what the particulars of the contract were between Trenck and his judges; I despised him, however, too much. Nay, I knew that, in concert with the lieutenant of the police, Mannagetta, he had planned my imprisonment on my first arrival at Vienna, pretending that, Trenck having taken the king of Prussia prisoner, Frederic had sent me to his assistance, and I was privately to have been kept in confinement till sentence had been passed on my kinsman. This was discovered by the Baron Lopresti, just when the artifice of Miss Schwerin was in agitation, and when the whole plan was rendered abortive by the Emperor.



When I had forsaken my dangerous relation, as I have said in the first volume, and when, fearing his ingratitude, other of his friends, also, had deserted him, among whom was Prince Charles himself, the noble company of his accusers had then an open field ; his advocate durst speak no more ; the revision of his cause was interrupted, and an arret was issued, on the 20th of August, that he should be perpetually confined, as a state prisoner, in the Spielberg. His property, however, remained in sequestration, nor was he deprived of it, but gave orders, and examined the accounts of his collectors, to the day of his death.

Thus he fell the victim of a covetous and evil heart. His revision judges had stript him of more than fifty thousand rix-dollars, and, at last, fearing detection from him, abandoned him, to secure themselves.

Such are the principal circumstances of the prosecution of Trenck, which once was so much the subject of conversation in Vienna. Many trembled, many profited. I have this way had sorrowful cause to know what judges are. His wretched avarice deterred him from making some trifling sacrifices, thereby to secure the remainder of his fortune, recover his liberty, and attain to the highest honours.

He wished to have escaped from the Spielberg, but this he could not accomplish. Had he followed my plan of flight, which I proposed when he was confined in the arsenal of Vienna, he would scarcely have died in prison, nor should I have lain fettered in the dungeon of Magdeburg!

Far from inheriting any of the wealth he had amassed during the war, he did not leave me the half of that property which fully reverted to me by right, as his father's heir, and which ought to have remained inviolate, although even the son should have rendered himself guilty of a crime  
against

against the state ; of no such crime, however, was he guilty.

This history of my life, printed as well at Vienna, as at Berlin, with the usual licence and privilege, will remain with my children, in justification of the honour of our name, and as a basis on which, soon or late, they may establish their rights in Hungary, when times and circumstances shall become more favourable. Prescription there cannot have place, for not the laws, but power, illegally exerted, has passed sentence. Whenever the sovereign will permit them to make legal proof, then will they reimburse the unlawful purchasers the original sum paid by them. The court will be no loser, and the present possessors will have enjoyed the revenues of forty years, which amount to some millions of florins. Yes, then will my children become the rightful lords of Pleternitz, Prestowack, Nuftar, Pakratz, and Velika, with more than one hundred and thirty villages. Trenck inherited a hundred and eighty thousand florins from his father ; had opportunities to acquire a million, while I, for my own part, have only inherited from him eighty thousand florins. No proof can be more clear of his having been plundered.

Finding his project of escaping from the Spielberg frustrated, and all hope cut off, this chief of the pandours determined on death. I have before related the manner of this death, of his having sent for a confessor, informed him Saint Francis had appeared to him, that he dispatched this capuchin confessor to Vienna, and on the morrow said, " God be praised, my departure is certain, for my confessor is dead, and has appeared to me ;" that the confessor actually was dead, that he summoned the officers, shaved his head like a monk, confessed publicly, preached a sermon an hour long, exhorted all his hearers to a holy life, smiled at all  
earthly

earthly good, went to prayers, slept tranquilly, rose the next morning, prayed again, took out his watch about noon, and said, " Praise be to the Almighty, " the hour draws nigh ;" that those, who laughed at his impudent imposture, yet were amazed to see his face grow pale ; that he supported his head on his hands, prayed at his table, remained motionless with his eyes open ; that the clock struck twelve, they shook him, but found he was actually dead ; that miracle was then the universal cry, and that Saint Francis had descended and carried off the pandour Trenck into Paradise. I have said that all this had been performed by the secret of the poisoned water of Tosana ; have further added that the last ambition of Trenck was to rank high in the calendar ; that, perceiving he could no longer be the richest and first of men, he wished to be the greatest of saints ; that he knew he should perform miracles after his death, for he had built a chapel, founded a perpetual mass, and bequeathed six thousand florins to the Capuchins\* ; that he expired in the thirty-fourth year of his age, after having been the scourge of Bavaria, whose inhabitants will scarcely ever, in their litanies, intreat Saint Trenck to be their mediator at the throne of Grace ; that he lived the tyrant and enemy of the human race, and died a holy scoundrel.

I shall terminate this article by frankly speaking, without disguise, my thoughts concerning my cousin, and his fate. With respect to individuals, whom he robbed to enrich himself, innocent men, whom he massacred, either to obtain their property, or in the blood-thirsty field of war, and many other worthy people whom he made miserable ; with respect

\* He has been but forty years dead, and has worked miracles in Bremen, which the father guardian relates with uplifted eyes. His body is affirmed still to remain incorruptible.



speſt to his own father, aged eighty-four, and his beauteous and virtuous wife, whom he treated with brutal barbarity ; with reſpect to myſelf, to the duties of conſanguinity, and of man, he merited puniſhment, the purſuit of the avenging arm of juſtice, and to be extirpated from all human ſociety.

Thus conſidered, his condemnation to the Spielberg was, indeed, moſt merciful. His name ought eternally to be eraſed from the annals of the friends of men, and the lovers of virtue. The cruelties he committed, are to this hour, daily lamented with tears ; and the ſighs of the wretched, on whom he had no pity, unceasingly accuſe him before the throne of God. His memory, throughout all Bavaria, muſt ever be held in abhorrence. I am almoſt tempted myſelf to utter maledictions over the aſhes of a man who lived for himſelf alone, inſenſible to the groans of calamity ; who treated friend and enemy with like cruelty, and, though I forbear this, ſtill muſt I for ever lament and curſe the woes to which he left me heir. Had he worn a crown, he would, perhaps, have been like Cæſar, a conqueror ; and like Amurath, a barbarian. Happily for man all tyrants are not kings.

But, with reſpect to the Auſtrian monarchy, and as the hero of the Croats, he merited a maſoleum, the epitaph of gratitude, and the trophies of honour. At leaſt, he ought to have been protected by that ſtate, in defence of which he was ſo loyal, ſo ſerviceable, ſo indefatigable, ſo daring ; whereas, in that very ſtate, he fell the victim of envy, and of the moſt hateful avarice.



A N E C D O T E S

O F T H E

L I F E

O F

ALEXANDER SCHELL,

WHO, AN OFFICER OF THE GUARD, IN GLATZ,  
DELIVERED ME FROM PRISON, ON THE  
26th OF DECEMBER, 1746, AND DE-  
SERVED IN MY COMPANY.

WRITTEN AS A

SUPPLEMENT TO MY OWN HISTORY.



ALEXANDER D. C. HERR

THE

LIBRARY

OF

ALEXANDER D. C. HERR



WHO AS OF THE  
LIBRARY OF THE  
BRITISH MUSEUM  
AND THE  
LIBRARY OF THE  
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# P R E F A C E.

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A GREAT personage of Berlin, to whom I related the adventures of Alexander Schell, a lieutenant in the Prussian service, was desirous to see them published; and this is a task I the more freely undertake, because I perfectly recollect those incidents which I shall insert related by himself, at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1776. His letters and poems I have lost, three of the former only excepted, which will be hereafter read. The journal of our travels through Poland, written by him, I have inserted in the first volume of this work.

I have faithfully depicted his virtues and his defects; and, should the cold misanthrope disdain such narratives, I shall, nevertheless, have the satisfaction of knowing that the attention of readers less rigorous will be fixed by the originality of his character, and that they will pardon some of the weaknesses of humanity, remembering the goodness of his heart, and his other inestimable qualities.

A N E C D O T E S

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# A N E C D O T E S

OF THE LIFE OF

## ALEXANDER SCHELL.



ALEXANDER SCHELL, whose history is so intimately connected with my own, and which my readers may wish to peruse, was of a good family, of the circle of Suabia. His mother was of the house of Lowenstein; his father was reduced to poverty, by an unfortunate lawsuit. This is all that I know of his origin. Schell, the son, of whom I speak, entered into the Prussian service, in the regiment of Wurtemberg, which the duke bestowed on the King.

In consequence of some quarrels, and other youthful pranks, he, in the year 1744, was sent to the garrison regiment of Mütschefall.

It is well known that these kind of changes are most sensibly felt by Prussian officers, who never become foldiers that they may grow grey behind the walls of a fortress, in company with invalids,  
and



and men acknowledged worthless. Schell, who, in reality, was far from one of the latter, could not but be exceedingly dissatisfied with his state; he wished nothing more than a favourable occasion to desert. From his family he received nothing, and his wants were many. He was much addicted to study, but his amorous disposition and inconstancy kept his pockets continually empty.

His chagrin may well be imagined, when he beheld himself a lieutenant in a garrison battalion, with an income so trifling, without consolation for the present, or hope for the future.

He, therefore, determined to fly from Glatz, the very first opportunity that should offer. To this it must be added that General Fouquet, governor of that citadel, was his persecutor, and put him under arrest for the most trifling fault; especially after Schell had composed a satire, which was every where circulated, on the amorous intercourse between the daughter of the general, and the town-major Doo.

It was at this very time, and at a moment when he feared he should be arrested for debt, that Lieutenant Bach proposed to him to supply me with the means of flight, and thus to procure himself a supporter, by rendering me service.

His heart was good and compassionate: he had long been affected by my misfortune, yet, however, he afterward avowed that the motive, which principally decided him to aid my escape, was the desire of thus revenging himself on General Fouquet.

Were not these circumstances explained, every man must be astonished to read, in my history, that a person, to whom I was unknown, who was under no obligations to me, should determine, while himself an officer on guard over me, to fly, in mid-day, with a prisoner of state, and thus to expose himself to an infamous and certain death, had he been taken.

taken. It may be added, there never was a more imprudent, nor a more daring undertaking.

We conceived an inclination and friendship for each other on our first conversation, and he further hoped to make his fortune by my means. We were betrayed, as I have related; a friend gave him information of this, and he might have escaped by himself, but he had promised to restore me to freedom. He likewise, might have reflected, that, having neither money nor resource, he found himself in a foreign country, and in the most deplorable of situations. In great danger, he wanted neither courage nor fortitude. He was naturally inconsiderate, and always yielded to the first emotion, abandoning himself to chance. His honour, likewise, was engaged to keep his word with me: and these circumstances, all united, induced him to take the desperate resolution of dying, or escaping in my company. He daringly faced danger, preserved his presence of mind, and, aided by him, I executed an enterprise, which, because it was successful, has been more admired than blamed.

Never yet, however, did I find another man who had the courage, or the friendship for me, to perform a like action.

On our return from Thorn to Vienna, we passed through Warsaw, where we made some stay. Schell left me in the afternoon, and returned late to our lodging, without speaking a word concerning where he had been, or what he had done.

On the morrow we went to Cracow; it happened to be the time of the fair, and I determined to exchange the horse of Schell, because he was lame. "Since the horse will be yours," said I, "it is but right that you should pay the additional money in exchange." Schell immediately burst into a laugh, took out his empty purse from his pocket, and said, "I left all my money at the billiard-table"

“ table at Warfaw; when my horfe can go no farther, I will follow you on foot; I neither want horfe nor money.”

I was furprised at this proof of thoughtlefs folly; but what was to be done? I could only pay the money in exchange, and we journeyed on to Vienna. Here a new misfortune befel this horfe; when Schell wanted money, and intended to have fold him for two hundred florins, he found him ftrangled by his halter at the manger.

We had not been a month in this city before I had the good fortune to obtain a commiffion for him, of firft lieutenant, in the regiment of Pallavicini, through the intereft of Prince Charles, of Lorrain, to whom he had been recommended by my coufin Trenck. This regiment was in Italy, and deftined for the fiege of Genoa.

I equipped Schell, gave him money, and fent him on his journey. Some time after, when I fupposed him already with his regiment, I received a very laconic letter from him, dated at Gratz, in which he informed me that fortune had played him a new trick, that he had loft all his money, his watch, and horfe, and that, if I could not once more affift him, he muft manage for himfelf, in the beft manner he was able.

I happened, at this time, to have received a fupply from Berlin, and fent him five hundred florins, with which he proceeded into Italy. This money, however, was little more fuccefsful than the former. He had imprudently borrowed of a friend, to pay his gaming debts; and afterward, ftill more imprudently, made ufe of the regimental money; when, having no better expedient, he deferted, in company with a forager. What highly aggravated his fault was that he entered into the fervice of a power, with which the imperialifts were then at war. He fent me information, in a  
tone



tone of the utmost levity, that he was now a corporal in the service of the Genoese.

The behaviour of Schell was highly injurious to all Prussian officers, who, after him, entered into the service of Austria: but he was wholly incapable of a reflection of this kind.

Fortunately for him, I found an opportunity of recommending him to the Venetian ambassador, at Vienna; once more sent him money, and was so active in his behalf, that, in the space of a few months, he was promoted to the rank of officer.

Strange to tell! he quitted this service the very same year, and entered a common soldier under the Duke of Modena. He sent me notice of this change, and requested assistance. Baron Lopresti, of whom I have so often spoken in these volumes, had friends in Modena, and I once more obtained a commission for, and once more equipped, Schell. His own personal safety, however, constrained him then to assume the name of Lesch.

Unhappy is the destiny of a man who is obliged to conceal the name of his family, before he dare associate with worthy men. This misfortune happened to Schell; although he possessed, in reality, a sensible and good heart; but his passion for play, and total want of thought, led him astray from the paths of honour, and brought him to wander over the earth like a vagabond.

Once more, thanks to my interest, behold him a lieutenant in Modena, where he was generally beloved and esteemed, and where he had taken the firm resolution of never gaming more, and of leading a less dissipated life. Perhaps he would have executed these his wise intentions, but they were rendered abortive by his former follies.

At the request of the Duke of Modena, the Empress-Queen sent some of her officers to instruct his regiment in certain new military manœuvres, and,  
among

among these, unluckily, happened to be two officers belonging to the regiment of Pallavicini. No sooner was Schell informed of this, than, dreading to be discovered, as he infallibly must have been had he stayed, he once more deserted from Modena, and entered a common soldier in the service of Sardinia, in the Swiss regiment of Souter.

Again he wrote, to inform me of this new change, but I was then mourning in my dungeon at Magdeburg, totally unable to be of utility to him or myself. When released from my chains, in December 1763, and once more permitted to appear on the scene, I sent to enquire after my friend at Modena, but could hear no tidings of where, or what, he was.

Happening, in 1769, to be at the house of the Sardinian envoy at Vienna, I there, by chance, met a Captain Renard, of the Swiss regiment of Souter. The conversation turned on many Prussian officers, whom fortune had ill-treated, and Renard highly praised a person of the name of Lefsch, who served in his company in the quality of foraging secretary. After various questions and enquiries, I perceived this Lefsch could be no other than my friend Schell. I immediately wrote to him, and received an answer, which deserves to be remembered.—I sent him money, but this he returned, and informed me that he had no longer any need of assistance; that he had bidden adieu to all superfluous vanities; that he tranquilly lived on the perquisites of his place, and on what he gained by teaching languages, drawing, and music; also by his knowledge of embroidery; and that these, together, procured him much more than was necessary. He added that he was esteemed, beloved, and sought for; that he was in good health, had learned to be an œconomist, and that he would not change his situation for the most splendid fortune; finally, that he never

more would receive any thing from me ; that I had already done too much for him ; and that it was time I should take care of myself.

Affected as I was by his present manner of thinking, I made various different propositions to him, to better his fortune, but he persisted in his resolution, contented to remain in his garrison at Alexandria, and desirous of nothing more than of once again seeing me before he should die.

In 1772, when I was at Aix-la-Chapelle, I was astonished to see Schell, my friend, enter my chamber ; the reader of sensibility will easily imagine my joy. He had walked on foot, from the farther part of Europe to Aix-la-Chapelle, purposely to see me.—He related his history to me circumstantially, but of this I have forgotten the greatest part ; I only remember many of the incidents were exceedingly romantic.

Pleasure was the only end of his existence. His love of Italy had originated in this his love of pleasure. Purposely to procure himself the society of the most youthful, and the most charming, of the female sex, he had learnt to embroider in gold, and to perform the most curious works of women. He also taught them several languages, wrote charming verses, and, by his talents, had made himself so agreeable to the society he delighted in, that he had passed the last fifteen years of his life, in the manner he thought most delightful.

He continued four months at my house, during which he amused himself in instructing my children. This office he performed with peculiar kindness and affability, and gained the affection of all to whom he was known ; but he loved a peaceable and retired life ; he was, in reality, become a most rational man. His mind that formerly had been so quick, so alive, had lost its vivacity ; he was thoughtless, absent, and often, unconnected in  
conver-



conversation. The change became so great, that his only occupation was to read, or to walk in his chamber, with an air, in every appearance, of profound melancholy. I soon observed that time was tedious to him at Aix-la-Chapelle, and that his heart sighed for Alexandria.

When he had been a month at my house, as he was walking, deep in thought, he fell into one of the moats of the city, and dislocated his shoulder, in which state he was brought home.

His patience and fortitude, in this situation, were remarkable; he did not utter a single complaint.

After his recovery, he wrote some poetry, but his verses were very unequal to those he had written in the fire of youth. When I beheld him, and contemplated his countenance and behaviour, I could not avoid foreboding that my poor friend Schell would soon become insane.

He was conscious of this himself; but, said he, I have a small quantity of powder, very proper to cure this misfortune, as well as every other infirmity of old age, and, by the aid of which, men may defy all the efforts of fate.

The temper of the man, however, still continued the same. Had I said to him,—“ Schell, thou must “ avenge my cause, a despotic King has rendered “ me miserable,”—I am certain he would have gone to Potsdam, without staying a moment to consider, and on the public parade would have executed all that revenge could have inspired.

He shewed me the scars of sixteen \* wounds, some of which he had received in defence of my honour. He never drew his sword that he was not wounded. He had fractured his arm, and bones in both his feet, by accidents; thanks to those eternal reveries, which, in broad day-light, led him to the

P 2

edge

\* One edition reads four. T.

edge of some precipice. His sword was in his hand on the smallest occasion, and he laughed when about to bleed.

The stories of his youthful gallantries were some of them strange. I much regret that his writings, both philosophical and moral, never fell into my hands, and that they were buried with himself. He made great progress in the study of anatomy, and his sole purpose was to discover whether there really could be any thing immortal in the body of man, and, if possible, to explain what actuated the machine, and what was the origin of our passions, without having recourse to metaphysical reasoning \*.

I wished him to have remained longer with me, but his leave of absence was almost ended, and he desired to return and die at Alexandria. One day, I perceived his usual taciturnity and gloom were increased, and the next morning, I found Schell was departed, and had left the following letter on my bureau :

“ My friend,

“ You have already many children: how many  
 “ more you may have, who can say? You are hap-  
 “ py in the possession of the most amiable of wives;  
 “ I am but a burthen to you; you are little enabled  
 “ to be at any expence for me, and I am not, at  
 “ present, inconsiderate enough to abuse your  
 “ friendship. The duty of a father is now, to you,  
 “ the most sacred of duties. I return contented,  
 “ with having once more seen you, and with leav-  
 “ ing you in good health.

“ Most

\* The boy is said to have cut open the bellows to look for the wind. T.

“ Most probably, we never shall meet again !  
 “ Do not disturb yourself concerning me ; I am in  
 “ need of nothing, and shall find every thing ne-  
 “ cessary to my happiness at Alexandria : your  
 “ company, alone, will be wanting ; but of that  
 “ it is proper I should deprive myself. I would  
 “ not that you should suffer the least injury for my  
 “ sake.

“ Perverse and wicked men have robbed you of  
 “ your fortune. If there be an eternal God, who  
 “ interferes in the affairs of men, he will become  
 “ your support, he will reward, he will preserve  
 “ and make you happy in your family. If not,  
 “ and should even your virtues and your labours  
 “ all be lost to futurity, yet do they, in this world,  
 “ find a noble recompense, in the conscious recti-  
 “ tude of the heart. In the enjoyment of this, few  
 “ men, indeed, will be found your equal, conse-  
 “ quently you are happy in yourself, and in defi-  
 “ ance of fate.

“ To me you owe nothing ; you have done more  
 “ for me, than even gratitude and friendship them-  
 “ selves could exact.

“ True it is, I brought you from Glatz, but,  
 “ perhaps, your after-sufferings would have been  
 “ much less severe, had I never existed. What I  
 “ did, likewise, I did more from resentment to the  
 “ King, and to Fouquet, than from the desire of  
 “ serving you, therefore was not my enterprise the  
 “ pure effect of commiseration and affection, my in-  
 “ terest bore a part in it. I was stripped of all  
 “ support, and ashamed of living, despised, in a  
 “ garrison regiment. I repent not of the actions  
 “ of my past life, being certain that my follies did  
 “ but tend to make me a wiser and a better man.  
 “ I believe, in this, you think like me ; I am sa-  
 “ tisfied with the time present, and indifferent con-  
 “ cerning that to come.

“ Should



“ Should monarchs, hereafter, do you justice  
 “ in any degree, fail not to write to me.

“ Your son Joseph, under your guidance, possesses all the qualities necessary to become a great  
 “ man; the conviction of this has given me much  
 “ pleasure, and must, to you, be a subject of infinite satisfaction. Tell your respectable lady, that  
 “ I honour her, return her thanks for all her kindness, and congratulate the choice she made of a  
 “ man who knew her worth. Yes, my friend, you  
 “ are happy in a wife, and therefore must certainly  
 “ have no cause to repent, to find yourself an inhabitant of the earth.

“ When I perceive I can no longer live, I will  
 “ send you a last letter. It is your duty to remain  
 “ here; you have children, those you must not desert. I know no other cause of regret for your  
 “ sake, should misfortune, in future, befall you.

“ Be under no concern relative to the expences  
 “ of my journey. I have the watch which you  
 “ gave me, as well as the six guineas with which I  
 “ was to have paid the taylor, and my feet will still  
 “ render me the same service they performed thirty  
 “ years ago, when we travelled together through  
 “ Poland.

“ Were we not, even then, much happier than  
 “ princes, who are whirled luxuriously in coaches,  
 “ through their desolated countries?

“ I leave you the journal of this singular expedition, which I preserved, that it might recal to  
 “ your mind incidents well worthy of finding a  
 “ place in the history of your life.

“ May you live in health and happiness; may  
 “ you live distant from courts, and unembarrassed  
 “ by public affairs, for the discharge of which you  
 “ are but ill-fitted, by your dauntless candour.  
 “ They would but bring you into new troubles.  
 “ Quit Aix-la-Chapelle, also, if you can; you are  
 “ detested

“ detested by the monks; hypocrites will never  
 “ want occasion to injure you, and, in your de-  
 “ cline of life, will find the means to rob you of  
 “ that repose you have so well deserved: God pre-  
 “ serve you from their venom. I tremble while I  
 “ recollect this, acquainted as I am with your dar-  
 “ ing spirit.

“ Let me intreat you to become somewhat more  
 “ of an œconomist; let me intreat you to act less  
 “ generously toward an ungrateful world; in fine,  
 “ let me intreat you to become more prudent.

“ Should we see clearly, and think nobly, yet  
 “ were it best to sigh, be silent, and wisely to en-  
 “ joy: so act, and so shall nothing be wanting to  
 “ your tranquillity. Avoid Vienna. There, those,  
 “ who have illegally acquired, will illegally en-  
 “ deavour to maintain themselves in, the possession  
 “ of your estates. The Empress acts under the  
 “ guidance of her priests, from whom you can ex-  
 “ pect nothing but contempt and persecution.

“ Be the past to you a lesson, and a guide for the  
 “ future. Hope nothing from unrelenting princes;  
 “ risk nothing for the barren honour of rendering  
 “ them service; let your future motto be, ‘ I seek  
 “ only virtue.’

“ We have almost run our race; we both, soon,  
 “ alike, shall cease to be, but we both know death,  
 “ and shall march to meet him with a serene front.  
 “ So long as I have life I shall be ready, at all  
 “ times, and on all occasions, as I ever have been,  
 “ to part with that life in defence of your injured  
 “ honour.

“ In this resolution, and impressed with the live-  
 “ liest gratitude, this day departs one, who to his  
 “ last breath, will remain

“ Your friend,

“ ALEXANDER SCHELL.”

It

It may well be supposed I was exceedingly affected by this farewell, and by the manner of it, especially when I had no means of conveying the money to my friend, necessary to perform his journey. Some few days after, I was obliged to go to Vienna. While I was in Frankfort, I, by chance, met in the street the worthy Schell, who was there endeavouring to get intelligence concerning his parents. We continued two days longer together, and I did every thing in my power to dissuade him from pursuing his journey, but in vain. It was with great difficulty I could prevail on him to accept twenty guineas, by the aid of which he might arrive, with somewhat less fatigue, at his place of destination. At length, we both took an eternal and last adieu, and parted.

About three weeks after, I received the following letter from him at Vienna:

“ Dear Friend,

“ At Frankfort you obliged me to accept twenty  
 “ guineas, money which belonged to your children,  
 “ and the depriving yourself of which was,  
 “ most probably, of great inconvenience. Somewhat,  
 “ however, to recompense your benevolence,  
 “ may you, virtuous man, participate the sensibility,  
 “ the pleasure, the good, which accompanied  
 “ these twenty guineas in the cottage of a poor  
 “ peasant! May the benedictions be verified, with  
 “ which your name was pronounced by an old man  
 “ of eighty-two, almost expiring with hunger, in  
 “ company with his wife, and the remainder of his  
 “ family! Benedictions, uttered with eyes raised  
 “ to Heaven, when their long-lost son, Schell, so  
 “ unexpectedly entered their wretched cabin, and  
 “ with him brought the means of aid and consolation!

“ Oh,



“ Oh, noble Trenck, that I could describe the  
 “ scene such as it really was ; then, indeed, should  
 “ you weep. During four and twenty years, my  
 “ parents had never received any intelligence of  
 “ me, and supposed me dead. I knew they had  
 “ been ruined by a law-suit in the imperial court,  
 “ and I would not add to their misfortunes, by in-  
 “ forming them of my own.

“ My father had discarded me from his heart,  
 “ after having heard I had so lightly quitted the  
 “ Prussian service ! After being told that my name  
 “ was nailed up to the gallows at Glatz !

“ My mother had wept, but the afflictions of  
 “ her family, and the poverty of her other chil-  
 “ dren, had effaced from her memory him who  
 “ she had formerly hoped would become the sup-  
 “ port of her house, and the prop of her old age.

“ My eldest sister I found almost dying, with  
 “ hunger, in her bed, where she had twelve years  
 “ lain paralytic. The youngest was insane, and  
 “ her distracted fits were sometimes so violent that  
 “ she was obliged to be tied down.

“ My eldest brother, who had obtained the rank  
 “ of major in the Prussian service, was broken, be-  
 “ cause of my adventure at Glatz, and is, at pre-  
 “ sent, a corporal in the service of Denmark,  
 “ where he has taken another name. My formerly  
 “ brave, and now ancient, father, all in rags, and  
 “ afflicted with the dropsy, was seated in an old  
 “ arm chair ; and my aged mother, of seventy,  
 “ was obliged to act as servant, nurse, and provi-  
 “ der, for the whole house.

“ At the time when I arrived, several days had  
 “ passed, and they had nothing better than dry  
 “ bread for their food, waiting the end of the  
 “ month. You have been informed that the Prince,  
 “ by whom they were ruined, granted them a pen-  
 “ sion

“ sion of nine florins per month! \* For which  
 “ they were obliged to pray for him, thank him,  
 “ and tremble in his presence.

“ They had no fire, and these poor old people  
 “ were crouching close together, half naked, to  
 “ keep each other warm. That very day they  
 “ happened to mention their lost son; they were  
 “ exhorting each other patiently to endure their  
 “ afflictions, and, while thus suffering, I entered  
 “ their hut, made myself known, and brought them  
 “ aid.

“ God of Heaven! where are the words that  
 “ shall describe what I felt?—Motionless I stood,  
 “ at beholding wretchedness like this, and dumb!  
 “ They were dumb also.

“ I recovered, recollected I had guineas, and  
 “ threw them on the table.—Is this money thy  
 “ own, my son? said my mother.—Yes, mother,  
 “ answered I, they are honourably acquired; I  
 “ bring them to yield you a momentary support.

“ Surprise and joy flushed in every face; my  
 “ aged father bathed me with his paternal tears,  
 “ and my mother hung, weeping, round my neck.  
 “ The poor paralytic intreated she might once  
 “ again make a good meal, and her still more un-  
 “ fortunate sister leaped and capered, without  
 “ knowing wherefore.

“ After we had, in some degree, recovered our  
 “ proper senses, and I had briefly answered their  
 “ enquiring questions, a fire was made, and meat  
 “ was put down to roast. Yes, my friend, the fa-  
 “ mily seated themselves round a table, that had  
 “ long not been so loaded, and I had the pleasure  
 “ to regale them with your money, to revive my  
 “ parents, languishing in misery, and on the bor-  
 “ ders

\* About twenty shillings.

“ ders of the grave, and to change the paternal malediction into the sincerest blessings and prayers!

“ To you am I indebted for this day of joy, the brightest, the happiest of my life; for had I not had your money, I should never have returned to the house of my father.—”Tis true, also, I never should have been a spectator of wretchedness like theirs, and should have died reckless and indifferent. I now have an additional reason to live; I have parents to provide for, and they stand in need of provision. I will hasten to Alexandria, hasten to obtain money for their support, for now, only, do I begin to be reconciled to life.

“ I shall not inform you in what place I found this most unfortunate family; you would deprive me of the satisfaction of labouring for them. I well know the benevolence of your heart, and I well know you have nothing you ought to give. Yet you shall be informed hereafter, and shall become my successor, in order that I may die untormented, when I feel my end approach, and shall be no more able to afford them sustenance.

“ I continued with them nine days, and three entire guineas were expended in making ourselves merry. Yesterday I left fifteen upon the table, with my watch, and a letter, as I did when I took my leave of you at Aix-la-Chapelle, and thus avoided the too great pain of parting.

“ Now march I on foot toward Alexandria, and certainly with more true courage than Alexander himself, when marching, at the head of his victorious army, toward Babylon. Never were guineas better expended, never employed to a more holy purpose than those you gave me at Frankfort. Henceforward I have but one intention to fulfil, and this, I hope, will be fulfilled



“ filled by the exertion of my talents at Alexandria.  
 “ Morey, my friend, is become a thing most pre-  
 “ cious, though my poor parents have learnt to ve-  
 “ getate on little.

“ Live, my dear Trenck, live in content and  
 “ health. If, soon or late, you shall return to  
 “ your native country, may you, after a tedious  
 “ banishment, acquire wealth to render those you  
 “ love happy. If ever you should wish to benefit  
 “ the children of Waldau, recollect what I said  
 “ to you in the forest near Hammer, when you  
 “ would have taken vengeance on an unfeeling,  
 “ or, perhaps, only a fearful brother-in-law. May  
 “ the Almighty grant you this humane, this Chris-  
 “ tian, consolation. I hope, hereafter, your pros-  
 “ pects will brighten, and I honour the philan-  
 “ thropy of your heart. Forget me not, I will  
 “ write to you whenever I need your assistance; do  
 “ you write to me only once a year, and let me  
 “ know any fortunate event in the situation of your  
 “ affairs. This letter will be sent from Ulm. I  
 “ have written it in Switzerland, and a friend will  
 “ put it into the post. May your virtues preserve  
 “ you from new adversities, and may heaven, or  
 “ earth, reward you for the past.

“ As I have lived, so shall I die,

“ Your grateful,

“ And, most assuredly,

“ Your very faithful friend,

“ ALEXANDER SCHELL,”

*Secretary to the regiment of Souter, at Alex-  
 andria, in the service of the King of Sar-  
 dinia.*

Since

Since this letter, I received many others from him, all written in the same style. In one of the last he informed me that an old lady had bequeathed him effects, to the value of a hundred and fifty ducats, by will. His joy, at being able to send that sum to his parents, who were then living, was inexpressible. These letters I have lost, and, indeed, they would only unnecessarily add to the length of this narrative.

After a silence of two years I received the following :

“ The dying Schell to his friend Trenck.

“ When this shall come to your hand, I shall be  
 “ no more ; my term of existence draws to a con-  
 “ clusion; never did man, dear friend, forsake this  
 “ sublunary world with more tranquillity, than I  
 “ shall in a few hours, and after I have once more,  
 “ with as much presence of mind as I am capable  
 “ of, sent you this last testimony of living grati-  
 “ tude.

“ The last years of my life have passed undisturbed away; almost had I forgotten that the name of my family was Schell, having for forty years assumed that of Lesch, and having, without regret, bidden adieu to all honourable titles.

“ I beheld you happy, my friend, and I leave you in peace and content. My aged father and mother have been two years dead. I enjoyed the pleasure of procuring them necessaries, and even somewhat more, during their few latter days of life. My paralytic sister died about six weeks ago, and the poor frantic girl knows not that she wants any thing, therefore wants not. She lives merrily in the mad-house, and imagines herself to be the holy Rebecca.

“ The

“ The woman whom I loved has lately married  
 “ a young husband: may he make her happy!  
 “ This is not a moment to indulge jealousy.

“ I am at this instant racked by the stone, add  
 “ to which I am in a consumption, and these toge-  
 “ ther have rendered me a living skeleton. My  
 “ physician has observed indubitable symptoms of  
 “ my approaching end; I myself am fully sensible  
 “ of them, and, in a few days, or in a few hours,  
 “ shall cease to suffer.

“ I have now nothing to hope, and nothing to  
 “ fear. Herein I send you the last tokens of a long  
 “ and sincere friendship. My dying soul still will  
 “ live in you, nor shall I be all dead, so long as  
 “ you shall continue to live. My expiring wishes,  
 “ for your prosperity, transfix themselves to this  
 “ paper—they take their flight from my brain,  
 “ like a dream at the moment of my dissolution.  
 “ Live while you may, and hasten not, dear friend,  
 “ to follow me.

“ Honour, fame, and posterity, to me, are  
 “ things wholly indifferent. I die unknown, and  
 “ my name dies with me.—Beware of the pri-  
 “ sons of Glatz, Magdeburg, and Spielberg! Schell  
 “ dies, and you will find a Schell no more.

“ I leave no one behind me who stands in need  
 “ of your aid, or whom I am in duty bound to re-  
 “ commend to your benevolence; no, my friend, I  
 “ am no longer any thing to you: could I partake  
 “ the sensibility of your heart, it would but occa-  
 “ sion me fruitless regret, and disturb the repose of  
 “ this last farewell.—

“ Repine not, weep not, rather laugh; let the  
 “ last moments of the crazy Schell be a subject of  
 “ mirth; he himself has laughed, on the world’s  
 “ great theatre, beholding the deepest tragedies;  
 “ laughing he quits the scene, and the curtain for  
 “ ever falls.

“ My



“ My senses are overpowered, they slumber, my  
“ eyes are inclined to close, and my soul wishes for  
“ rest; I soon shall sleep, and sleep without dream-  
“ ing, nor shall I ever rise from this bed, to enjoy  
“ waking dreams.

“ Oh Trenck, my last thoughts are friendship,  
“ gratitude, and the most ardent prayers for your  
“ prosperity.

“ So dies,

“ ALEXANDER, once SCHELL,

“ at present LESCH.

“ Alexandria, 24th of May, 1776.

The very day I received this letter, I wrote to the regiment, and the answer sent back was that he  
“ had been found dead in his bed the 26th of May,  
“ having written farewell letters to his colonel and  
“ his friends, by all of whom he was regretted.” His captain had made a collection of his erotic odes, and his satires, written in the Italian language, which may, some time, perhaps, appear under another name, and, if so they should, will certainly do honour to some ignorant impostor.

Peace be to thy manes, amiable Schell, thou wert worthy a better destiny, for the foibles of thy youth were injurious only to thyself.

*Apologies to others, and vindications of myself and honour, concerning assertions contained in, and offences that have been taken at, my writings.*

NOT the fear of further displeasing the wicked and the vile; not the dread of being still persecuted by sharpers, monks, pedants, intriguing courtiers, and paltry knaves; not the dread of illiberal and abortive criticism; nor any, nor all of those, here give birth to apology or justification. I have more serious employment, that of at last enjoying content and ease; of terminating a career of difficulties, chains, and punishment unparalleled, with glory. I will no more stand forth the rash opponent of ignorant millions. 'Tis honour sufficient for me, that the worthy, the virtuous, and the friends of men, have been my protectors. Had I, indeed, only injured this smaller part of society, the number of my enemies had not been so great, nor had they been so all-puissant: neither would they have been so base in artifice, so irreconcilable in hatred. I shudder and start back from the precipice, when I contemplate the abyss, into which, by rashness, or perhaps fortitude not to be shaken, I might have been headlong plunged.

The daggers of sharpers, gamblers, and monks, all were drawn. Those noble gentlemen, who offended at my essay on true nobility, had not, with their patent titles, purchased noble hearts, would have been glad I were dispatched. Heaven was promised from the pulpits, as the price of heretical blood. Heretic, be it said apart, is the epithet bestowed on those who dare openly attack the avarice and ambition of priests. The good old matrons prayed for my soul, as for one miserably consigned to perdition. The deceivers, and the deceived, together, cried—"Crucify him! Crucify him."——

Unsupported,

Unsupported, among these high-born vulgar, long I lived. Good men approved and applauded my writings ; but approbation was all. I will write no more.

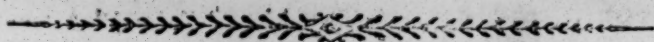
Let other German moralists now enter the lists, let each perform as much as I have done, and let them not retire from toil, till they have reasons equally as coercive to adduce. So shall our country soon awaken from her slumbers, soon shall learn who are the executioners, the torturers of reason, soon shall shake off her gross prejudices, and, by the promotion of science, shall rise great and worthy of herself. Her practical Christians shall then be more virtuous than were her holiday saints, church dignitaries shall tremble in their stalls, and the renown of the ancient German shall revive.

To obtain a purpose so glorious have I laboured with zeal, destructive to myself ; but, be the consequences what they may, 'twere sinful to repent.

Such being my resolution, I may here be considered as an expiring author, who, repentant sinner like, takes a mournful leave of the fraternity of reformers. Therefore do I stretch out my hand, desirous of reconciliation with all who imagine themselves injured by the truths I have told, or who have been angered to behold themselves unmasked. I hope they will not be so cruel as to demand I should bestow flagellation on myself, because I erected myself a preacher of repentance, without having first studied, under a Jesuit-mountebank, *in forma Theologica*. As my irritability is well known, and as I never condescended to petition princes themselves twice for what I thought my due, be advised, good sirs, and pardon me quickly, or I shall perhaps quickly fall into my old vice, and defend myself, and truth, with all the fury of a desperadoe.



Kind reader, thou indubitably knowest constitutional diseases are not easily cured ; therefore wilt not expect I should forget my nature, and cease to speak and to maintain truth. If I strike wide, when battling to bring down folly and vice, pardon and direct me better. So ends my preamble.”\*



In the first volume of my writings, the dedication to Madam Justitia gave so much offence at Vienna, that it was prohibited. Whenever, in Vienna, they shall think proper to do me right, I will then make a full and public reparation to the insulted honour of this good lady.



My ridicule on the parchment titles of nobility, in the other volume, † has so much offended many of our most serene Dons, that I expected some one, at least, among them would have mounted his Rofinante, and me have defired, detractor and caitiff vile, to mortal combat.

Fortunately for me, I was deceived. They, honourable gentlemen, leave hardy enterprife, and dire defence, to the sleeping bones of their ancestors.

\* An abstract only of what follows in the German is translated ; much of it relates to the Baron's other works ; but, as those other works, in fact, form a part of his history, it will probably not be displeasing to obtain some information concerning them —The strongest passages and thoughts have been selected, the necessary liberties of a free translation taken, and transpositions of sentences made, suitable either to connection or to the subject. T.

† Here he speaks of his writings, not of his life.

tors. They can serve the state in night-caps, and morning gowns, and his excellency, the lord high cook, can sagaciously issue orders that the hare shall be roasted, which his serene highness, the master of the hounds, has heroically vanquished,

Happy consequence of wisdom in government ! To you, ye scions of nobility, do all places of honour, profit, and power descend, as is, by right of birth, your due. Inherent ye are noble ! To think and act nobly were superfluous. Why should you defend or instruct base burghers, or rascally hinds, who, most humbly, most dutifully, are bounden to labour and starve, that you may sleep and fatten !

What rashness was it in me to write on honour ! I, alas, had forgotten that honour and honourable office depend on the capricious will of an arbitrary monarch, who alone is the fountain of honour, the judge of honour, and who alone honour can confer ! Wherefore did I dream of merit, genius, or the native honour of the heart ? Fie on such ignorance ! Yes, ever honourable worthies, it is but just I humbly should crave forgiveness ; I, who have written thus unwittingly, without permission from the powers that be ! But ye are avenged, and I am punished. No titles have I ; no ribbands, stars, or glorious badges. These, so gross was my conception, I supposed I might have had, and have remained an honest man !

I have attended at levees ; have waited in anti-chambers ; there have conversed with ancient officers, like me, attending also. Their cicatrized wounds were ineffectual pleaders. The spruce gentleman-usher held their names unworthy to be pronounced in the royal ear. We discoursed on the best of all possible worlds, and iron tears stole down their manly cheeks. Reasoning, with bitter conference, as we stood, we have seen a sumptuous vehicle approach, by six steeds, proudly champing,

drawn : before it were running footmen ; behind, heydukes, and merry Andrews ; and within —— Yes ! His excellency ! Stately stept he forth, by slaves supported in the dangerous descent. The swarming crowd prostrate themselves. Yet, no grim Turk is he, but beardless seventeen. The buttons of his coat were each a diamond : over his mighty shoulder no Gorgon shield was thrown, but gracefully the broad ribbon hung. From his pocket pendant was a key.—All wondered ; all asked—“ Who is he that approaches thus with “ cheek inflated ? ” Not Boreas, gentlemen—nor Eurus—No—His highness ! His serene highness ! A prince ! A prince of the empire ! A knight of the order ! A chamberlain ! A privy counsellor ! The son of a—usurer ! A Lord of eight millions ! Millions which he nobly expends, thus to become great ! Thus to be dignified ! Thus to be titled ! Great as he is now, what shall he be when of age ?

For one so mighty, knowledge will be an incumbrance, and thought superfluous ; therefore hath he written to Rome, and Rome, shall send him a father confessor, who shall relieve him of the labour of thinking.—Padua, too, shall send him a buffoon, with black gown and tie wig, who shall take especial care of his estate. Let others act, it is for him only to enjoy.

Parting from my honest veterans, home I went, described what I had seen, for I am afraid I never shall forsake old habits, but intreated the friend to whom I wrote never to make my letter public. The world, alas, might doubt the sincerity of my reformation ; nay, might call this my recantation, a satire ! A libel ! Heaven forbid, my friend ;—For God’s sake, tear, burn, my letter !—His highness can pay referendaries, advocates, and curators, better than I. I may once again become mad—

No,



No, no, I will humbly petition.—I will not increase an evil I cannot cure.

To err is human, but obstinately to persist in error were devilish.—Therefore pardon, pardon: I repent. I will be very good in future. My children shall not be taught to think, for I will provide them with an abbe, or an ex-jesuit, and they shall be educated for highnesses and cardinals.

Yes, noble Zetto, Kronsdorf, Krugel, and ye other nobles, from A. to Z, I deserve your mighty wrath.—What! Refuse to pay for your patents of nobility! So well, too, as I knew your worth! I am justly punished.—God eternally forbid I should object to your high and noble dignities! I affirm you are more ignoble in nature than the rudest of the rabble—I call you the pests of society—Oh no!—No, no, no!—Though you are in the house of correction, you have noble successors, and I will write no libel by inuendo, I!—Heaven bless your worthy worships! May the mob bow down before your patent titles! May your welfare be preferred to that of justice and the common weal!

And ye, noble ecclesiastics, whose all-dispensing power, trafficking in indulgences, can purchase earthly titles, till your heavenly shall be ripe—Ye, who, living luxuriously, yet are certain to die blessed! I hold it fit and safe here to promise you I will daily repeat three Pater-nosters, and eke three Ave-Marias; not desirous ye should read in my sceptical heart all I think of ye—I know ye peruse not such heretical writings, as teach the duties of the citizen and the man.

I ask not your prayers, for ah! I too well know my poor soul has long been consigned to perdition—I having even dared to doubt that ye are holy!

In

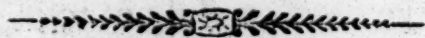
In my plan for the rectifying of abuses in the states of Austria. I was actuated by the purest and best of motives. I openly asserted what were the defects of the judges of the courts; and all Vienna exclaimed against the rashness of my writings: yet, was it afterward seen they were but prophetic. Experience has taught me wisdom. To reform the abuses of the administration of justice is even more dangerous than to reform those of religion. How may a private individual make the attempt, when the monarch himself, so multiplied, so rooted, are these abuses, dare not? Such is the true state of affairs, over which I sigh and draw the curtain. Sincerely do I pity those who need justice.



In this same volume, I have written concerning the invisible vassalage of Bohemia. Of this I cannot repent, although the angry monks have condemned my soul to some millions of years of burning in purgatory. But in purgatory I will be content to burn, certain of the prayers of all good men for my speedy release. Till this vassalage of the mind is removed, never can the people know the rights of men. Pray, brethren, pray, that the fingers, with which I write this, may not be changed into a devil's claw: nay, though ye should be monks, pray, for I certainly should tear those unfortunate friars, who should fall into my talons, most unmercifully. And, with reverence be it spoken, your Lutheran devils are all as merciless as your Franciscan,

I have

I have also, in my letters from Spa, been guilty of a crime more enormous than any the whole decalogue can afford ; more heinous than the seven deadly sins collectively. I have said that a gambler by profession could not possibly be an honest man ; and that, by fair deduction, neither could those who share his ill-gotten gains. Herein have I most grossly and abominably sinned against the holy Catholic Church, as the pharaoh table, for the godly plundering of strangers, is there publicly licensed by the bishop. Therefore, as a good Christian ought, do I most humbly supplicate the infallible priestly magistracy for forgiveness, wretched sinner as I am : I who have publicly dared to doubt this infallibility. What, though I have written a notorious truth, still, since this truth offends, I deserve, as their high mightinesses in their christian charity affirm, to be everlastingly roasted. I had forgotten that they have power in heaven ; that there they are saints, and only remembered that on earth they are rascals. I will write no more on the poisons of Liege, the intrigues of courtizans, the curses of play, but will enjoy some few days of rest on this side the grave. I will suppress the groans of a heart that has been rent, because it could not reform the follies and the vices of man.



The Macedonian Hero is a poem that, by the daringness with which it was written, might, indeed, well draw down the vengeance of tyranny. The consequences of my rashness have been bitter. Frederic acknowledged I had written truth ; but Teresa demanded to know by whom I had been authorised to write truth. The poem was prohibited,



bited, but escaped burning. Honest men lamented the dastardliness of their fellow-slaves, who crouched, and basely aided the ravages of the earth; while zealous republicans rejoiced. The world, however, seems to sink deeper than ever into the slough of slavery. We grovel in the dust, and offer up ineffectual prayers, that God would be pleased to preserve us from heroes and their rapacity. Alas! new Alexanders, Tamerlanes, and Frederics, shall arise, and shall find new coadjutors.



I have also, in some of my works, said that the handsome ladies of Aix-la-Chapelle graciously smile on their handsome young friars, and that the noble burghers, their husbands, wear their budding honours proudly, for with them it is a principle, that men cannot be too much loaded with honour, therefore hold themselves justified in assuming titles to which they have no claim: good reason is there, then, they should not be defrauded of an honourable appellation so justly their due. I pretend not that, even at Aix-la-Chapelle, the ugly are not virtuous; but it is exceedingly true that they are ashamed of their virtue.

For my own part, I have always pitied ugly women, and have been careful not to offend the handsome, so that matrons with me prosperity, except those whose consciences are put under spiritual guardianship, and they indeed frown, mumble anathemas, and sink me to the lowest of the infernal regions, there in eternal darkness to associate with the accursed Luther, and the heretic Voltaire.

I must

I must further remark that, through all my writings, there reigns a manifest and decided hatred against knavery, deceit, and superstition. In the country where I resided, I beheld an herd, an army of priests, wallowing in luxury, reigning with worse than despotic authority over the minds of all. What rational and thinking man but must shudder, must lament aloud, that such multitudes of God's creatures should be thus chained, riveted in ignorance, by an host of idle impostors, who are, or ought to be, paid to enlighten and instruct them in all the duties of men, but who, on the contrary, live in pride and debauchery, suck their very blood, destroy moral virtues, fraternal and true Christian duties, and promise heaven to the most abandoned of villains, to profligates, cheats, and assassins.

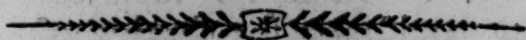
Oh God!—How dismal, how dreadful, is the prospect! where bigotry has the power and the will to kill all the seeds of natural reason! Yet this I beheld wherever the ruling prince was a churchman. This I beheld throughout the whole Austrian states. The spectacle made my very heart weep blood. I beheld the Pope, and all his armed legions, as omnipotent in Vienna as at Rome. I beheld and wrote. Thoughts friendly to the human race instinctively flowed from my pen. I forgot my own safety, irritated the worst of passions in the worst of men, and could I wonder I had enemies?

Irreconcilable in hatred, a priest pursues the wretch, who has dared to discover his wickedness and fraud, through succeeding generations, till that his name and race be rooted from the earth; nor ends here, but unsatiable in revenge, after inflicting all earthly pangs, delivers him and his over to eternal tortures. This is what is properly called the vengeance of the ministers of the merciful God!

Sorry am I that I could not more effectually aid the poor, deceived, enslaved world: it is under the dominion of cureless witchcraft!

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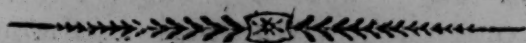
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Instead of prohibiting the intermarriages, and multiplication of Jews, princes would effectually serve the world, and diminish the blood-sucking swarm, were they to oblige every man to take the following oath before he were made a monk.

“ That the candidate for this state of sanctity is  
 “ totally incapable of rendering service to his fel-  
 “ low-creatures; that he is unfit for soldier, mecha-  
 “ nic, or husbandman, and that he is wholly desti-  
 “ tute of powers, bodily or mental, to make him-  
 “ self useful to society.”



I have yet to apologize concerning the first part of this history, in which I have highly offended various species of wicked men.

Frederic *the Great*, who, by the breath of his power, entailed misery upon me, who gave me sufficient cause to speak truth undisguisedly, will, certainly, in his now enlightened state, behold the moderate manner, in which I have justified myself, with very different eyes to what he would, had he, while on earth, perused it with all the perversity of despotic obstinacy, and clouded by the prejudices of human weakness. He now is unable to prevent my publicly defending that honour which had been publicly injured. I have spoken of him with caution and respect. I have every where excused the error of a monarch, who, being a man, was by men deceived. Probably he had reasons for not doing me justice, which I shall never recite, as I will not involve the reputation of a friend in my own unfortunate destiny. May he, therefore, rest in peace. That posterity which may erect monuments, to his fame, certainly shall raise no pillar of shame

shame over my grave. This is honour sufficient to one, by him unremittingly persecuted, and treated as a malefactor. He is gone, I am here. 'Tis honour sufficient that the reigning monarch has given unrestricted privilege to circulate this history through his states, and that a host of witnesses to its veracity are still living.

Of what happened to me at Vienna I have loudly complained, and boldly written; but I have written truths; truths which the records and acts of courts will prove; truths which the present monarch has privileged to be publicly circulated in this work. This royal privilege, at Berlin and Vienna, is equally honourable to the sovereigns and to my veracity.

The Emperor, indeed, has not thought fit to ordain a revision of my cause. He must believe the report of his judges, and must continue so to believe, though he should afterward condemn these judges to sweep the streets!

The honest man does not believe himself infallible, readily acknowledges, when convinced he has been in an error, and is neither too unjust, nor too proud to repair the evil he committed by pronouncing a hasty sentence. Let me hope there are judges who, hereafter, will draw down my warmest blessings: their predecessors have merited my heaviest maledictions.

I have also spoken of General Fouquet. A person had intended to have printed his correspondence with the great Frederic, but desisted from the undertaking, because I had not spoken of him with proper respect.

Should this person, when he shall publish such correspondence, wish to write an eulogium on his hero, I can supply him with a few anecdotes, which will greatly tend to illustrate his true character.

I was



I was myself acquainted with nine worthy officers whom he had ruined, and obliged to desert, by his tyrannical conduct.

I am well informed of his cruelties toward the townspeople of Glatz, whom he caused to be mutilated and hung. The whole country was a witness of his barbarity, and, although he was loyal to his sovereign, he still was a tyrant whenever he had the power. With respect to myself, he treated me, while his prisoner, in the meanest manner.

His conduct toward the Austrian prisoners, as related to me by eye-witnesses, would, were it made public, do his memory but little honour. The defenceless dead, however, shall by me be no more named. I despised him living, and men who act so basely, merit contempt also in the grave.

Many of the ill deeds of my enemies dead I have mentioned, because they were before well known : many of my enemies living I have spared, and these, perhaps, may give me thanks.

To the possessors of my Slavonian estates I wish good appetites at my board. They stole them not, but inherited them from fathers who were desirous of leaving heirs rich in land and poor in honour. One of these successors of my cousin was, not long since, confined in the Spielberg. The others are not happy. It is possible a time may come, when my children shall say—" Begone ! You " have long enough enjoyed the Trenck estates : it " is now our turn."—Happily I never yet besought an alms at my own door.

The honourable burghers of Dantzic, who gave me up, and suffered me to be plundered, are dead ; perhaps their successors may make reparation, as far as is in their power. Weingarten, and Abramson, are dead also. I pity the hangman, who, by some unaccountable chance, was robbed of his perquisites, for Weingarten died a natural death.

Jaschinsky

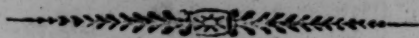
Jaschinsky is living. I forbore to visit him when at Königsberg, for I would not remind him, in his old age, of what must hang gloomy over his memory. He has my forgiveness. I cannot refrain, however, here relating how severe are the punishments of a bad conscience. When I arrived at Königsberg, he lost his understanding, and became lunatic. The whole town was witness of this strange event. I have, also, fully discovered he was, as I supposed, the forger of the letter, which, in the year 1746, was the cause of my ruin. His motive was interest; he was indebted to me three hundred ducats. A part of my rich equipage the present General Baron Posadowsky bought of Jaschinsky himself; and he further received a sum granted him by the King, that was deducted from my confiscated estates. He is still insane.



Now I am apologizing, it is but just I should intreat forgiveness of some few invisible persons, whom I cannot but have offended; and first, the seraphic Father St. Francis. Pardon, holy sir, for having rendered thy whole order contemptible. Who ever, like me, has beheld these odoriferous, though not sweet-scented, Seraphines, at their gluttonous tables, their wine-barrels, their confessional chairs, will, if he be wise, pass on the other side of the way. Thee, holy Francis, I entreat to take them to thy own abodes; rob this unworthy world of such a godly crew; and suffer that, fifty years hence, their names only be remembered. Thou best can inform us, how well pleased the Father of the world must be to daily hear such multitudes, of herculean saints, daily employ themselves, and importune his ear, with the eternal repetition of Ave Maria! Ave Maria! Ave Maria!

What

What thou wilt say to that arch enemy of man, Satan, when he, and his infernal adjutants shall come, laden with the sins of thy Seraphines, and, insulting, lay them at the foot-stool of divine justice, I know not. Neither can I say, when the heavenly host have, per contra, gathered together the good works of all thy tribe, what balance shall remain for the supererogation magazine, established at Rome.



If honour, justice, and virtue, bring good to man, then have I occasioned much disquiet to those vassal fiends that are stationed by the mighty Lucifer, as centinels, to watch, or patrol, the earth, for the general weal of his empire. My writings have incited the reader to act like a good Christian, and an honest man; the doctrines of monks are more friendly to their cause, and give these industrious devils much less trouble.

Most humbly, therefore, do I solicit pardon from the horned Beelzebub, the grim Mammon, and the terrific Belial, confessing their potencies: I never was a catholic christian, such as they admire.



From my guardian angel I intreat forgiveness for all the trouble I have given him; and it, certainly, has not been a little to guard a Trenck from dashing his foot against a stone, or his head against the axe of the holy inquisition. He has well fulfilled his duty, and deserves eternal rest, never more to undergo a task so arduous.

I doubt, indeed, he has been guilty of one gross oversight. He certainly permitted Satan to inspire me with the desire of taking up the pen, nay, afterward,



ward, suffered him to guide my hand. Wherefore did he not, like Luther, take up the ink-stand and throw it at his head? I then should not have written so rashly against gamblers, monks, and despots. It may be, indeed, he endured a present evil, to secure a future good. Satan may have been outwitted.



Of the Almighty, with serious awe and reverence I speak, I implore forgiveness, if, when under afflictions too severe for man to support, I have doubted erroneously concerning the systems of men, which represent the great First Cause as a human creature, subject to the worst and weakest of human passions; subject to anger, malice, revenge, ambition, vanity! Let me hope, if I did not possess sufficient understanding to discover truth, that shall not be imputed to me as a fault. Thou, surely, wilt not condemn me, because I am unable to believe thou ever madest a creature that was predestined to eternal destruction.

Of wicked men I have asked mercy, for having written so much against the evil of their ways. To thee, God of benevolence, I intercede for grace, for that I have not written more. The faculties of man are only divinely employed, when employed in the cause of virtue\*.

## C O N C L U S I O N.

I have at this moment occasion to add, now when this volume is completed, that I was received with esteem and honour in my country, superior to all that

\* The Baron further adds a justification of himself, against M. Archenholtz, a German critic, who had taxed him with misrepresentation concerning England. He affirms the affair to have happened as he stated, makes many severe remarks on the

that can be imagined, by those who have not themselves been witnesses of this reception. Content and happy, I journey back to Austria. The good king has done me justice, and heaped favours on me; I have received my confiscated estates, and am in hourly expectation of the rents of which I have been forty years deprived.

More I fought not; posts of honour I cannot there accept. Nobody shall accuse me in my old age of being selfish, or living detrimental to that state of which I have been six and thirty years a subject, although it has most shamefully mistreated me, and continues still to repay me with ingratitude. I leave behind me a gracious monarch, who knows my heart; I leave the best of reputations, innocence undoubted, and am convinced the Prussians love me, and will be the friends of my children.

The object of my journey is accomplished; I can now, in the decline of life, enjoy honour and ease, and, as a good man should, can meet death with a smile.

the English, and their laws, and says that, when he went to the custom-house to pay the importation duty on his Hungarian wine, the officer presented him the Gospel to kiss, and swear that it was all for his own drinking; and, when he refused taking an oath so ridiculous, the officer called a porter, desired the Baron to give him a shilling, and the porter kissed the book in his stead. He adds this was in compliance with an act, which at that time prohibited the importation of French wines, except for individual consumption; and satirically remarks that, in Rome, one man is hired to pray, in London, to swear falsely, for another.

The Baron, also, acknowledges himself obliged to the learned geographer Busching, who has corrected his errors of dates, promises to profit by the remarks of his critic in a future edition; pleads haste, errors of the press, and a lapse of years; and adds, as an additional historical fact, that Bessuchef, and his lady, were in opposite interests, and both were in the receipt of bribes from different courts. T.

F I N I S.



